

**THE PLAYS AND
POEMS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE, IN
SIXTEEN
VOLUMES...**

William Shakespeare





THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.







HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON:

*Engraved by A. Ferguson from an original Picture
in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.*

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.

CONTAINING

VENUS AND ADONIS.
RAPE OF LUCRECE.
OTHELLO, THE MOORE OF VENICE.



D. PROB. ROM. S. J.



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VENUS AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua. Ovid.*

THE
E P I S T L E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land¹, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour² to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

¹ —ear *so barren a land*,] To ear, is to plow. MALONE.

² —and your honour—] This was formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen. So, in a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon to Robert, lord Cecil, July 3, 1603: "Lastly, for this divulged and almost prostituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your *honour's* mean, be content to have it,—." Birch's Collection, p. 24. MALONE.

M E M O I R S

O F

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

THE THIRD EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

OF the nobleman to whom Shakspeare has addressed the only two pieces that he appears ever to have published, few particulars are known. However, the circumstances, of his having been the most intimate friend of Robert earl of Essex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of our poet, have endeared his memory to posterity. His grandfather Thomas, the first earl, was lord chancellor in the time of King Henry VIII. and one of his executors. His father Henry, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholick, and a strenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. Our great poet's patron was born in 1573. In December, 1585, he became a member of Saint John's college in Cambridge ³, and was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts in 1589, after a residence of four years in the university, "where (says a contemporary writer ⁴,) he spent his time in the studie of good letters, and after confirmed that studie, with travaile and foraigne observation."

He accompanied lord Essex as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz in 1596; and, in the following year, he was appointed captain of the *Garland*, one of Queen Elizabeth's best ships, (for in those times the first nobility, though not bred to the sea, occasionally served in the navy,) and acted as vice-admiral of the first squadron in the fleet that sailed against the Azores. In that

³ In the book of matriculation, which my friend Dr. Farmer very obligingly examined at my request, is the following entry: "Hen. Comes Sowthampton, impubes 12°. an°." St. John's Coll. Dec. 11. 1585.

⁴ HONOUR IN HIS PERFECTION, or a Treatise in commendation of the vertues and renowned vertuous undertakings of the illustrious and heroick princes, Henrie earle of Oxenforde, Henrie earle of Southampton, and Robert earle of Essex. By G. M. [Gervais Markham.] 4to. 1624.

expedition,

expedition, happening, with only three of the Queen's ships and a few merchant-men, to fall in with thirty-five sail of Spanish galleons, laden with the treasures of South America, he sunk one of them, dispersed several others that were afterwards taken, and drove the rest into a bay of the island of Tercera, which was then unaffailable.—After the English had taken and spoiled the town of Villa Franca, the enemy finding that most of them were gone aboard their ships, and that only the earls of Essex and Southampton, with a few others, remained on shore, came down upon them with all their force, but were received with such spirit, that many of the Spaniards were put to the sword, and the rest obliged to retreat. On this occasion lord Southampton behaved with such gallantry that he was knighted in the field by lord Essex, “ ere (says the writer abovementioned,) he could dry the sweat from his brows, or put his sword up in the scabbard.”

In 1598 he attended his noble friend to Ireland, as General of the horse; from which employment (after having greatly distinguished himself by overcoming the rebels in Munster,) he was dismissed by the peremptory orders of Queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having presumed to marry Miss Elizabeth Vernon, [in 1596,] without her majesty's consent; which in those days was esteemed a heinous offence. This lady (of whom there is an original picture at Sherborne Castle in Dorsetshire, the seat of lord Digby,) was first cousin to lord Essex.

When that nobleman, for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the Queen, was confined at the lord keeper's house, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period a circumstance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which corresponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakspeare. “ My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (says Rowland Whyte in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in the latter end of the year 1599, SYDNEY PAPERS, Vol. II. p. 132,) came not to the court [at Nonfuch]. The one doth but very seldome. They pass away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*” At this time *King Henry V.* which had been produced in the spring of that year, and contains an elegant compliment to lord Essex, was probably exhibiting with applause. Roger earl

earl of Rutland (to whom lord Essex addressed that pathetic letter which is printed in Howard's Collection, Vol. II. p. 521, where it is absurdly entitled "A letter to the earl of *Southampton*.") was married to the daughter of lady Essex by her first husband, Sir Philip Sydney.

Lord Southampton being condemned for having joined the earl of Essex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generously supplicated the Lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the same time that he was himself not at all solicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was present at the trial, that lord Southampton requested the peers to intercede for her majesty's mercy, (against whom he protested that he had never any ill intention,) with such ingenuous modesty, and such sweet and persuasive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. Though even the treacherous enemies of Essex (as we learn from Osborne,) supplicated the inexorable Elizabeth, to spare the life of lord Southampton, he for some time remained doubtful of his fate, but at length was pardoned: yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of the Queen's reign. Bacon mentions that on her death he was much visited there. On the first of April, 1603, six days only after her decease, King James sent a letter for his release; of which there is a copy in the Museum. It is dated at Holyrood House, and directed "to the nobility of England, and the right trusty and well beloved the counsel of state sitting at Whitehall."—On the 10th of the same month lord Southampton was released, the king, at the same time that he sent the order for his enlargement, honouring him so far as to desire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reversed, and he was installed a knight of the Garter. In the same year he was constituted governour of the Isle of Wight, and of Carisbrooke castle; in which office, says the historian of that island, (from the manuscript memoirs of Sir John Oglander,) "his just, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people, and raised the island to a most flourishing state, many gentlemen residing there in great affluence and hospitality."

By the machinations of lord Essex's great adversary, the earl of Salisbury, (whose mind seems to have been as crooked as his body,) it is supposed King James was persuaded

persuaded to believe that too great an intimacy subsisted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account, (though the charge was not avowed, disaffection to the king being the crime alledged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June 1604; but there being no proof whatsoever of his disloyalty, he was immediately released. In the summer of 1612, as we are told by Rowland Whyte, he went to Spa, much disgusted at not having obtained a seat in the council. His military ardour seems at no period of his life to have deserted him. In 1614 we find him with the romantick lord Herbert of Chisbury, at the siege of Rees in the dutchy of Cleve. In 1619, he was at length appointed a privy counsellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were justly inflamed at the king's supineness and pusillanimity, in suffering the Palatinate to be wrested from his son-in-law, and, what was a still more heinous offence, having rebuked the duke of Buckingham for a disorderly speech that he had made in the House of Lords, he was committed to the custody of the dean of Westminster, at the same time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower; but he was soon enlarged.

On the rupture with Spain in 1624, he was appointed jointly with the young earl of Essex and the lords Oxford and Willoughby, to the command of six thousand men, who were sent to the Low-countries, to act under prince Maurice against the Spaniards; but was cut off by a fever at Berghen-op-zoom on the 10th of November in that year. The ignorance of the Dutch physicians, who bled him too copiously, is said to have occasioned his death. He left three daughters, (Penelope, who married William lord Spencer of Wormleighton; Anne, who married Robert Wallop of Farley, in the county of Southampton, son of Sir Henry Wallop, knight; and Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Estcourt, knight;) and one son, Thomas, who was lord high treasurer of England in the time of King Charles II. His eldest son James, who had accompanied him in this his last campaign, died a few days before, of the same disorder that proved fatal to his father.

Wilson, the historian, who attended lord Essex in this expedition, is more particular. In his *History of King James*, he says, they were both seized with a fever at
Rosendall,

Rosendale, which put an end to the son's life; that lord Southampton, having recovered of the fever, departed from *Rosendale* with an intention to bring his son's body into England; but at *Berghen-op-zoom* "he died of a *lethargy*, in the view and presence of the relater;" and that the two bodies were brought in the same bark to Southampton. He was buried at *Tichfield* in Hampshire.

Lady Southampton survived her husband many years, King Charles I. having been concealed by her for some time in the mansion house of *Tichfield*, (which lord Clarendon calls "a noble seat,") after his escape from Hampton Court in Nov. 1647.

Their son Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, dying in May, 1667, without issue male, the title became extinct. He left three daughters. *Magdalene*, the youngest, died unmarried. *Rachael*, his second daughter, married, first, Francis lord Vaughan, eldest son of Richard, earl of Carbery; and afterwards the illustrious William lord Russell, by whom she had *Wriothesly*, the second duke of Bedford. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married Edward Noel, (eldest son of Baptist Viscount Campden,) who in 1680 was created Baron Noel of *Tichfield*, and in 1682, earl of *Gainsborough*. Their only son *Wriothesly* Baptist earl of *Gainsborough* died in 1690, leaving only two daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married Henry the first duke of Portland, and *Rachael* married Henry the second duke of Beaufort. On a partition of the real and personal property between those two noble families, about the year 1735, lord Southampton's estate at *Tichfield*, which had belonged to a monastery of Cistercian monks in the time of King Henry VIII. was part of the share of the duke of Beaufort, and now belongs to Peter Delmé, esq. *Beaulieu*, in Hampshire, which at present belongs to the representatives of the late duke of Montagu, was, if I mistake not, formerly the property of our earl of Southampton.

From Rowland Whyte's letters lord Southampton seems to have been very fond of tennis, at which game he once lost 18000 crowns in Paris, on one match; [2250l. sterl.] and sir John Oglander, in his manuscript memoirs of the Isle of Wight, relates as a proof of his affable deportment in his government, that he used to play

play at bowls twice a week on Saint George's Down, with the principal gentlemen of the island.

He is said, on the authority of Sir William D'Avenant, to have given Shakspeare the sum of 1000l. to complete a purchase, which was at least equivalent to 5000l. at this day. This alone will for ever immortalize his memory.

Of this amiable and accomplished nobleman there is an original portrait at Gorchamby, the seat of lord viscount Grimston, by Vansomer, as I conceive; another at Woburn Abbey, by Miervelt; and two in the possession of his grace the duke of Portland; one a whole length, when he was a young man, and the other a half length, when he was a prisoner in the Tower. Each of the noble possessors of these pictures, in the most obliging manner permitted drawings to be made from them for the use of the present work.

From the testimony of Camden^s and others, he appears to have been no less devoted to the muses than to military achievements. We find his name, as well as that of his friend Essex, prefixed to many publications of those times; and two poets have expressly sung his praises. Their verses, though of little merit, serving in some measure to illustrate his character, I shall subjoin them. MALONE.

^s "Edwardus VI. eundem honorem anno sui regno primo Thomæ Wriothesley Angliæ Cancellario detulit, cujus e filio Henrico nepos Henricus eodem hodie letatur; qui in primo ætatis flore *præfatio bonarum literarum et rei militaris scientia* nobilitatem communit, ut uberiores fructus maturiore ætate patriæ et principi profundat." Camdeni *Britannia*, 8vo, 1600, p. 240.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By SAMUEL DANIEL, 1605.

Non fert ullum ictum illæsa felicitas.

HE who hath never wart'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune, and distress,
Hath had no occasion nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness:
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could have done.
For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Murius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal:
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates: Fabricius'
Poverty did grace that common-wealth
More than all Syllaes riches got with strife;
And Catoes death⁶ did vie with Cæsar's life.

⁶ I have in this and the preceding line preserved the old spelling. MALONE.

Not

Not to be unhappy is unhappiness,
And misery not to have known misery :
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversity :
And men are better shew'd what is amiss,
By the expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd
With a repos'd cheer, wrong and disgrace,
And with a heart and countenance assur'd
Have look'd stern death and horror in the face ?
How should we know thy soul had been secur'd
In honest counsels, and in ways unbase,
Hadst thou not stood to shew us what thou wert,
By thy affliction that descry'd thy heart ?

It is not but the tempest that doth shew
The sea-man's cunning : but the field that tries
The captain's courage : and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies :
For lo, how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death ; and many a one
To have been undone, had they not been undone !

He that endures for what his conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his misery :
The more he endures, the more his glory grows,
Which never grows from imbecility :
Only the best composed and worthiest hearts
God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

Upon

Upon the death of the most noble lord

HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

Written by Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart. 1624:

Printed by his Son in 1629.

WHEN now the life of great SOUTHAMPTON ends,
 His fainting servants and astonish'd friends
 Stand like so many weeping marble stones,
 No passage left to utter sighs, or groans :
 And must I first dissolve the bonds of grief,
 And strain forth words, to give the rest relief?
 I will be bold my trembling voice to try,
 That his dear name may not in silence die.
 The world must pardon, if my song be weak ;
 In such a case it is enough to speak.
 My verses are not for the present age ;
 For what man lives, or breaths on England's stage,
 That knew not brave SOUTHAMPTON, in whose fight
 Most place their day, and in his absence night ?
 I strive, that unborn children may conceive,
 Of what a jewel angry fates bereave
 This mournful kingdom ; and, when heavy woes
 Oppress their hearts, think ours as great as those.
 In what estate shall I him first express ?
 In youth, or age, in joy, or in distress ?
 When he was young, no ornament of youth
 Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
 Which Cyrus did in shadow ; and to men
 Appear'd like Peleus' son from Chiron's den :
 While through this island Fame his praise reports,
 As best in martial deeds, and courtly sports.
 When riper age with winged feet repairs,
 Grave care adorns his head with silver hairs ;
 His valiant fervour was not then decay'd,
 But join'd with counsel, as a further aid.

Behold

Behold his constant and undaunted eye,
 In greatest danger, when condemn'd to die!
 He scorns the insulting adversary's breath,
 And will admit no fear, though near to death.
 But when our gracious sovereign had regain'd
 This light, with clouds obscured, in walls detain'd;
 And by his favour plac'd this star on high,
 Fix'd in the Garter, England's azure sky;
 He pride (which dims such change) as much did hate,
 As base dejection in his former state.
 When he was call'd to sit, by Jove's command,
 Among the demigods that rule this land,
 No power, no strong persuasion, could him draw
 From that, which he conceiv'd as right and law.
 When shall we in this realm a father find
 So truly sweet, or husband half so kind?
 Thus he enjoy'd the best contents of life,
 Obedient children, and a loving wife.
 These were his parts in peace; but O, how far
 This noble soul excell'd itself in war!
 He was directed by a natural vein,
 True honour by this painful way to gain.
 Let Ireland witness, where he first appears,
 And to the fight his warlike ensigns bears.
 And thou, O Belgia, wert in hope to see
 The trophies of his conquests wrought in thee;
 But Death, who durst not meet him in the field,
 In private by close treachery made him yield.—
 I keep that glory last, which is the best;
*The love of learning, which he oft express'd
 By conversation, and respect to those
 Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.*
 Shall ever I forget, with what delight,
 He on my simple lines would cast his sight?
 His only memory my poor work adorns,
 He is a father to my crown of thorns.
 Now since his death how can I ever look,
 Without some tears, upon that orphan book?
 Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit
 My name into the roll which ye have writ
 Of all your servants, to my thoughts display
 Some rich conceit, some unfrequented way,

Which

Which may hereafter to the world commend
A picture fit for this my noble friend :
For this is nothing, all these rhimes I scorn ;
Let pens be broken, and the paper torn ;
And with his last breath let my music cease,
Unless my lowly poem could increase
In true description of immortal things ;
And, rais'd above the earth with nimble wings,
Fly like an eagle from his funeral fire,
Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

VENUS

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,

Our authour himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593; and again by — Harrison, sen. on the 23d of June, 1594; in which year I suppose it to have been published, though I have not met with an edition of so old a date. The earliest copy that I have seen, was printed by R. F. for John Harrison, in small octavo, 1596, with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the rev. Mr. Warton.—This poem is frequently alluded to by our authour's contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," &c.—In the early part of Shakspeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the authour of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this elegium:

- "Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?
- "His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
- "Could but a graver subject him content,
- "Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

This subject was probably suggested to Shakspeare either by Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's* Castle, FAERY QUEEN. B. III. c. i. ft. 34, et seq. 4^{to}, 1590, or by a short piece entitled *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable,) which, I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem; though I have never seen any earlier copy of it than that which we find in *England's Helicon*, 1600. He had also without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1567, though he has chosen to deviate from the classical story, which Ovid and Spenser had set before him, following probably the model presented to him by the english poem just mentioned. See the notes at the end, MALONE.

Rose-

Rose-cheek'd Adonis ² hied him to the chase ;
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And, like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
 The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are ³ ;
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife ⁴,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life ⁵.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy feed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
 A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :

² Rose-cheek'd *Adonis*—] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ —bring down the *rose-cheek'd* youth

“ To the tub-fast and the diet.” STEEVENS.

Our authour perhaps remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ The men of wealthy Sestos every yeare,

“ For his sake whom their goddess held so deare,

“ *Rose-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a solemn feast,” &c. MALONE.

³ *More white and red than doves or roses are* ;] Thus the octavo, 1596. We might better read (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) :

—than doves *and* roses are.

I think it probable, however, that for this slight inaccuracy the authour, and not the printer, is answerable. MALONE.

⁴ *Nature that made thee, with herself at strife*,] With this contest between *art* and *nature*, &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought :

“ Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *strife*,” &c.

It occurs likewise in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

We have in a subsequent passage a contest between *art* and *nature*, but here surely there is none. I must also observe that there is scarcely a book of Shakspeare's age, whether in prose or verse, in which this *surfeiting* comparison (as it may be called,) may not be found, MALONE.

⁵ *Saith that the world hath ending with thy life*.] So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And when she dies, with beauty dies her flore.”

STEEVENS.

Here

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses :

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty ⁶,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wafted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seized on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood ⁷,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess's good :
Being so enrag'd desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens ; (O how quick is love !)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

⁶ *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,*] So, in *Antony
and Cleopatra* :

" —other women cloy —

" The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,

" Where most she satisfies." MALONE.

⁷ —*she seizeth on his sweating palm,*

The precedent of pith and livelihood,] So, in *Antony and
Cleopatra*, Charmian says :—if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful
prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello* :

" —This hand is moist, my lady ;

" This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;—

" Hot, hot, and moist." MALONE.

So

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips :
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks * ;
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'mifs ⁸ ;
 What follows more, she murders with a kiss ⁹.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feather, flesh, and bone ¹,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends, she doth anew begin †.

Forc'd to content ², but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breathing in her face ;

She

* — *she with her tears*

Doth quench the maiden burning in his cheeks ;] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.*

"Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs."

MALONE.

⁸ — *her 'mifs ;*] That is, her *misbehaviour*. FARMER.

The same substantive is used in the 35th *Sonnet*. Again, in *Hamlet* :

"Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*." MALONE.

⁹ — *she murders with a kiss.*] Thus the edition of 1596. So, in *King Richard III.*

"Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour ?

"Murder thy breath in middle of a word ?"

The subsequent copies have *smothers*. MALONE.

¹ *Tires with her beak on feather, flesh, and bone,*] To tire is to peck. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631 :

"— the vulture tires

"Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

† *And where she ends she doth anew begin.*] So, Dryden.

"Never ending, still beginning,"— MALONE.

² *Forc'd to content,*—] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or satisfy *Venus* ; to endure her kisses. So, in *Hamlet*.

"—it doth much *content* me to hear him so inclin'd."

But

She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers ³.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes * :
Rain added to a river that is rank ⁴,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ⁵;

Still

But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a substantive, and means acquiescence. MALONE.

It is plain that Venus was not *so easily contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was forced to content himself in a situation from which he had no means of escaping. Thus Cassio in *Othello* :

"So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content." STEEVENS.

³ ————— flowers,

So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.] So, in *Macbeth* :

"To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds."

STEEVENS.

* *Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes* :] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

"O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

"In the contempt and anger of his lip!" MALONE.

⁴ —to a river that is rank,] Full; abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Caesar* :

"Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?"

Again, more appositely in *King John* :

"We will untread the steps of damned flight;

"And, like a 'bated and retired flood,

"Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

"Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd."

MALONE.

⁵ *For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale* ;] Thus the old copy. I suspect the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe in the time of our authour, pronounced alike; and hence perhaps arose the mistake. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-singer. The poet very plainly tells us that she entreats and laments prettily, because

Still is he fullen, still he low'rs and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best * is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choofe but love ;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
 And one sweet kifs shall pay this countless debt 7.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;

because she is conscious that her entreaties and lamentations are addressed to a *pretty ear*. She strives to make her discourse correspond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addressing herself to the corpse of Ophelia : "*Sweets to the sweet !*" Besides, is it usual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air* ? STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakspeare, in making Venus *tune her tale* to a pleasing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itself more attractive, only used the same language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

"Feast-finding minstrels, *tuning* my *defame*."

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"—to their *instruments*

"*Tune* a deploring *dump*."

Again, *ibid*.

"And to the nightingale's complaining *notes*

"*Tune* my *distresses*, and record my *woes*."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a story with harmonious cadence,—as the words of a song are recited with the accompaniment of musick. MALONE.

* *Her best is better'd*—] This is the reading of the edition in 1596. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*breast*.

MALONE.

7 *And one sweet kifs shall pay this countless debt.*] So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

"—*kifs* for *kifs*

"Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :

"Oh were the *sum* of these that I should pay

"*Countless* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them." STEEV.

But

But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war;
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton^s, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I overstay'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain*:

^s To coy, to wanton, &c.] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"While I thy amiable cheeks do coy." STEEVENS.

* Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:] So *Ronsard*,
Livre xiv. Ode xxiii:

"Les Muses lierent un jour

"Des chaînes de roses Amour," &c.

Several of *Ronsard's* Odes had been translated into English.
See Puttenham, 1589, as quoted to this purpose by Dr. Farmer,
Vol. VIII. p. 114, n. 4. W.

Some of *Anacreon's* Odes, which *Ronsard* had imitated in
French, were translated into English; and it is very probable
that the ode above quoted was one of those which were trans-
lated; for it is an imitation of *Anacreon's* thirtieth ode, be-
ginning, *Αἰ μῦσαι*, &c. and stands in *Ronsard's* works in the
opposite page to the *Bacchanalian* ode which *Shakspeare* seems
to have had in his thoughts in *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

Strong-



Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain⁹.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red.)
The kifs shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kifs? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice¹,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

⁹ —servile to my coy disdain.] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"*Servile* to all the skiey influences." STEEVENS.

* *Ill-nurtur'd*—] That is, ill-educated, ill-bred. So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 61.

"—they thought themselves most blessed, if they might
attaine the delightful presence of this *well-nurtur'd* dame."

MALONE.

¹ —and lacking juice,] Thus the octavo 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*joice*. The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is so pronounced in the midland counties. MALONE.

Thou

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
 Mine eyes are grey ², and bright, and quick in turning ;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear ³,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ⁴ :
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire ⁵.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.

² *Mine eyes are grey,*] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakspeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were considered as eminently beautiful. See a note on *Romco and Juliet*, Act. III. sc. i. MALONE.

³ —*I will enchant thine ear,*] It appears from the corresponding rhyme, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our authour's native county it is still so pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

⁴ *Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :*] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ And ye, that on the sands with printless feet

“ Do chafe the ebbing Neptune,” —. MALONE.

⁵ *Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* : “ Let love, being light, be drowned, if she sink.”

Compact is, made up, composed. MALONE.

Narcissus

Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse ⁶ :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase ³ why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye ⁴ did hotly overlook them ;

Wishing

⁶ *Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse*: Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author says, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced “ as they grew together STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I think, meant to say no more than this; *that those things which grow only to [or for] themselves*, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not answer the purpose for which they were intended. Thus, in a subsequent passage :

“ So in *thyself thyself* art made away.”

Again, in our author's 95th *Sonnet* :

“ The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

“ Though *to itself* it only *live and die*.”

Again, more appositely in the present poem :

“ Poor flower ! quoth she, this was thy father's guise,—

“ For every little grief to wet his eyes ;

“ *To grow unto himself* was his desire,

“ And so 'tis thine—.” MALONE.

³ *Upon the earth's increase*—] i. e. upon the produce of the earth. MALONE.

⁴ *And Titan—with burning eye, &c.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ —like a lacker, from the rise to set,

“ Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*.” MALONE.

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—
 Souring his cheeks ⁵, cries, Fie, no more of love ;
 The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind ⁶ ?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath ⁷, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm ⁸,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?

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C

Art

⁵ Souring *his* cheeks,] So, in *Coriolanus* :

 "—Some news is come,

 " That turns their countenances."

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

 " Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

 " It turns in less than two nights ?" MALONE.

⁶ —young and so unkind ?] So, in *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. i. :

 " So young, and so untender ?" STEEVENS.

⁷ I'll sigh celestial breath,—] So, in *Coriolanus* :

 "—Never man

 " Sigh'd truer breath." MALONE.

⁸ The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,] The sun affords only a natural and genial heat : it warms, but it does not burn. "Thou sun," exclaims Timon, Act V. sc. ii. "that comfort'st, burn !" MALONE.

So, in *K. Lear* :

 "—her eyes are fierce, but thine

 " Do comfort, and not burn." W.

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
 O, had thy mother borne so bad a mind,⁹
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind¹.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?²
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments³ break.

Sometimes

⁹ *O had thy mother, &c.*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“—but you are cold and stern;

“And now you should be as your mother was,

“When your sweet self was got.” MALONE.

¹ —unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

² *What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?*] *That thou should'st contemn me this*, means, *that thou should'st contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask*. MALONE.

I suppose, without regard to the exactness of the rhyme, we should read —*thus*. *Thus* and *kiss* correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEEVENS.

³ —*her intendments*—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: “—but I, spying his *intendment*, discharg'd my petronel into his bosom.” STEEVENS.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound :
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lilly fingers, one in one ⁴.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer ⁵ ;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Graze on my lips ⁶ ; and, if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie ⁷.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

C 2

At

⁴ *She locks her lilly fingers, one in one.*] Should we not read—
She locks *their* lilly fingers, one in one. FARMER.

I do not see any need of change—The arms of Venus at present infold Adonis. To prevent him from escaping, she renders her hold more secure, by *locking* her hands together.

MALONE.

⁵ *I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer ;*] The old copy has—*the park*. For this slight emendation I am answerable. The same error has often happened in our authour's plays. —The image presented here occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“—my decayed fair

“A sunny look of his would soon repair ;

“But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

“And feeds from home.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “—I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my dear.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale ;*

Graze on my lips ;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“—unless we feed on your lips.” MALONE.

⁷ *—where the pleasant fountains lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Lochrine* : “—the pleasant water of your sweet fountain.” AMNER.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking * ?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :
Pity,—(she cries) some favour,—some remorse ;—
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds †,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with ‡.

His

* *Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking !*] So, in
Cymbeline :

"What shall I need to draw my sword ? The paper
"Hath cut her throat already." W.

† *The bearing earth with his hard hoof, &c.*] So, Virgil,
Æn. VIII.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

MALONE.

‡ *Controlling what he was controlled with.*] So, in *K. John* :
"Controulment for controulment. So answer France."

STEEVENS.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest ⁹ now stands on end ;
His nostrils drink the air ¹, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is try'd ;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla ³, or his *Stand, I jay* ?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,

His

⁹ Upon his compass'd crest—] *Compass'd* is arched. A *compass'd ceiling* is a phrase yet in use. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “—she came to him the other day into the *compass'd* window,” i. e. the bow window.

STEEVENS.

¹ His nostrils drink the air,—] So, Ariel in the *Tempest*:

“I drink the air before me.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—and through him

“Drink the free air.” MALONE.

² His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,

As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;] So, in *As you Like it*:

“—And then the lover,

“Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.”

In this description of a horse Shakspeare seems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts. MALONE.

As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;] So, in *Cymbeline*:
He furnaceth the thick sighs from him.” STEEVENS.

³ His flatt'ring holla,] This seems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As you like it*: “Cry holla to thy tongue, I prythee; it curvets unseasonably.” MALONE.

His art with nature's workmanship at strife ⁴,
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;
 So did this horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he flares ;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather * ;
 'To bid the wind a bafe he now prepares ⁵,
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether ⁶ ;
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He

⁴ *His art with nature's workmanship at strife,*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

"He greets me with a casket richly wrought ;

"So rare, that *art* did seem to *strive* with *nature*,

"To express the cunning workman's curious thought."

MALONE.

So, in *Timon of Athens* :

"It tutors *nature* : *artificial strife*

"Lives in these touches, livelier than life." STEEVENS.

* *Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;*] So, in *King Richard III* :

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw," MALONE.

⁵ *To bid the wind a bafe he now prepares,*] *To bid the wind a bafe*, is to challenge the wind to a contest for superiority. *Bafe* is a rustick game, sometimes termed *prison-bafe*; properly *prison-bars*. It is mentioned by our authour in *Cymbeline* :—"lads more like to *run the country bafe*," &c. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"Indeed I *bid the bafe* for Protheus." MALONE.

⁶ *And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether ;*] *Whe'r for whether*. So, in *King John* :

"Now shame upon thee, *whe'r* he does or no."

Again, in a poem in *praise of Ladie P—*, *Epitathes, Epigrammes*, &c. by G. Turberville, 1567 :

"I doubt *where* Paris would have chose

"*Dame Venus* for the best." MALONE.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness ⁷, seems unkind ;
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
 He vails his tail ⁸, that, like a falling plume
 Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :
 His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His tefty master goeth about to take him ;
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning ⁹ his boisterous and unruly beast ;
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue ¹.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;

But

⁷ —*outward strangeness*,—] i. e. seeming coyness, shyness, backwardness. Thus Jachimo, speaking of his servant to Imogen: "He's *strange* and peevish." STEEVENS.

⁸ *He vails his tail*,—] To *vail*, in old language, is to lower. MALONE.

⁹ Banning—] i. e. curling. So, in *King Richard III*:
 "Fell *banning* hag," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ —*the heart hath treble wrong*,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:
 "——the grief that does not speak,
 "Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."
 STEEVENS.

But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks ², as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ³ ;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a fight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue !
How white and red each other did destroy * !
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lonely lover down she kneels ;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :

And

² *But when the heart's attorney once is mute,*
The client breaks, &c.] So, in *King Richard III* :

"Why should calamity be so full of words ?

"Windy attorneys to their client woes,—." STEEVENS.

³ *Looks on the dull earth, &c.]* So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"She excells each mortal thing

"Upon the dull earth dwelling." STEEVENS.

* —*the fighting conflict of her hue !*

How white and red, &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

"Such war of white and red within her cheeks."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

"Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting." W.

MALONE.

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain ⁴.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand;
A lilly prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, faith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, faith she, and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it ⁵,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it ⁶:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.

C 5

Affection

⁴ *And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.*] From
the present passage, I think it probable, that this first produc-
tion of our authour's muse was not composed till after he had
left Stratford, and became acquainted with the theatre.

MALONE.

⁵ — *lest thy hard heart do steel it,*] So, in *Othello*:

“ — thou dost *stone* my heart.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *soft sighs can never grave it,*] Engrave it, i. e. make
an impression on it. STEEVENS.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none * ;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white ?
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
 O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;

'Tis

* *The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;*] So, in *Macbeth* :

" —but there's no bottom, none,

" To my voluptuousness." W.

? *Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,*

Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,] So, in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— Cytherea,

" How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! *fresh lily!*

" And *whiter than the sheets.*"

I have followed the earliest and most authentick copy yet discovered, that of 1596. The octavo 1600, reads—*Who seeks.*

MALONE.

* *His other agents aim at like delight ?*] So also *Macbeth* expresseth himself to his wife :

" ——— I am settled, and bend up

" *Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.*" AMNER.

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ⁹ ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath ¹.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ² ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Lofeth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part ³,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
'To love's alarm it will not ope the gate ⁴ :

Dismiss

⁹ *My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;*] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words. MALONE.

¹ *For I have heard it is a life in death,*

That laughs and weeps,] So, in *King Richard III.*:

"For now they kill me with a living death."

Again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"These lovers cry,—Oh! oh! they die!

"Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

"Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!"

"So dying love lives still:

"Oh! oh! a while; but ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!" MALONE.

² *Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?*] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600.

"I am now too young

"To be wonne by beauty;

"Tender are my years,

"I am yet a bud." MALONE.

³ *You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,*] So, in the song above quoted:

"Wind thee from mee, Venus,

"I am not disposed;

"Thou wringest me too hard,

"Pr'ythee let me goe:

"Fie, what a pain it is,

"Thus to be enclosed!" MALONE.

⁴ *Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;*

To love's alarm it will not ope the gate:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"You

Disinifs your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk, (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice⁵ hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet musick, and heart's deep-sore
wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible⁶;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling⁷ were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;

For

"You—to remove that *siege* of grief from her,—."

Again, *ibid*:

"She will not stay the *siege* of loving terms." MALONE.

⁵ *Thy mermaid's voice*—] Our ancient writers commonly use *mermaid* for *Syren*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —and invisible;] I suspect that both for the sake of better rhyme, and better sense, we should read *invincible*. These words are misprinted, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *K. John*. STEEVENS.

In the present edition, however, the reader will find the word *invisible*, in the passage referred to in *K. John*, and *invincible*, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* as those words stand in the old copy,

An opposition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) striking not the sight but the ear. I therefore believe *invisible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁷ *Say, that the sense of feeling*—] Thus the octavo, 1596. All the modern editions read—*reason*. MALONE.

For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd⁶, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid Suspicion double lock the door⁷?
Left jealousy, that four unwelcome guest⁸,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd⁹,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws¹ to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:—
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth²,

Or

⁶ Comes breath perfum'd, &c.] So, in Constable's poem:

"Breathe once more thy balmie wind:

"It smelleth of the mirrh tree

"That to the world did bring thee,

"Never was perfume so sweet." MALONE.

⁷ And bid Suspicion double lock the door?] A bolder or happier personification than this, will not readily be pointed out in any of our authour's plays. MALONE.

⁸ Left jealousy, that four unwelcome guest, &c.]

—ne quis malus invidere possit,

Quum tantum sciat esse basorum. *Catullus*. MALONE.

⁹ —the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"—By his gates of breath

"There lies a downy feather,"—

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—and lips, O you

"The doors of breath," &c.

Shakspeare probably remembered the expression of the psalmist: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips." MALONE.

¹ —foul flaws—] i. e. violent blasts of wind.

STEEVENS.

² Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,] So, in *Hamlet*:

"But, as we often see against some storm—

"The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

"As hush as death," &c. STEEVENS.

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun ³,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun ⁴.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
 He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day * :
 Her two blue windows ⁵ faintly she up-heaveth,

Like

³ *Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :
 "—that name

"Shot from the deadly level of a gun,"— STEEVENS.

⁴ *His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. 11 :

"But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue."

Our authour is inaccurate. He should have written *began*.

MALONE.

* *The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:*] So, in *King Richard III.*

"And turn his infant morn to aged night." MALONE.

⁵ *Her two blue windows—*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"—Downy windows, close ;

"And golden Phœbus never be beheld

"Of eyes again so royal !" MALONE.

This

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky ⁶,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face ⁷ are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night ⁸.

O, where am I, quoth she ? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy :
But now I dy'd, and death was living joy.

O, thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ⁹ ;

And

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline* :

" —the enclosed *lights* now canopied

" Under these *windows* :—white and *azure* ! laced

" With *blue* of heaven's own tinct." STEEVENS.

⁶ —glorifies the *sky*,] So, in *King John* :

" Do glorify the banks that bound them in." STEEV.

⁷ —his hairless face—] So, in *K. John* :

" This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops." STEEV.

⁸ But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.] So, in *Love's*

Labour's Lost :

" Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,

" Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

" As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;

" Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep." MALONE.

⁹ —murder'd this poor heart—] So, in *K. Henry V* :

" The king hath kill'd his heart." STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard II* :

" —'twere no good part

" To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart."

MALONE.

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted²,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips³
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me⁴ ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?

Say

¹ *their verdure still endure,*

To drive infection from the dangerous year !] I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome. STEEVENS.

² *Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,*] We meet with the same image in *Measure for Measure* :

"Take, O take those lips away,

"That so sweetly were forsworn ;—

"But my kisses bring again,

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them."

The epithet *soft* has a peculiar propriety. MALONE.

³ —for fear of slips,] i. e. of counterfeit money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv.

"—what counterfeit did I give you ?

"Mer. The slip, sir, the slip," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;*] So in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs

"Did buy each other," &c. MALONE.

Say, for non-payment that the debt should double *,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years † ;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks ‡, 'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she ; and, ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face §.

Till

* *Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,*] The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment ; in which case, the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law. MALONE.

† *Measure my strangeness*—] i. e. my bashfulness, my coyness. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —I'll prove more true,

“ Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*.”

MALONE.

‡ *The owl, night's herald, shrieks, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ It was the *owl* that *shriek'd*, the fatal bellman,

“ Which gives the stern 't good-night.”

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*.

STEEVENS.

§ —*a sweet embrace* ;

Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.] So, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ — how they clung

“ In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together.”

STEEVENS.

Again,

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 (Their lips together glew'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blind-fold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck ⁷.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth ⁸.

What

Again, in *All's well that ends well*: "I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body."—In the same manner as here, in Constable's Poem Venus promises to let Adonis go, if he will give her a kiss. She complains of its shortness, and takes another:

"When she had thus spoken,

"She gave him a token,

"*And their naked bosoms met.*" MALONE.

⁷ *Forgetting shame's pure blush,*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what she can never be supposed to have known. Shakspeare's *Venus* may surely say with *Quartilla* in *Petronius*: "*Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminere virginem fuisse.*" STEEVENS.

⁸ *While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloisa*:

"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest."

AMNER.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression⁹?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave¹ exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool² prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest³,
He carries thence incaged in his breast⁴.

Sweet

⁹ —*dissolves with temp'ring,*
And yields at last to every light impression?] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I *seal* with him."

STEEVENS.

It should be remembered that it was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers, before the impression was made. MALONE.

¹ —*whose leave*—] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS.

² *The poor fool*—] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia:

"And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

³ —by Cupid's bow *she doth protest*,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I swear to thee by *Cupid's strongest bow*." MALONE.

⁴ *He carries thence incaged in his breast*.] Thus the octavo, 1596. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"And yet *incaged* in so small a verge,"—

The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies read—*engaged*.

This is a thought which Shakspeare has often introduced, So, in *As you Like it*:

"That thou might'st join her hand in his,

"Whose heart within her bosom is,"

Again,

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master *, shall we meet to-morrow ?
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?

He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose ⁵,
 Usurps her cheek : she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
 He on his belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love ⁶,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy ⁷.

Even

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast."

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

"Even to thy breast incloseth my poor heart."

MALONE.

* love's master—] Thou, who art master of me, the queen
 of love. MALONE.

⁵ The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,] So, in *The
 Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:

"Now, he sayd, let's goe ;

"Harke, the hounds are crying ;

"Griffie boare is up,

"Huntsmen follow fast.

"At the name of boare

"Venus seemed dying :

"Deadly-colour'd pale

"Roses overcast." MALONE.

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,] So again, in
The Rape of Lucrece :

"—red as roses that on lawn we lay." STEEVENS.

⁶ —in the very lists of love,] So also John Dryden, in his
 play called *Don Sebastian* :

"The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,

"More gladly enters not the lists of love." AMNER.

⁷ To clip Elysium,] To clip in old language is to embrace.

MALONE.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes ⁸,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw ⁹:
The warm effects ¹ which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing ²:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,

Whose

⁸ —birds *deceiv'd with painted grapes*,] Alluding to a celebrated work of one of the ancient painters. STEEVENS.

Our authour alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds lighted on them to peck at them.

Sir John Davies has the same allusion in his *Nosce teipsum*, 1599:

"Therefore the bee did seek the painted flower,

"And birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck."

MALONE.

⁹ *As those poor birds that helpless berries saw*:] *Helpless berries* are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nourishment. STEEV.

I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"So thou—

"With urging *helpless* patience would'st relieve me."

MALONE.

¹ *The warm effects*—] I think we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"—the young *affects*

"In me defunct." STEEVENS.

² *She seeks to kindle with continual kissing*:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Quicken with kissing*:—had my lips that power,

"Thus would I wear them out." STEEVENS.

Whose tusshes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher³, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret * ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes⁴.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;

Nor

³ *Like to a mortal butcher;—*] *Mortal for deadly.* So, in *Othello* :

"And you, ye mortal engines," &c. MALONE.

* *On his bow-back he hath a battel set*

Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;

His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;] In this description Shakspeare had perhaps in view that given by Ovid of the boar that slew Meleager. See Golding's translation, Book VIII.

"His eyes did glister blood and fire ; right dreadful was to see

"His brawned back ; right dreadful was his haire, which grew as thicke

"With pricking points as one of them could well by other sicke :

"And, like a front of armed pikes set close in battel ray,

"The sturdie bristles on his back flood staring up alway."

MALONE.

⁴ *The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,*

As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes.] Thus Virgil describing the rapid passage of two centaurs through the woods :

"—dat euntibus ingens

"Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore."

STEEVENS.

Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wond'rous dread !)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
Come not within his danger ⁶ by thy will ;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends :
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill* ⁷ ;
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This

⁵ — *his loathsome cabin still* ;] Cabin in the age of Queen Elizabeth signified a small mean dwelling place, and was much in use. The term still is used universally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is scarcely ever employed.

MALONE.

⁶ *Come not within his danger*—] This was a common expression in Shakspeare's time, and seems to have meant, Expose not yourself to one who has the power to do you mischief.

MALONE.

⁷ *And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill* ;] These were, I think, the words formerly uttered when orders were issued to an army for general slaughter. I have met with a passage to this purpose in a book of Shakspeare's age, but cannot now turn to it. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear* :

“ And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
“ Then *kill, kill, kill*.” STEEVENS.

This four informer, this bate-breeding spy ⁸,
 This canker, that eats up love's tender spring ⁹,
 This carry-tale ¹, diffentions jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring ²,
 Knocks³ at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That trembling at the imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed ?
 And fear doth teach it divination ³ :

I prophesy

⁸ —*bate-breeding*—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly observes that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no breed-bate." *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife, contention*. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*love's tender spring*,] I once thought that *love's tender spring* meant the tender blossoms of growing love. *Printemps d'amour*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

"Unruly blaits wait on the tender spring."

Again, in the present poem :

"*Love's gentle spring* doth always fresh remain ;—"

But I am now of opinion that *spring* is used here, as in other places, for a young shoot or plant. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

"Even in the spring of love, thy *love-springs* rot."

MALONE.

This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Full soon the *canker* death *eats up* that plant."

STEEVENS.

¹ *This carry-tale*,—] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"Some *carry-tale*, some *please-man*," &c. STEEV.

² *That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring*,]

"*Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri*." *Virgil*.

STEEVENS.

³ *And fear doth teach it divination* :] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Tell thou thy earl, his *divination* lyes." STEEVENS.

And

I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare ⁴,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles ⁵,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks * and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes ⁶,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

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D

Sometime

And fear doth teach it divination:

[I prophecy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

"Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

"As one dead in the bottom of a tomb." MALONE.

⁴ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;

[Uncouple at the timorous flying hare.] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:

"Speake, sayd she, no more

"Of following the boare,

"Thou unfit for such a chase;

"Cowse the fearful hare,

"Venison do not spare,

"If thou wilt yield Venus grace." MALONE.

⁵ —to over-shut his troubles,] I would read over-shoot, i. e. fly beyond. STEEVENS.

To shut up in Shakspeare's age signified to conclude. I believe therefore the text is right. MALONE.

* He cranks—] i. e. he winds. So, in *Coriolanus*, the belly says,

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,

"And through the cranks and offices of man," &c.

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"See how this river comes me cranking in—"

MALONE.

⁶ The many musits through the which he goes,] Musits are said by the lexicographers to be the places through which the hare goes for relief. The modern editions reads *umfits*.

MALONE.

A muset is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 And sometime forteth with a herd of deer¹;
 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt;
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
 Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies².

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Strands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To harken if his foes pursue him still;
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell³.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch⁴,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie

¹ *And sometime forteth with a herd of deer;*] *Sorteth* means accompanies, consorts with. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop*, or *company*. MALONE.

² — *Echo replies,*

As if another chase were in the skies.] So Dryden:

“With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,

“And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.”

STEEVENS.

³ *To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.*] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster*:

“—like one who languishing

“Hears his sad bell—.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“—roaming through a thorny wood

“Scratching her legs.” STEEVENS.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike thyself,—thou hear'st me moralize ³.
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ?—No matter where, quoth he ;
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she :
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall ;
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all ⁴.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss ⁵.
 Rich preys make rich men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn ⁶.

D 2

Now,

³ *Unlike thyself thou hear'st me moralize,*] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read : *Unlike myself*.—But the original copy is right. *Unlike thyself* refers to *the hunting of the boar*, which Venus considers as a rude sport, ill suited to the delicate frame of Adonis. To *moralize* here means to *comment* ; from *moral*, which our author generally uses in the sense of *latent meaning*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* : “ He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens.”

MALONE.

⁴ *In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which preceded the present poem :

“—dark night is Cupid's day” MALONE.

I verily believe that a sentiment similar, in some sort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here :

“Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

“By their own beauties.” AMNER.

⁵ *The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“—lest the base earth

“Should from her vesture chance to *steal a kiss*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *—die forsworn.*] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity.

STEEVENS.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine ⁷,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine ;
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ⁸ ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of sad mischances and much misery ;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood ⁹,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under ¹ :
 Both favour, favour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer * late did wonder,

Are

⁷ *Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,*] *Shine* was formerly used as a substantive. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“Thou shew'dst a subject's *shine*—” MALONE.

⁸ —*defeature* ;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“—strange *defeatures* in my face.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —and *frenzies wood*,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*.

MALONE.

¹ *But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :*] Thus the edition of 1596. The least of these maladies after a *momentary engagement* subdues beauty. Not being till lately possessed of the copy of 1596, in the former edition of these poems I printed *fight*, the reading of the copy of 1600 : but I then conjectured that *fight* was the true reading, and I now find my conjecture confirmed. MALONE.

* —*the impartial gazer*—] Thus the octavo, 1596. *Impartial* is here used, I conceive, in the same sense as in *Measure for Measure*. The subsequent copies have—*imperial*.

MALONE.

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done ²,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night ³,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave ⁴,
Seeming to bury that posterity ⁵
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,

Or

² —*thaw'd, and done,*] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of wasted, consumed, destroyed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

“ And now they meet, where both their lives are *done*.”
In the West of England it still retains the same meaning.

MALONE.

³ —*the lamp that burns by night,* [i. e.

“ —*λύχνον ἑρῶτον,*

“ *Καὶ γάμον ἀχλυνέτα*——.” *Musæus.* STEEVENS.

Ye nuns and vestals, says Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expence of its own oil.—I do not apprehend that the poet had at all in his thoughts the torch of the loves, or the nocturnal meeting of either Hero and Leander or any other persons.

The preceding precept here illustrated is general, without any limitation of either time or space. MALONE.

⁴ *What is thy body but a swallowing grave,*] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ —in the *swallowing* gulph

“ Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in our authour's 77th *Sonnet* :

“ The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,

“ Of *mouthed graves* will give thee memory.” MALONE.

⁵ —*a swallowing grave,*

Seeming to bury that posterity, &c.] So, in our authour's third *Sonnet* :

“ —who is he so fond, will be the *tomb*

“ Of his self-love, to *stop posterity* ?” MALONE.

Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-fire, that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets ⁶.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme ;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Left the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest,
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : O strange excuse !
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse ⁷.

Call

⁶ *But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. " I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast." STEEVENS.

In Marlowe's poem, Leander uses the same argument to Hero, that Venus here urges to Adonis :

" What difference between the richest mine

" And basest mould, but *use* ? for both, not us'd,

" Are of like worth. Then *treasure is abus'd,*

" *When misers keep it ; being put to lone,*

" *In time it will returne us two for one.*" MALONE.

⁷ *When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.*] So, in *Hamlet* :

" And reason fanders will." STEEVENS.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name^s ;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done⁹.
 Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies. .

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen¹ :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves² for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawnd³ runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look,

^s —love to heaven is fled;

Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name.] This information is of as much consequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he says, was

"Xanthus by name to those of heavenly birth,

"But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth." STEEV.

⁹ Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,

"Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

"O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold !

"Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old."

MALONE.

¹ My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :] Teen is sorrow. The word is often used by Spenser. MALONE.

² Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline* :

"—I do condemn mine ears, that have

"So long attended thee." STEEVENS.

³ —the dark lawnd—] So the octavo, 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language synonymous. The modern editors read—*lanes*. MALONE.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky ⁴,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend ⁵,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges ⁶ with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are ⁷,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way ⁸.

And

⁴ —*Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,*] So, in *K. Richard II.*

“I see thy glory like a shooting star—.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

“To hear the sea-maid's musick.” MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—and fly like chidden Mercury,

“Or like a star dis-orb'd.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*as one on shore*

Gazing upon a late embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:

“Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,

“Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;

“While afar off the vessel sails away,

“Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.

MALONE.

See the scene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Pisanio how he ought to have gazed after the vessel in which Posthumus was embark'd. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Till the wild waves—*

Whose ridges—] So, in *King Lear*:

“Horns welk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,*] So, in *K. Lear*:

“—the wrathful skies

“Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —*the fair discovery of her way.*] I would read—discoverer, i. e. *Alonis*. STEEVENS.

The

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :

Ah me ! she cries, and twenty times *woe, woe !*

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,

And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,

End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites ;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?

She said, *'tis so* : they answer all, *'tis so* ;

And would say after her, if she said *no*.

D 5

Lo!

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning, and is surely more poetical. Our authour uses a similar phraseology in *Coriolanus* :

" Lest you should chance to whip your *information*,

[i. e. your informer.]

" And beat the messenger who bids beware

" Of what is to be dreaded." MALONE.

9 *Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,*

Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?] But the exercise of this fantastick humour is not so properly the character of *wits*, as of persons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To suit this idea, as well as to close the rhyme more fully, I am persuaded the poet wrote :

Soothing the humour of fantastick wights. THEOBALD.

Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?] See the scene of
" *Anon, anon, sir,*" in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*—Had Mr. Theobald

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold ¹.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
 O thou clear god ², and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light ³, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing ⁴ the morning is so much o'er-worn;

And

bald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have known that the epithet *santaſtick* is applied with singular propriety to the *wits* of Shakspeare's age. The rhyme, like many others in the same piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one. STEEV.

¹ *That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.*] So, in his 33d Sonnet:

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 " Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye;
 " Kissing with golden face the meadows green;
 " Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy."

MALONE.

² *O thou clear god, &c.*] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compose this stanza, before he wrote the following, with which the first act of his *Ambitious Step-mother* concludes:

" Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
 " Whose influence cheers the world he did create,
 " Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
 " And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes;
 " Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,
 " Might shine for him, and bless the world with day."

STEEVENS.

³ *There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light,—*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" — Her eye in heaven,
 " Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 " That birds would sing, and think it were not night."

MALONE.

⁴ *Musing—*] in ancient language is *wondering*. MALONE.

And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry *.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hasting to feed her fawn ' hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain court'fy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus

*—*she coasteth to the cry.*] i. e. She advanceth. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 " That give a *coasting* welcome, ere it come !"

MALONE.

† *Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,*
Hasting to feed her fawn—] So, in *As you Like it* :

" While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 " And give it food." STEEVENS.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ⁶ ;
 Till, cheering up her senses fore-dismay'd,
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;—
 And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the path that she untreads again ;
 Her more than haste is mated with delays ⁷,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting ^{*} ;
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting [†].

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.
 When

⁶ *Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;*] *Ecstasy* anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind. MALONE.
 Again, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ Mark, how he *trembleth* in his *ecstasy* !” STEEV.

⁷ *Her more than haste is mated with delays,*] is confounded or destroyed by delay. The modern editions read *marred*.

MALONE.

* *Full of respect*—] i. e. full of circumspection, and wise consideration. See a note in *The Rape of Lucrece*, st. 40, on the words—“ *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age.”—This is one of our authour's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man. MALONE.

† *In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.*] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ —like a man to double business bent,

“ I stand in pausewhere I shall first begin,

“ And both neglect.” MALONE.

When he had ceas'd his ill-responding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him ;
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, finell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it ;—
 O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But haphazardly at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not death's ebony dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears^s, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?

Why

^s —*drink tears*,—] So, in Pope's *Eliza* :

“ And *drink* the falling *tears* each other sheds.”

STEEVENS.

Rowe had before adopted this expression in his *June Shore*,
 1713 :

“ Feed on my sighs, and *drink* my falling tears.”

See

62 VENUS AND ADONIS.

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour;
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids ¹, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain ²,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow ;
Sorrow, that friendly sighs fought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain ³,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,

But

See also *K. Henry VI. P. III.*

"—for every word I speak,

"Ye see I drink the water of mine eyes." MALONE.

⁹ *Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright."

MALONE.

¹ *She vail'd her eye-lids,—*] She lowered or closed her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

"Seek for thy noble father in the dust." MALONE.

² *But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,*] So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*:

"For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes."

STEEVENS.

³ —*like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,*] In this stanza we meet with some traces of Cordelia's sorrow:

"—you have seen

"Sunshine and rain at once," &c. STEEVENS.

So also, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"I am not a day of the season,

"For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail.

"In me at once." MALONE.

But none is best ; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow ⁴
This sound of hope doth labour to expell ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken *, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts ⁶ the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought ;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name ;

She

⁴ *The dire imagination she did follow*] So the octavo, 1596.
The edition of 1600 has—*dry*. The construction is, this sound
of hope doth labour to expel the dire imagination, &c.

MALONE.

⁵ —*like pearls in glass* ;] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ Like pearls from diamonds dropt.” STEEVENS.

* —*the sluttish ground*,

Who is but drunken,—] So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ —England's lawful earth,

“ Unlawfully made *drunk* with innocent blood.”

MALONE.

⁶ With *likely thoughts*—] The edition of 1596 has—*The*
likely &c. the compositor having caught the word *The* from
the line above. The correction was made in that of 1600.

MALONE.

She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings ;
Imperious supreme ⁷ of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she,) sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar ⁸, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;
Be wreak'd on him, invifible commander ⁹ ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he's authour of thy slander :
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash fufpect ſhe doth extenuate ¹ ;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth infinuate ² ;

Tells

⁷ Imperious *ſupreme*—] So the firſt octavo. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the ſame meaning. So, in *Troilus and Crefſida* :

“ I thank thee, moſt *imperious* Agamemnon.”

MALONE.

⁸ When as *I met the boar*,—] *When as* and *when* were uſed indifcriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

⁹ — *invifible commander* ;] So, in *K. John* :

“ Death, having prev'd upon the outward parts,

“ Leaves them *invifible* ; and his ſiege is now

“ Againſt the mind.” MALONE.

¹ *Her rash ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate* ;] *Suſpect* is *ſuſpicion*. So, in our authour's 70th Sonnet :

“ The ornament of beauty is *ſuſpect*.” MALONE.

² *With death ſhe humbly doth infinuate* ;] To *inſinuate* meant formerly, to ſooth, to *flatter*. To *inſinuate* with was the phraſeology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ Deſire him not to *flatter* with his lord.”

MALONE.

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs³; and stories⁴
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain⁵,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again⁶.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles

³ Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs;—] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to spare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, considered as a being, but to the parties buried. I must suspect our authour intended:

Tells him of trophies, statues, domes—. THEOBALD.
The old copy is undoubtedly right. Tombs are in one sense honours to Death, inasmuch as they are so many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Besides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally presents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; so that nothing is obtained by the change.

As Mr. Theobald never published an edition of Shakspeare's poems, the reader may perhaps wonder where his observations upon them have been found. They are inserted in the second volume of Dr. Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations on Authors*, 8vo, 1731, MALONE.

⁴ — and stories

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is also used in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"He stories to her ears her husband's fame—."

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing."

MALONE.

⁵ For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

"That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store."

MALONE.

⁶ And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.] The same expression occurs in *Othello*:

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

"But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

"Chaos is come again." MALONE.

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves *.
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;
 The grafs stoops not, she treads on it so light † ;
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain ‡ ,
 And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
 So at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night § ,
 And never wound the heart with looks again ;
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat

* —with false bethinking grieves.] Here the false concord cannot be corrected on account of the rhyme. MALONE.

† The grafs stoops not, she treads on it so light ;]

" Illa per intactas segetes, vel summa volaret

" Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset arista ." Virgil.

STEEVENS.

‡ Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,] So, in
 Coriolanus :

" Thursts forth his horns again into the world ;

" Which were in-shell'd when Marcius stood for Rome."

STEEVENS.

§ —consort with ugly night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" To be consorted with the humorous night."

MALONE.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ¹ ;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground ²,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terrour doth men's minds confound :
 This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
 That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight ³
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd ⁴
 In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd ⁵ :
 No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
 Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth ⁶ ;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :

Her

¹ *Who like a king—*

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;] So, in *King Lear* :

“ —Ay, every inch a king :

“ When I do stare, see how the *subject quakes*.”

STEEVENS.

² *As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,]* So, in *King Henry IV. P. I* :

“ —oft the teeming *earth*

“ Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

“ By the *imprisoning* of unruly *wind*

“ Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

“ *Shakes* the old beldame *earth*,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ —*unwilling* sight—] The earliest octavo reads—*night*. The correction was made in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

⁴ —*that the boar had trench'd*—] *Trench'd* is cut. *Tran-*
cher, Fr. MALONE.

⁵ —*was drench'd* ;] First octavo—*had drench'd*, the compositor having caught the word *had* from the line above. Corrected in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

⁶ *Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,]* This verb is again used by our authour in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

“ Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*

“ For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.” MALONE.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaspes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead .
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is musick now ⁸ ? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet *, their colours fresh and trim ;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you ⁹ :

Having

⁷ —*mine eyes' red fire !*] The edition of 1596 reads—red as fire. In the copy of 1600 *red* is omitted, and *as* retained.

MALONE.

⁸ *Whose tongue is musick now ?*—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ That never words were musick to thine ear.”

MALONE.

* *The flowers are sweet*—] I suspect Shakspeare wrote—*Thy flowers*, &c. MALONE.

⁹ —*nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :*] So, in *Othello* :

“ The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets” STEEV.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.”

MALONE.

Having no fair to lose ¹, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you ² :
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair ;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks ³ ; then would Adonis weep :
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ⁴ ;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger would be tame ⁵, and gently hear him ;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;

When

¹ *Having no fair to lose*—] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“—My decayed *fair*

“A funny look of his would soon repair”

It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *jure*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire, and by the vulgar in Ireland.

MALONE.

² —*the wind doth hiss you* :] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“—the winds,

“Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiss'd* him in scorn.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Play'd with his locks* ;] So the octavo, 1596. That of 1600 has—*lokes*. MALONE.

⁴ —*because he would not fear him* ;] Because he would not terrify him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II :

“For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all.”

MALONE.

⁵ —*when he hath sung*,

The tyger would be tame,] So, in *Othello* :

“She would *sing* the savageness out of a bear.” STEEV.

When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar ⁶,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so ^{*}.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to perfwade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin ⁷.

Had

⁶ —urchin-snouted boar,] An urchin is a hedgehog.

MALONE.

^{*} *He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.*] This conceit of the boar's having killed Adonis inadvertently, when he meant only to kiss him, is found in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, but there was no translation of that poet in our author's time.

So also, in a Latin poem *De Adoni ab apro interempto*, by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus:

" — iterum atque juro iterum,

" Formosum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui

" Meis diripere his cupidinibus;

" Verum dum specimen nitens video,

" (Ælius impatiens tenella dabat

" Nuda femina molliibus zephyris)

" *Ingens me miserum libi lo capit*

" *Mille suavia dulcia hinc capere,*

" *Atque me impulit ingens indomitus.*" MALONE.

⁷ — the loving swine

Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.] So, in *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:

" On the ground he lay,

" Blood had left his cheek;

" For an orped swine

" *Smit him in the groyne;*

" Deadly wound his death did bring:

" Which when Venus found,

" She fell in a swoond,

" And, awakte, her hands did wring." MALONE.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his⁸; the more I am accurst.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
 As if they heard the wœful words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies⁹:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite¹,
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end;

Ne'er

⁸ *My youth with his*;] Thus the octavo, 1595. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read,—my *mouth*; which cannot be right, for Adonis *had* granted her a *kiss*.

"He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 "(*Their lips together glew'd*) fell to the earth."

MALONE.

⁹ —two lamps, *burnt out, in darkness lies*.] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline*:

"His steeds to water at those *springs*

"On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*." STEEVENS.

So, also, in *K. Richard II*:

"—there *lies*

"*Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes*."

This inaccuracy may be found in every page of our authour's works, as well as in those of many of his contemporaries and predecessors. In a very few places either the metre or the rhimes render it incurable. MALONE.

¹ —*this is my spite*,] This is done, purposely to vex and distress *me*. MALONE.

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ² ;
 'That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd *
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak ;
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ³ ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be, when it shews most toward ;
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war ⁴, and dire events ;
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire ;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustible matter is to fire ;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By

² *Ne'er settled equally, but high, or low ;*] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low, &c.

STEEVENS.

* —o'er-straw'd:] So the old copy, and such perhaps was the pronunciation of o'er-straw'd in our authour's time. Formerly, however, our poets often changed the termination of words for the sake of rhyme. MALONE.

³ —to tread the measures ;] To dance. MALONE.

⁴ *It shall be cause of war, &c.*] Several of the effects here predicted of love, in *Timon of Athens* are ascribed to gold.

STEEVENS.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight ⁵,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ⁶;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:

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Lo

⁵ *Was melted like a vapour*—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“—and what seem'd corporal, *melted*

“*Like breath* into the wind.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“—These our actors,

“As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

“*Are melted* into air, into thin air.” MALONE.

⁶ *—here in my breast*;] The old copy reads—*here is my breast*. I have received Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reasons he assigns. MALONE.

As Venus sticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her bosom, I think we must read against all the copies, and with much more elegance:

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breast—
for it was her breast which she would insinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The close of the preceding stanza partly warrants this change:

“—but know it is as good

“To wither *in* my breast, as in his blood.”

as the succeeding lines in this stanza likewise do:

“Lo! *in* this hollow cradle take thy rest.”

THEOBALD.

Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute in an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid,
 Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen 7.

7 This poem is received as one of Shakspeare's undisputed performances,—a circumstance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwise have escaped.

There are some excellencies which are less graceful than even their opposite defects ; there are some virtues, which being merely constitutional, are entitled to very small degrees of praise. Our poet might design his Adonis to engage our esteem, and yet the sluggish coldness of his disposition is as offensive as the impetuous forwardness of his wanton mistress. To exhibit a young man insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty, is to describe a being too rarely seen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when seen, of too little value to deserve such toil of representation. No elogiums are due to Shakspeare's hero on the score of mental chastity, for he does not pretend to have subdued his desires to his moral obligations. He strives indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names ; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two ; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death

death of an unsusceptible boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counterpoise a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cyniras and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.—Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

“ —when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
“ The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms.”

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of Ascanius,

“ —cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos
“ Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
“ Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;”

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatic dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that soothes or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with

the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with *the young*, while *graver* readers bestow their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help observing that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot superior to that of the mythological story. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verses, our author has coldly and imperfectly spun out into near two thousand. The attention therefore of these *graver* personages must have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of style in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This first essay of Shakspeare's Muse does not appear to me by any means so void of poetical merit as it has been represented. And in support of my opinion I may quote the words of that elegant poet, Mr. Fenton, who in his notes on Waller, after citing some lines from Ovid on this subject, observes, "that the passion of Venus for Adonis is likewise described with great delicacy by Bion, and our admirable SHAKSPEARE, in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity." In what high estimation it was held in our authour's life-time, may be collected from what has been already observed in the preliminary remark, and from the circumstances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*..

Gabriel Harvey's words as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *Hamlet*, (not that the judgment of one who thought that English verses ought to be constructed according to the rules of Latin prosody, is of much value,) are these. "The younger sort *take much delight* in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*: but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, have in them to please the wiser sort."

To the other eulogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis; or Lust's Prodiges*, by William Barksted, 1607:

"But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,
"And wage not warre with so deere-lov'd a neighbor;
"But

- " But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep ;
- " Preserve thy small fame, and his greater favor.
- " His song was worthie merit ; Shakespeare, hee
- " Sung the faire blossome, thou the wither'd tree :
- " Laurel is due to him ; his art and wit
- " Hath purchas'd it ; cyprus thy brows will fit."

" Will you read Virgil ?" says Carew in his Dissertation on *The excellence of the English tongue*, (published by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1614,) " take the earl of Surrey ;" [he means Surrey's translation of the second and fourth *Æneid*.] "*Catullus* ? Shakespeare, and Marlowe's fragment."

In *A Remembrance of some English poets*, at the end of "The Complaints of Poetry," by Richard Barnefield, 1598, the authour, after praising some other writers, thus speaks of our poet :

- " And Shakespeare, thou, whose honey-flowing vaine
- " (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe ;
- " Whose VENUS and whose LUCRECE, sweet and chaste,
- " Thy name in fame's immortal booke have plaçt ;
- " Live ever you, at least in fame live ever !
- " Well may the body die, but fame die never."

To these testimonies I may add that of Edward Phillips, and perhaps that of Milton, his uncle ; for it is highly probable that the elogium on Shakspeare, given in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, was either written or revised by our great epick poet. In Phillips's account of the modern poets our authour is thus described :

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the glory of the English stage, whose nativity at Stratford upon Avon is the highest honour that town can boast of. From an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a *maker* ; and such a maker, that though some others may perhaps preserve a more exact *decorum* and *œconomie*, especially in tragedy, never any express'd a more lofty and tragick height, never any represented nature more purely to the life ; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, (as perhaps his learning was not extraordinary,) he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance ; and in *all* his writings."

writings hath an unvulgar style, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramaticks."

Let us, however, view these poems, uninfluenced by any authority.—To form a right judgment of any work, we should always take into our consideration the means by which it was executed, and the contemporary performances of others. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe add nothing to the reputation which they have acquired by their dramatick works, because preceding writers had already produced happier compositions; and because there were many poets, during the period in which Rowe and Otway exhibited their plays, who produced better poetry, not of the dramatick kind, than theirs: but, if we except Spenser, what poet of Shakspeare's age produced poems of equal, or nearly equal, excellence to those before us? Did Turberville? Did Golding? Did Phaer? Did Drant? Did Googe? Did Churchyard? Did Fleming? Did Fraunce? Did Whetstone? Did Gascoigne? Did Sidney? Did Marlowe, Nashe, Kyd, Harrington, Lilly, Peele, Greene, Watson, Breton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Middleton or Jonson? Sackville's *Induction* is the only small piece of that age, that I recollect, which can stand in competition with them. If Marlowe had lived to finish his *Hero and Leander*, of which he wrote only the first two Sestiads, he too perhaps might have contested the palm with Shakspeare.

Concerning the length of these pieces, which is, I think, justly objected to, I shall only at present observe, that it was the fashion of the day to write a great number of verses on a very slight subject, and our poet in this as in many other instances adapted himself to the taste of his own age.

It appears to me in the highest degree improbable that Shakspeare had any *moral view* in writing this poem; Shakspeare, who, (as Dr. Johnson has justly observed,) generally "sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose;"—who "carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." As little probable is it, in my apprehension, that he departed

parted on any settled principles from the mythological story of Venus and Adonis. As well might we suppose, that in the construction of his plays he deliberately deviated from the rules of Aristotle, (of which after the publication of Sir Philip Sidney's Treatise he could not be ignorant,) with a view to produce a more animated and noble exhibition than Aristotle or his followers ever knew. His method of proceeding was, I apprehend, exactly similar in both cases; and he no more deviated from the classical representation on any formed and digested plan, in the one case, than he neglected the unities in the other. He merely (as I conceive,) in the present instance, as in many others, followed the story as he found it already treated by preceding English writers; for I am persuaded that *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Constable, preceded the poem before us. Of this, it may be said, no proof has been produced; and certainly I am at present unfurnished with the means of establishing this fact, though I have myself no doubts upon the subject. But Marlowe, who indisputably wrote before Shakspeare, had in like manner represented Adonis as "insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty." In his *Hero and Leander* he thus describes the lady's dress:

" The outside of her garments were of lawne;
 " The lining purple silke, with guilt stars drawne*;
 " Her wide sleeves greene, and border'd with a grove,
 " Where *Venus* in her naked glory strove
 " To please the carelesse and disdainful eyes
 " Of proud *Adonis*, that before her lies."

See also a pamphlet entitled *Never too late*, by Robert Green, A. M. 1590, in which the following madrigal is introduced:

" Sweet *Adon*, dar'st not glance thine eye
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy?*)
 " Upon thy Venus that must die?
 " *Je vous en prie*, pittie me:
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy?*

See

* —with guilt stars drawne;] By *drawne* I suppose the poet means, that stars were here and there *interspersed*. So, in *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a pamphlet written in 1592: "—his hose pain'd with yellow, *drawn* out with blew." MALONE.

- " See, how *sad* thy Venus lies,
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*)
 " Love in hart, and tears in eyes ;
 " *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*

* * *

- " All thy beauties sting my heart ;
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*)
 " I must die through Cupid's dart ;
 " *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy ?*" &c.

I have not been able to ascertain who it was that first gave so extraordinary a turn to this celebrated fable, but I suspect it to have proceeded from some of the Italian poets.

The poem already quoted, which I imagine was written by Henry Constable, being only found in a very scarce miscellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, quarto 1600, I shall subjoin it. Henry Constable was the author of sonnets prefixed to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, and is "worthily joined (says A. Wood,) with Sir Edward Dyer," some of whose verses are preserved in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1580—Constable likewise wrote some sonnets printed in 1594, and some of his verses are cited in a miscellaneous collection entitled *England's Parnassus*, 1600. He was of St. John's college, in Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1579. Edmund Bolton in his *Hypocritica*, (which appears to have been written after the year 1616, and remained in manuscript till 1722, when it was printed by Hall at the end of *Trivetii Annales*, has taken a view of some of our old English poets, and classes Constable with Gascoigne, Dyer, Warner and Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset.—"Noble Henry Constable (says he,) was a great master of English tongue, nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit; witness among all other, that sonnet of his before his majesty's *Lepanto*. I have not seen much of Sir Edward Dyer's poetry. Among the lesser late poets George Gascoigne's works

works may be endured. But the best of *those times*, (if *Albion's England* be not preferred,) is *The Mirrour of Magistrates*, and in that *Mirrour*, *Sackville's Induction*, &c.

The first eight lines of each stanza of the following poem ought perhaps rather to be printed in four, as the rhymes are in the present mode not so obvious; but I have followed the arrangement of the old copy, which probably was made by the author. MALONE.

T H E

S H E E P H E A R D S S O N G

O F

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S.

V E N U S faire did ride,
 siluer doutes they drew her,
 By the pleasant lawnds,
 ere the sunne did rise:
 Vestaes beautie rich
 open'd wide to view her;
 Philomel records
 pleasing harmonies.
 Euery bird of spring
 Cheerfully did sing,
 Paphos' goddesse they salute:
 Now loues queene so faire
 Had of mirth no care,
 For her sonne had made her mute.
 In her breast so tender
 He a shaft did enter,
 When her eyes beheld a boy;

E 5

Adonis

Adonis was he named,
 By his mother shamed,
 Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met,
 ready bound for hunting ;
 Him she kindly greets,
 and his journey stayes :
 Him she seekes to kisse
 no deuises wanting ;
 Him her eyes still wooe,
 him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red,
 Hangeth downe the head,
 Not a kisse can he afford ;
 His face is turn'd away,
 Silence say'd her *nay*,
 Still she woo'd him for a word.
 Speake, shee said, thou fairest,
 Beauty thou impairest ;
 See mee, I am pale and wan :
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee ;
 Christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heerewith shee forc'd
 to come sit downe by her ;
 Shee his necke embracde,
 gazing in his face :
 Hee, like one transform'd,
 stir'd no looke to eye her.
 Euery hearbe did wooe him,
 growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 Prayed him for pity,
 In behalfe of beauties queene ;
 Water's gentle murmour
 Craved him to loue her,
 Yet no liking could be seene.
 Boy, shee say'd, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee ;
 Speake, I pray thee, my delight :

Coldly

Coldly hee reply'd,
 And in breefe deny'd
 To bestow on her a fight.

I am now too young
 to be wunne by beauty ;
 Tender are my yeeres ;
 I am yet a bud :
 Fayre thou art, thee said ;
 then it is thy dutie,
 Wert thou but a blossome,
 to effect my good.
 Every beauteous flower
 Boasteth in my power,
 Byrds and beasts my lawes effect ;
 Mirrha, thy faire mother,
 Most of any other,
 Did my louely hefts respect.
 Be with me delighted,
 Thou shalt be requited,
 Every Nymph on thee shall tend ;
 All the Gods shall loue thee,
 Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselve shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, Venus,
 I am not disposed ;
 Thou wringest mee too hard ;
 pree-thee, let me goe :
 Fie ! what a paine it is
 thus to be enclosed ?
 If loue begin with labour,
 it will end in woe.
 Kisse mee, I will leaue ;—
 Heere, a kisse receiue ;—
 A short kifs I do it find :
 Wilt thou leaue me so ?
 Yet thou shalt not goe ;
 Breathe once more thy balmie wind :
 It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,
 That to the world did bring thee ;
 Neuer was perfume so sweet.

When

VENUS AND ADONIS.

When she had thus spoken,
 She gave him a token,
 And theyr naked bosoms met.

Now, hee sayd, let's goe ;
 harke, the hounds are crying ;
 Grieflie boare is vp,
 huntsmen follow fast,
 At the name of boare
 Venus seemed dying ;
 Deadly-coloured pale
 roses ouer cast.
 Speake, sayd shee, no more
 Of following the boare,
 Thou unfit for such a chase :
 Course the fearfull hare,
 Venison do not spare,
 If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
 Shun the boare, I pray thee,
 Else I still will stay thee :
 Herein he vow'd to please her minde ;
 Then her armes enlarged,
 Loth shee him discharged ;
 Forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phoebus' steedes
 in the west retained ;
 Hunting sport was past.
 Loue her loue did seeke :
 Sight of him too soone
 gentle queene shee gained ;
 On the ground he lay,
 blood had left his cheeke :
 For an orped swine
 Smit him in the groyne ;
 Deadly wound his death did bring :
 Which when Venus found,
 Shee fell in a swoond,
 And, awake, her hands did wring.
 Nymphs and Satires skipping
 Came together tripping,
 Echo euery cry exprest :

Venus

Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which she weareth in her creast *.

H. C.

* —in her creast.] I suspect this is a misprint, and that the poet wrote *breast*.

The word *orped*, which occurs in this stanza, and of which I know not the derivation, is used by Golding, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1587, B. VIII.

"—Yet should this hand of mine,

"Even maugre dame Diana's hart, confound this *orped*
"swine."

Again, in the thirteenth book :

"—the *orped* giant Polypheme."

Terribilem Polyphemum.

Again, in *A Herrings Tale: containing a poetical fiction of diverse matters worthy the reading*, quarto, 1598 :

"Straight as two launces coucht by *orped* knights at rest."

Gower uses the word in like manner in his *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, B. I. fol. 22 :

"That thei woll gett of their accord

"Some *orped* knight, to sle this lord."

So also Gawin Douglas in his translation of *Virgil*, Æn. X.

"And how *orpit* and proudly ruschis he

"Amid the Trojanis by favour of Mars, quod sche."

—Turnusque feratur

Per medios insignis equo *tumidusque* secundo

Marte ruat.

Orped seems to have signified, proud, swelling ; and to have included largeness of size, as well as haughtiness and fierceness of demeanour. Skinner idly enough conjectures that it is derived from *oripeau*, Fr. leaf-brass, or tinsel ; in consequence of which in Cole's and Kersey's dictionaries the word has been absurdly interpreted *gilded*. MALONE.

L U C R E C E.

THE
E P I S T L E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety ¹. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater ; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

¹ — *a superfluous moiety.*] *Moiety* in our authour's time did not always signify *half*; it was sometimes used indefinitely for a portion or part. MALONE.

THE ARGUMENT ².

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or slaying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the same. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning

² This argument appears to have been written by Shakspeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curiosity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a shorter argument is likewise prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our authour, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE.

ARGUMENT.

morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE

T H E R A P E

O F

L U C R E C E.

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post²,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply

¹ "A book entitled *The Ravishment of Lucrece*," was entered on the Stationers' register, by Mr. Harrison, sen. May 9, 1594, and the poem was first printed in quarto, in the same year. It was again published in small octavo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. I have heard of editions of this piece likewise in 1596 and 1602, but I have not seen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is said to be *newly revised and corrected*. When this copy first came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our authour had perhaps an intention of revising and publishing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays seem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muse, but was prevented by death from completing his scheme; for he died in the same year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the least doubt that the piece was revised by some other hand. It is so far from being correct, that it is certainly the most inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In some passages emendations are attempted merely for the sake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient cast is changed for one somewhat more modern; but most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning, and imagined he saw errors of the press, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find instances in the course of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are constantly set down. I may also add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
 This batelefs edge on his keen appetite ;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let³
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
 Where mortal stars⁴, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For

pears manifestly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the most incorrect of all those that preceded, as being the most distant from the original, which there is reason to suppose was published under the authour's immediate inspection. Had he undertaken the task of revising and correcting any part of his works, he would surely have made his own edition, and not a very inaccurate re-impression of it, the basis of his improvements.

The story on which this poem is formed, is related by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72 ; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58 ; and by Ovid, *Fast.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Cassius have also related it. The historians differ in some minute particulars.

The Legend of Lucretia is found in Chaucer. In 1558 was entered on the Stationers' books, "*A ballet called The greivous complaint of Lucrece,*" licensed to John Alde : and in 1569 was licensed to James Roberts, "*A ballad of the death of Lucryflia.*" There was also a ballad of the legend of Lucrece, printed in 1576. Some of these, Mr. Warton thinks, probably suggested this story to our authour. "Lucretia (he adds, was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothick ages."

Since the former edition, I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our authour formed his poem. This story is likewise told in Lydgate's *FALL OF PRINCES*. MALONE.

² — *all in post,*] So, in Painter's Novel :—"Let us take our horse to prove which of our wives doth surmount. Whereuppon they roode to Rome *in post.*" MALONE.

³ — *did not let*] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

⁴ *Where mortal stars,*—] i. e. eyes. Our authour has the same allusion in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"—who more engilds the night,

"Than all yon fry o's and eyes of light."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"At my poor house look to behold this night

"*Earth treading stars,* that make dark heaven light."

MALONE.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame⁵.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done⁶
As is the morning's silver-melting-dew⁷
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun⁸:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortrefs'd from a world of harms.

Beauty

⁵ *Reckon his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and three subsequent editions. The octavo, 1616, reads:

—at *so* high a rate,
and in the next line but one,

But king nor *prince* to such a peerless dame.
The alteration in the first line was probably made in consequence of the editor's not being sufficiently conversant with Shakspeare's compounded words; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find *high-repent* blames; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high-fantastical*;) in the last, to avoid that jingle which the authour seems to have considered as a beauty, or received as a fashion. MALONE.

⁶ —as soon decay'd and done—] *Done* is frequently used by our ancient writers in the sense of *consumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*, p. 53.

“—wasted, thaw'd, and done

“As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.”

MALONE.

⁷ *As is the morning's silver-melting-dew,*] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly:

As if the morning's silver-melting dew. MALONE.

⁸ *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:*] Thus the quarto, 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the sake of smoother versification:

A date expir'd, and cancel'd ere begun.

Our authour seems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“Thou

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place
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fore substituted *pieced* in its room. But *pierced* is merely a figurative expression, and means not *wounded*, but *penetrated*, in a metaphorical sense; thoroughly affected; as in the following passage in Shakspeare's 46th sonnet:

"My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie;

"A closet never *pierc'd* with crystal eyes."

So also, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Honest plain words best *pierce* the ear of grief."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With sweetest touches *pierce* your mistress' ear."

In a word, a *heart pierced through the ear*, is a heart which (to use our poet's words elsewhere,) has *granted a penetrable entrance* to the language of consolation. So, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575:

"My piteous *plaint*—the hardest *heart* may *pierce*."

Spenser has used the word exactly in the same figurative sense in which it is here employed; *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix:

"Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare

"Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;

"Whose sensefull words *empierst* his hart so neare,

"That he was rapt with double ravishment."

And in his Fourth Book, c. viii. we have the very words of the text:

"Her words, —————

"Which, *passing through the eares*, would *pierce* the hart."

Some persons have supposed that *pierced* when applied metaphorically to the heart, can only be used to express pain; that the poet might have said, *pierced* with grief, or *pierced* with *plaints*, &c. but that to talk of *piercing* a heart with *consolatory speeches*, is a catachresis: but the passage above quoted from Spenser's sixth book shews that there is no ground for the objection. So also, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, we find—

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,

"Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladnes pierc'd*."

MALONE.

[That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.] Shakspeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader, who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakspeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

The

is best known to you : and tho' we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet, opinion a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you : you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down⁴: I do agnize⁵
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars * against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition⁶;

With

The *troubled* heart was never cured by words.

To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase :

The wounded heart was never reached through the ear.

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more uncommon expression. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pierced the heart*, which is very stiff, and, as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase*.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

⁴ — *thrice-driven bed of down* : —] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *I do agnize*—] i. e. acknowledge, confess, avow.

STEEVENS.

It is so defined in Bullokat's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616.

MALONE.

* *These present wars*—] The quarto 1622, and the folio, by an error of the press, have—*this* present wars. For the emendation I am responsible. MALONE.

⁶ *I crave fit disposition for my wife*;

Due reference of place, and exhibition, &c.] I desire, that proper *disposition* be made for my wife ; that she may have *predecency*, and *revenue*, accommodation, and *company*, suitable to her rank.

For *reference of place*, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hanmer has received. I should read, *due reference of place*,—

JOHNSON.

Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities. STEEVENS.

With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear⁷;
And let me find a charter in your voice⁸,
To assist my simpleness⁹.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes¹

M 2

May

⁷ — *Most gracious duke,*

To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;] Thus the quarto
1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet,
reads:—your *prosperous ear*. i. e. your *propitious ear*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *a charter in your voice,*] Let your favour *privilege me*.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *To assist my simpleness.*] The first quarto reads this as an
unfinished sentence:

And if my simpleness — STEEVENS.

¹ *My down-right violence and storm of fortunes —*] *Violence*
is not *violence suffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common
rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *scorn of fortune*,
which is perhaps the true reading. JOHNSON.

I would rather continue to read *storm of fortunes*, on account
of the words that follow, viz. *May trumpet to the world*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ — the southern wind

“ Doth play the trumpet to his purposes.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — — — — — to

“ Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide

“ In *storms of fortune*.” STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ An old man broken with the *storms of state*.”

The expression in the text is found in Spenser's *Faery Queer*,
B. VI. c. 9.

“ Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore

“ To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late

“ With *stormes of fortune* and tempestuous fate.”

And Bacon, in his *History of King Henry the Seventh*, has used
the same language: “ The king in his account of peace and
calms

May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:

I saw

calms did much overcast his *fortunes*, which proved for many years together full of broken seas, tides, and *tempests*."

Mr. Mason objects, that Mr. Steevens has not explained these words. Is any explanation wanting? or can he, who has read in *Hamlet*, that a judicious player "in the *tempest* and *whirlwind* of his *passion* should acquire and beget a temperance;" who has heard Falstaff wish for a *tempest* of provocation; and finds in *Troilus and Cressida*—"in the wind and *tempest* of her frown," be at a loss to understand the meaning of a *storm of fortunes*? By her *downright violence and storm of fortunes*, Desdemona without doubt means, the bold and decisive measure she had taken, of following the dictates of passion and giving herself to the Moor; regardless of her parent's displeasure, the forms of her country, and the future inconvenience she might be subject to, by "tying her duty, beauty, wit, and *fortunes*, in an extravagant and wheeling stranger, of here and every where."

On looking into Mr. Edwards's remarks, I find he explains these words nearly in the same manner. "*Downright violence*," says he, "means, the unbridled impetuosity with which her passion hurried her on to this unlawful marriage; and *storm of fortunes* may signify the hazard she thereby ran, of making shipwreck of her worldly interest. Both very agreeable to what she says a little lower—

"—to his honours and his valiant parts

"Did I my soul and *fortunes* consecrate." MALONE.

2 *Even to the very quality of my lord:*] The first quarto reads,

Even to the *utmost pleasure*—. STEEVENS.

Quality here means *profession*. "I am so much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars." "I cannot mervaille," (said Lord Essex to Mr. Ashton, a Puritan preacher who was sent to him in the Tower,) though my protestations are not believed of my enemies, when they so little prevail with a man of your *quality*."

That this is the meaning, appears not only from the reading of the quarto,—"*my heart's subdued, even to the utmost pleasure of my lord*, i. e. so as to prompt me to go with him wherever he *wishes* I should go," but also from the whole tenour of Desdemona's speech; the purport of which is, that as she had married a *soldier*, so she was ready to accompany him to the wars, and to consecrate her soul and *fortunes* to his *honours*, and his *valiant* parts; i. e. to attend him wherever his *military character* and his *love of fame* should call him.

MALONE.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind³ ;
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords⁴:—beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heavens⁵, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my disjunct and proper satisfaction ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind⁶:

And

³ *I saw Othello's visage in his mind* ;] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging ; I saw his face only in his mind ; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Your voices, lords* :] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Vouch with me, heaven*,] Thus the folio. These words are not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

⁶ *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
In my disjunct and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :] The old copies read :

In my desunct and proper satisfaction.

For the emendation now made I am responsible. Some emendation is absolutely necessary, and this appears to me the least objectionable of those which have been proposed. Dr. Johnson, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the passage thus :

Nor to comply with heat (the young affects

In me desunct) and proper satisfaction.

To this reading there are, I think, three strong objections. The first is, the suppression of the word *being* before *desunct*, which is absolutely necessary to the sense, and of which the omission is so harsh, that it affords an argument against the probability of the proposed emendation. The second and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello should declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affects were dead or desunct in him ; that he had outlived the passions of youth. He himself (as Theobald has observed,) informs us afterwards, that he is “ declined into
 the

And heaven defend 7 your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,

For

the vale of years ;" but adds, at the same time, " yet that's *not much*." This surely is a decisive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parenthesis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper satisfaction* are so unnaturally disjoined from those with which they are connected in sense, as to form a most lame and impotent conclusion; to say nothing of the awkwardness of using the word *proper* without any possessive pronoun prefixed to it.

All these difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *disjunct*, instead of *desunct*; and the meaning will be, I ask it not for the sake of my *separate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.

The young affects, may either mean the affections or passions of youth, (considering *affects* as a substantive,) or these words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: " I ask it not, for the purpose of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly stimulates the young." So in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. ix.

" Layes of sweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt would transpose the last two lines:

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects ;

But to be free and bounteous to her mind

In my *desunct* and proper satisfaction.

and " recommends it to consideration, whether the word *desunct*, (which would be the only remaining difficulty,) is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere English reader is to be informed, that *desunctus* in Latin signifies *performed*, *accomplished*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakspeare was apprized of its bearing that signification? In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a physician and a scholar, *desunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the times. Besides; how, as Mr. Toller has observed, could his conjugal duties be said to be *discharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet consummated?—On this last circumstance however I do not insist, as Shakspeare is very licentious in the use of participles, and might have employed the past for the present: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

Proper is here and in other places used for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In

For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid feel with wanton dulness

My

In the present tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct* : as *facile*, *agnize*, *acerb*, *sequestration*, *in-jointed*, *congregated*, *guttur'd*, *sequent*, *extincted*, *exsufficate*, *indign*, *segregated*, &c.—Iago in a subsequent scene says to Othello, “ let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge ;” and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* used as an adjective :

“ Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act,—”
and in *Hamlet* we find *disjoint* employed in like manner :

“ Or thinking ———

“ Our state to be *disjoint*, and out of frame.”

MALONE.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him ; and Hammer's reading [*distinct*] may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration. I would read,

“ ——— I beg it not,

“ To please the palate of my appetite,

“ Nor to comply with heat, *and* young affects,

“ In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction ;

“ But to be,” &c.

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609 :

“ ——— I shall not need to urge

“ The sacred purity of our *affects*.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ For every man with his *affects* is born.”

Again, in *The wars of Cyrus*, 1594 :

“ The frail *affects* and errors of my youth.”

There is, however, in *The Bonifman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain — the young affects in me *defunct*, &c.

“ ——— youthful heats,

“ That look no further than your outward form,

“ Are long since *buried* in me.”

Timoleon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

[— *defend*, &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641 :

“ Wher can ye seen in any maner age

“ That highe God *defended* mariage,

“ By expresse word ?”

From *defendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

My speculative and active instruments*,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation*!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine in the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With

* — when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid feel with wanton dulness

My speculative and active instruments,] Thus the folio,
except that instead of *active instruments*, it has *offic'd instru-*
ment. MALONE.

The quarto reads—

————— when light-wing'd toys

And feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness

My speculative and active instruments—

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this:
*When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either
for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance
of them, &c.* STEEVENS.

Speculative instruments, in Shakspeare's language, are the
eyes; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. So, in *Corio-*
lanus:

“ ——— where, the other *instruments*

“ Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, &c.”

To *feel* is to close the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread
through them. As it is here metaphorically used, it applies
very properly to the *speculative instruments*; but *foils*, the
reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active instruments*.

Wanton dulness is dulness arising from wanton indulgences.

MALONE.

* — my estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputati-*
on. STEEVENS.

With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior, [to Bra.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack¹,
Your son in law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her Moor; have a quick eye to see²;
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after³ in the best advantage⁴.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after
it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

M 5

Rod.

¹ *If virtue no delighted beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakspeare often uses the active and passive participles indiscriminately. Of this practice I have already given many instances. The same sentiment seems to occur in *Twelfth Night*:

"In nature is no blemish, but the mind;

"None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:

"*Virtue is beauty.*"—STEEVENS.

Delighted is used by Shakspeare in the sense of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift,

"The more delay'd, *delighted.*" TYRWHITT.

² — *have a quick eye to see;*] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads, — *if thou hast eyes to see.* STEEVENS.

³ *And bring them after—*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and bring her after. MALONE.

⁴ — *best advantage.*—] Fairest opportunity. JOHNSON.

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment : and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years⁵ : and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen⁶, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus or thus, our bodies are our gardens ; to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ;
either

⁵ *I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years :*] From this passage Iago's age seems to be ascertained ; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakspeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation. But it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years ; or to account for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind, commenced.

That Iago meant to say he was but twenty eight years old, is clearly ascertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, [“ and *since* I could distinguish,” &c.] when he began to make observations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by Cornelius Jansen, and which is now in the possession of his heir, has expressed the same thought : “ Anno ætatis 23 ; *vita vix primo.*” MALONE.

⁶ — a Guinea hen,] A showy bird with fine feathers.

JOHNSON.

A Guinea hen was anciently the cant-term for a prostitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640 :

“ — Yonder's the cock o' the game,

“ About to tread yon Guinea-hen ; they're billing.”

STEEVES.

either to have it steril with idleness⁷, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance⁸ of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts⁹; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scyon¹.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness²; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard³,
I say,

⁷ — *either to have it steril with idleness,*—] Thus the authentick copies. The modern editors following the second folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occasion to remark that Shakspeare often begins a sentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of construction. Here he has made Iago say, if *we will* plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if *our will is*—either to have it, &c. See p. 231, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ *If the balance*—] The folio reads—If the *brain*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *reason to cool*—our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honest Man*, 1596:

“Virtue ne’er taught thee that;

“She sets a bit upon her *brittled lusts*.”

See also *As you Like it*, Act II. sc. vi.

“For thou thyself hast been a libertine;

“As sensual as the *brutish* sting itself.” MALONE.

¹ — *a sect or scyon*.] Thus the folio and quarto. A sect is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *set*. STEEVENS.

² *I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness*;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

“With an *unslipping knot*.”

Again, in our authour’s 26th Sonnet.

“Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

“Thy *merit* hath my duty strongly knit.” MALONE.

³ — *defeat thy favour with an usurped beard*;] To defeat, is to undo, to change. JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr. to undo. STEEVENS.

I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration⁴;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida⁵. She must change for youth: when she is
fated

To defeat, Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, explains by the words—"to abrogate, to undo." See also Florio's Italian "Dictionary, 1598: *Disfacere*. To undoe, to marre, to unmake, to defeat." MALONE.

⁴—it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—} There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, it was a violent conjunction, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; or, what seems to me preferable, it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play—"a *sequester* from liberty." STERVENSON.

Surely *sequestration* was used in the sense of *separation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. Their passion began with violence, and it shall end as quickly, of which a *separation* will be the consequence. A total and voluntary *sequestration* necessarily includes the cessation or end of affection.—We have the same thought in several other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"These violent delights have violent ends,

"And in their triumph die."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy violent vanities can never last."

I have here followed the first quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement in her, &c. The context shews that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Desdemona has been just mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. MALONE.

⁵—as luscious as locusts,—as bitter as coloquintida.] The old quarto reads—as acerb as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the insect *locusts* are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten.

AN

lated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. —She must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian⁶ and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard, for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! It is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue⁷ ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : My cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason : Let us be conjunctive⁸ in our revenge against him : If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure and me a sport. There are many events in

An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod, which contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he,) I have often tasted. STEEVENS.

Mr. Daines Barrington suggests to me, that Shakspeare perhaps had the third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on *locusts* and *wild honey*. MALONE.

⁶ — *betwixt an erring Barbarian*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Th’ extravagant and erring spirit hies

“To his confine.” STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps means a rover from *Barbary*. He had before said, “You’ll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horse.” MALONE.

The word *erring* is sufficiently explained by a passage in the first scene of this play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio, that his daughter was

“Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune

“In an extravagant and *wheeling* stranger,

“Of here and every where.”

Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin. MASON.

⁷ — *If I depend on the issue?*] These words are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *conjunctive*—] The first quarto reads, *communicative*. STEEVENS.

in the womb, of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;

But I for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do as if for surety¹. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place and to plume up my will²,

A double knavery,—How?—how?—Let me see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife,

He

¹ — *Do you hear, Roderigo?*] In the folio, instead of this and the following speeches, we find only these words:

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. I'll sell all my land. [Exit.]

Iago. Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

Iago. Go to; farewell:—do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd [Exit Rod.]

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.

Thus do I ever, &c.

The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies.

² — *as if for surety.*] i. e. as if I were certain of the fact.

MALONE.

² — *to plume up, &c.*] The first quarto reads—to make up, &c. STEEVENS.

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature ³,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I hav't; it is engender'd—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
 I cannot

³ *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads:
 The Moor, a free and open nature too,
 That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

* All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of *Othello* lies during four acts: but this could not have been Shakspeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the center of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal sea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a strong fort and a commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed. "Neere unto the haven (says Knolles,) standeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle, we find, *Othello* presently repairs.

It is observable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was first published in 1565, makes no mention of any attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations against this island, which they first assaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may suppose that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as also likely to be assaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an historical inconsistency;

I cannot, 'twixt the haven⁴ and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea⁵,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them⁶,
Can hold the mortice ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 *Gent.*

siftency ; for they were then in quiet possession of that island, of which they became masters in December, 1522 ; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Othello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity ; for from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament.

MALONE.

4 — 'twixt the haven—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio has—the *heaven*, which affords a bolder image ; but the article prefixed strongly supports the original copy ; for applied to *heaven*, it is extremely awkward. Besides ; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ship boring the moon with her mainmast*, and say that “ *between the sea and the firmament you cannot thrust a bodkin's point*,” is it probable, that he should put the same hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question on an important occasion ? In a subsequent passage indeed he indulges himself without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famagusta, which was defended from the main by two great rocks, at the distance of forty paces from each other, Shakspeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *History of the Turks* ad ann. 1570, p. 863.

MALONE.

5 *If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ But let the *ruffian* Boreas once enrage

“ The gentle *Thetis*,— MALONE.

6—*when mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads :

— when *the huge mountain melts*.

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the second Part of *King Henry IV*.

“ ————— the continent

“ Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself

“ Into the sea —” STEEVENS.

The quarto 1622—reads, when the huge mountain *meslt* ; the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountain*, having wandered at the press from its place.

I appre-

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore ⁷,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole ⁸,
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchas'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice,
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
 A Veronesé⁹: Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio,) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens seems by his quotation to have thought, but those huge surges, (resembling mountains in their magnitude,) which "with high and monstrous main seem'd to cast water on the burning bear."

So, in a subsequent scene:

"And let the labouring bark climb *hills* of seas,

"*Olympus* high,—"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"— and anon behold

"The strong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts." MALONE.

⁷ — the foaming shore,] The elder quarto reads—*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image; i. e. the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue."

STEEVENS.

* And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—*ever-fired* pole. STEEVENS.

⁹ A Veronesé:] The quarto, 1622, has—a *Veronessa*: the folio, *Veronneffa*. The true spelling was pointed out by Mr.

Heath.

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't ; tis a worthy governour.

3. *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of
comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be ;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier¹. Let's to the sea-side, ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;
Even till we make the main², and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter

Heath. In *Thomas's History of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veronesi*.

The ship has been already described as a ship of Venice. It is now called "a *Veronesi*;" that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona, for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. "Besides many other towns, (says Contareno,) castles, and villages, they [the Venetians,] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599.

Mr. Heath, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, concur in observing that *Veronesi* must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable. In our poet's age, "it was common" Mr. Warton observes, "to introduce Italian words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenser, in *The Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xiii. st. 10.

"With sleeves dependant *Albanesi* wife." MALONE.

¹ Like a full soldier] Like a complete soldier. So before, p. 209:

"What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe."

MALONE.

² Even till we make the main, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldest quarto. STEEVENS.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle ³,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ⁴;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure ⁵.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Enter

³ — warlike *isle*,] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy isle*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] *Expert and approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,*

Stand in bold cure.] Dr. Johnson says, "he knows not why *hope* should be considered as a disease." But it is not *hope* which is here described as a disease; those misgiving apprehensions which diminish hope, are in fact the disease, and hope itself is the patient.

A surfeit being a disease arising from an *excessive* overcharge of the stomach, the poet with his usual licence uses it for any species of *excess*.—Therefore, says Cassio, my hopes, which, though faint and sickly with apprehension, are not totally destroyed by an excess of despondency, erect themselves with some degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the safe arrival of Othello, from those ill-divining fears under which they now languish.

The word *surfeit* having occurred to Shakspeare, led him to consider such a hope as Cassio entertained, not a sanguine, but a faint and languid hope, ("sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,") as a *disease*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A passage in *Twelfth Night*, where a similar phraseology is used, may serve to strengthen this interpretation:

"Give me *excess* of it; that, *surfeiting*,

"The appetite may *sicken*, and so die."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,

"And now *excess* of it will make me *surfeit*."

MALONE.

To

Enter another Gentleman.

Caf. What noise?

4. *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a fail.

Caf. My hopes do shape him for the governour.

2. *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [Guns heard.]

Caf. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Caf. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,⁶
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency⁷.—How now? who has put in?
Re-enter

To *stand in bold cure*, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *K. Lear*, Act III, sc. vi.

"This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

"Which, if conveniency will not allow,

"*Stand in hard cure*."

Again,:

"—— his life, with thine, &c.

"*Stand in assured loss*."

In *bold cure* means, in confidence of being cured.

STEEVENS.

I believe that Solomon upon this occasion will be found the best interpreter: "*Hope deferred maketh the heart sick*."

HENLEY,

⁶ *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"—— a face

"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace."

MALONE.

⁷ *And, in the essential vesture of creation*

Does bear all excellency.] The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*. JOHNSON.

Does bear all excellency.—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the essential vesture of creation

Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Caf. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—

Traitors

Which I explain thus:

Does tire the ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revival. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily with some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

“ ——— Cupid's a boy,

“ And would you *tire* him like a senator?”

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii.

“ —To save the money he spends in *tiring*,” &c.

The *essential vesture of creation* tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this:

And in the essential vesture of creation

Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body —“ the muddy *vesture* of decay.”

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingenier* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

So, in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act I. sc. i:

“ No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,

“ We want the fine arts,” &c.

Ingene therefore may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the *Tempest*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,

“ And make it *halt* behind her.”

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonson like wise says, that his hero “ worketh with all his *ingene*,” apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were,

Does tire the ingene ever.

Ingene is used for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, 1589: “ —such also as made most of their works by translation

Traitors ensteep'd^s to clog the guiltless keel,
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nights speed.—Great Jove, * Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make

translation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne *engine*." *Engine* is here without doubt a misprint for *ingene*.—I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one.—If *tire* was used in the sense of *wearry*, then *ingenier* must have been used for the ingenious person who should attempt to enumerate the merits of Desdemona. To the instance produced by Mr. Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664. "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greatest masters, the French good proficients, and we in England only schollars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the stupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a similar imagery to that in the first of these lines:

"Though time doth spoil her of the fairest waile

"That ever yet mortallitie did cover." MALONE.

* *Traitors ensteep'd*—] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enscaped*, of which every reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *escaped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escapé*, which Shakspeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—*traitors enscarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæsar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My sea-gown scarf'd about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is lost another. The poet too often adopts circumstances from every image that arose in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expressions become inextricably confus'd.

STEEVENS.

* *Great Jove, &c.*] For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms⁹,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort! — O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within.* A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard.*

2. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news².— [Exit Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[to Emilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [*kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much³;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry,

⁹ *Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with less animation:

And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

¹ *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² *See for the news.*] The first quarto reads, *So speaks this voice.* STEEVENS.

³ *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:

I know too much:

I find it, I; for when, &c. STEEVENS.

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries ⁴, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer ⁵!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to it;
For I am nothing, if not critical ⁶.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des.

⁴ *Saints in your injuries, &c.*] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman
"to consist in four points; that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen,
"a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the
"bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour
"to K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's called *Blurt Master Constable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602:

"—according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in the *Miseries of enforced Marriage* 1607: "Women are in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils."

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakspeare; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

⁵ *O, fie upon thee, slanderer!*] This short speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Emilia* as to *Desdemona*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *critical.*] That is, *ensorious*. JOHNSON.

So, in our authour's 122d Sonnet:

"—— my adder's sense

"To critick and to flatterer stopped are." MALONE.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wife, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit?

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit,
did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

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Iago.

7 — *her blackness fit.*] The first quarto reads *hit*. STEEV.

8 *She never yet was foolish, &c.*] We may read,
She ne'er was yet so foolish that was faire,
But even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law
makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a
natural; therefore, since the foolish woman, if *pretty*, may
have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

9 — *But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man indeed?*] The hint for this question, and the metrical re-
ply of Iago is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice,
Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when
after Tidero has described many ridiculous characters in verse,
Arnosilo asks him, "but I pray thee, didst thou write none in
commendation of some worthy creature?" *Tidero* then pro-
ceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verses. STEEVENS.

1 — *one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself?*] The sense is this: One that

WAS

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
 Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
 Fled from her with, and yet said,—*now I may* ;
 She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
 She that in wisdom never was so frail,
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ² ;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind ³ ;
 She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Def. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer ⁴.

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not
 learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—
 How

was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue ; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice.

WARRBURTON.

To put on is to provoke, to incite. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — the powers above

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

² To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. STEEVENS.

Surely the poet had a further allusion, which it is not necessary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line shews that *viands* were not alone in his thoughts. MALONE.

³ See *suitors following, and not look behind* ;] The first quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

⁴ To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than to suckle children, and keep the account of a household. The expressions to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer, are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says O ! I am nothing, if not critical. STEEVENS.

How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane⁵ and liberal counsellor⁶?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the foldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Afide.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee⁷ in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the fir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy⁸! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

N 2

Cas.

⁵ — *profane* —] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, in describing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and profane jester. STEEVENS.

⁶ — liberal counsellor?] *Liberal*, for *licentious*.

WARRBURTON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Brisiow*, 1605, bl. l.

"But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,

"Did give her scandalous, ignoble terms." STEEV.

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that gives counsel, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly. A talker.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *I will gyve thee*—] *i. e.* catch, shackle. POPE.

The first quarto reads—"I will *catch* you in your own courtesies;" the second quarto—"I will *catch* you in your own courtship." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!*—] Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies. JOHNSON.

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnson. The folio has—*and* excellent courtesy.

I do not believe that any part of these words relates to Desdemona. In the original copy, we have just seen, the poet wrote—"ay, smile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own courtesies." Here therefore he probably meant only to speak of Cassio, while kissing his hand. "Well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!" *i. e.* an excellent salute. *Courtesy*, in the sense of an obeisance or salute, was in Shakspeare's time applied to men as well as women.

MALONE.

Caf. 'Tis truly so.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Def. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow 'till they have wakened death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :
And this, and this, the greatest discords be, [*kissing her*,²]
'That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago.

² — *come such calmness*,] Thus the original quarto, 1622.
The folio has *calmes*. MALONE.

¹ — *If it were now to die*,

'Twere now to be most happy ;] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch*
of Terence, Act III. sc. v. :

“ ——— Proh Jupiter !

“ Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum
interfici,

“ Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine.”
MALONE.

² *And this, and this, &c.—kissing her.*] So, in Marlowe's
Lust's Dominion :

“ I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiss,

“ But let my punishment be *this and this*.” [“ *kissing*
the Moor.” MALONE.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakspeare, who
might possibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

Iago, O, you are well tun'd now !
But I'll set down ³ the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends ⁴; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion ⁵, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers ;
Bring thou the master ⁶ to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as (they say) base
men, being in love have then a nobility in their natures
more

³ *I'll set down*—] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have substituted—*let down*. But who can prove that to *set down* was not the language of Shakspeare's time, when a viol was spoken of?—To *set* formerly signified to *tune*, though it is no longer used in that sense. "It was then," says Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, "that I *set* and tuned in strings and fourths," &c. So in *Skialetheia*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

"—— to a nimbler key
"Set thy wind instrument." MALONE.

⁴ *News, friends*;—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now, friends*. I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alteration, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I prattle out of fashion*,—] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *the master*.—] Dr. Johnson supposed, that by the *master* was meant the *pilot* of the ship, and indeed had high authority for this supposition; for our poet himself seems to have confounded them. See Act. III. sc. ii. l. i. But the master is a distinct person, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ship, under the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ship into or out of port.

MALONE.

more than is native to them*,—lift me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard⁷:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus⁸, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating⁹? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming², for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp

* — *base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Nature is fine in love.” MALONE.

⁷ — *the court of guard*:] i. e. the place where the guard musters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

“Thus have I pass’d the round and *court of guard*.”

Again, in the *Beggar’s Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Visit your *courts of guard*, view your munition.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Lay thy finger—thus,—*] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

⁹ *And will she love him still for prating?*] The folio reads—*To love him still for prating!* STEEVENS.

¹ — *again to inflame it,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*a game*. STEEVENS.

² — *and humane seeming,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*and hand-seeming*. MALONE.

stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds³ look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest condition⁴.

Iago. Blest'st fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Blest'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue⁵ to the history of foul lust and thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting⁶ his discipline; or from what other course⁷ you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler⁸; and, haply, with his truncheon—may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come

³ — *green minds*—] Minds unripe, minds not fully formed.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *condition*.] Qualities, disposition of mind. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *an index and obscure prologue, &c.*] That indexes were formerly prefixed to books, appears from a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*. MALONE.

⁶ — *tainting*—] Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *other course*—] The first quarto reads, *cause*. STEEV.

⁸ — *sudden in choler*;] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent.

JOHNSON.

come into no true taste¹ again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them^{*}; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity².

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it, That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit; The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral³, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him⁴, wife for wife;

Or

¹ — *whose qualification shall come, &c.*] Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well tasted*, as not to retain *some bitterness*. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitness to preserve good order, or the regularity of military discipline*. STEEVENS.

² — *no true taste*—] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads — *no true trust*. MALONE.

^{*} — *to prefer them*;] i. e. to *advance* them. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "The short and the long is, our play is *prefer'd*." MALONE.

² — *if I can bring it to any opportunity*.] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*if you can bring it, &c.* MALONE.

³ — *like a poisonous mineral*,] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Till I am even with him*,] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

Till I am *even'd* with him—

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on^s,

• N 5

I'll

So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592 :

"For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain."

STEEVENS.

^s *If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush*

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—whom I *trace*. To *crush* is again used in *Troilus and Cressida*, when it signifies, to *diminish*, or *abate* :

"Why then we did our main opinion *crush*,

"In taint of our best man."

Again, in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets :

"Beated and *crush'd* with tann'd antiquity."

Here therefore it may certainly mean to *keep down* and restrain :

Mr. Mason is of opinion, that there is no proof that Roderigo was so eager in the chase, that Iago had occasion to correct and restrain him, and therefore thinks the reading of the folio right; and that the meaning is, "If this trash of Venice, whom I *follow* solely in order to *quicken him in his hunting*, does but pursue the trail on which I have put him, I shall have our Michael Cassio on the hip." But the doubt which Iago expresses concerning Roderigo's *standing the putting on*, proves, in my apprehension, that he *did* think him too impetuous in the chase.—Iago, I think, fears that Roderigo's impatience will hasten too fast to the conclusion he had in view, the possession of Desdemona; and that by his impetuous folly their plan may be discovered before it is yet ripe for execution.

Our poet in *K. Henry V.* has made that king say, in his address to his soldiers before Harfleur :

"I see you stand like *greyhounds* in the slips, . .

"Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot."

This, I think, was the particular species of hound here in Shakspeare's thoughts. Iago finding Roderigo too eager after his game, "*straining upon the start*," feared he would not *stand the putting on*.

It has been suggested by Mr. Pegge, that to *trace* signifies to put a trace or pair of couples on a dog; and that therefore *whom I trace*, &c. may mean here, "*whom I lead in my hand* on account of his too great eagerness in the pursuit."

MALONE.

ly.

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip⁶;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb⁷,—

For

*If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace,
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,*] Dr. Warburton with his usual happy sagacity, turned the old reading, *trash* into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we should read *trash* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a hound is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to *correct*, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but *stand the putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent, &c. The very hunting-term, to *trash*, is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempest*, Act I. sc. ii.

Pros. "Being once perfected how to grant suits,

"How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom

"To *trash* for overtopping,—"

To *trash* for overtopping; i. e. "what suitors to check for their too great forwardness." Here another phrase of the field is joined with to *trash*. To *overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily: for which he ought to be *trash'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakspeare is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. WARTON.

To *trash* likewise signifies to follow. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *trashing* after it." The repetition of the word *trash* is much in Shakspeare's manner, though in his worst. In a subsequent scene, Iago calls Bianca—*trash*. MALONE.

⁶ *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip*:] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *in the rank garb*.] The quarto reads in the *rank garb*, which I think is right. *Rank garb*, I believe, means, *grossly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter*. So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?"

STEEVENS.

The folio reads—in the *right garb*. *Rank* perhaps means not only *gross*, but *lascivious*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— the ewes, being *rank*,

"In end of autumn," &c. MALONE.

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen ⁸, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation: people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition ⁹ of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction ¹ leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting ^{*}, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven blest the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello !—

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas.

⁸ *Knavery's plain face is never seen,—*] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs ; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

⁹ *— mere perdition—*] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire*. So, in *Hamlet* ;

“ ——— possesses it *merely*. STEEVENS.

¹ *— his addiction,*] The first quarto reads, *his mind*.

STEEVENS.

^{*} *— of feasting—*] These words are not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

Caf. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night : To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love ;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ! [to Des.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. *Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock : Our general cast us² thus early, for the love
of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and
she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a par-
ley of provocation³.

Caf. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right
modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm⁴ to
love⁵ ?

Caf.

² *Our general cast us—*] That is, *appointed us to our stations*.
To *cast the play*, is, in the stile of the theatres, to assign to
every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *cast us* only means, dismissed us, or *got rid of our
company*. So, in one of the following scenes, "You are but
now *cast* in his mood ;" i. e. *turn'd out of office in his anger* ;
and in the first scene it means to *dismiss*.

So, in *The witch*, a MS. Tragi-comedy, by Middleton :

" ————— She *cast off*

" My company betimes to night, by tricks," &c.

STEEVENS.

³ — *a parley of provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio :
— *to provocation*. MALONE.

⁴ — *an alarm—*] The *voice* may *sound* an *alarm* more
properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *is it not an alarm to love ?*] The quartos read, — 'tis an
alarm to love. STEEVENS.

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a sloop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Caf. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified⁶ too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus⁷,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements⁸ of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle;—But here they come:

If

⁶ *craftily qualified*—] Silly mixt with water. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Three lads of Cyprus*,] The folio reads—Three *else* of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The very elements*—] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water.

JOHNSON.

If consequence do but approve my dream ⁹,
My boat fails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already ¹.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a foldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span ²;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they
are most potent in potting: Your Dane, your German ³,
and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are no-
thing to your English:

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking ⁴?

Iago.

⁹ *If consequence do but approve my dream,*] Every scheme
subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

JOHNSON.

¹ —*given me a rouse, &c.*] A *rouse* appears to be a quan-
tity of liquor rather too large. So, in *Hamlet*: and in *The*
Christian turn'd Turk, 1612:

“ — our friends may tell,

“ We drank a *rouse* to them.” STEEVENS.

² *A life's but a span;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

Oh, man's life's but a span. STEEVENS.

³ — *most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, &c.*]

“ Enquire at ordinaries; there must be fallers for the Italian,
toothpicks for the Spaniard, *pots* for the German!” Prologue
to *Lily's Midas*, 1592: MALONE

⁴ — *so expert in his drinking?*] Thus the quarto, 1622.
Folio—*so exquisite*. MALONE.

This accomplishment in the English is likewise mentioned
by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

Lod. “ Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?”

Piso. “ Not a leak at sea

“ Can suck more liquor; you shall have their chil-
“ dren

“ Christen'd

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

King Stephen ⁵ *was a worthy peer* ⁶,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown ⁷.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee :

Some wine, ho !

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Caf. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Caf.

“ Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

“ Able to knock a Dane down.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *King Stephen*, &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled *Relicks of ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroick ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols 12^o.

JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart courtier* : “ *King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *a worthy peer*,] i. e. a worthy fellow. In this sense *peer*, *ferè*, and. *phèere*, are often used by the writers of our earliest romances. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *lown*.] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs,—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice:
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Orhella puts him in,
On some old time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set*,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; is not this true?

Enter

* *He'll watch the horologe a double set,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *horologe* in more places than one:

“Well fikerer was his crowing in his loge

“Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*.”

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

“——my gracious lord,

“By Sitto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.” STEEVENS.

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside.
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Rod.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity⁹:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor,

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
Cry within,—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle¹:

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [striking Rod.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant? [slaying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny
[Aside to Rod. who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help masters!—Here's a goodly watch; indeed!

[Bell rings.

Who's

⁹ — ingraft infirmity:] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly just, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*:—"then must we look to receive from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal," &c. MALONE.

¹ — into a twiggen bottle.] A twiggen bottle is a wicker'd bottle; and so the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo², ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death³.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant⁴,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell⁶, it frights the isle

From

² — *Diablo*,] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* "*Diablo!* what passions call you these?"

STEEVENS.

³ 'Zound, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.] Thus the quarto 1622. The editor of the folio, thinking it necessary to omit the first word in the line, absurdly supplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies*.

I had formerly inadvertently said that the marginal direction, *He faints*, was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a mistake. It was inserted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630. MALONE.

— *I am hurt to death*—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded; yet by these words he seems to be determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio*. So when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the fifth act, he says,—“Villain, thou dy'st.” TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he renews the fight. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hold, hold, lieutenant*,] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—Hold, ho, lieutenant. MALONE.

⁵ — *all sense of place and duty?*] So Hammer. The rest,

— *all place of sense and duty?* JOHNSON.

⁶ *Silence that dreadful bell*,] It was a common practice formerly,

From her propriety ⁷.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter ⁸, and in terms like bride and groom
Dressing them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ⁹?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; what's the matter,

That

formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarm bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provost ordered the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred persons were immediately assembled. See Saunderson's Hist. of Queen Mary, p. 41. MALONE.

⁷ From her propriety.—] From her regular and proper state. JOHNSON.

⁸ In quarter,] i. e. on our station. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"——— to atone your fears

" With my more noble meaning, not a man

" Shall pass his quarter."

Their *station* or *quarter* in the present instance, was the guard-room in Othello's castle. In *Cymbeline* we have—
" their quarter'd fires," i. e. their fires regularly disposed.

In *quarter* Dr. Johnson supposed to mean, at their lodgings; but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment in Othello's castle, in which the carousal had been; and Cassio had only gone forth for a short time to the platform, to set the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the scuffle, first between Cassio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Cassio, ensues. MALONE.

⁹ — you are thus forgot?] i. e. you have forgot yourself.

STEEVENS.

That you unlace¹ your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion², for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech; which something now offends
me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity³ be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule:
And passion, having my best judgment collied⁴,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout begun, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence⁵,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall

¹ *That you unlace*—] Slacken, or loosen. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

² — *spend your rich opinion*,] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

³ — *self-charity*—] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And passion, having my best judgment collied*,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ — like lightning in the *collied* night.”

To *colly* anciently signified to *besmut*, to *blacken as with coal*. So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608:—
“ carry thy link a t'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and my ruffe.” The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, renders “ *collow'd* by *denigratus*:—to *colly*,” *denigro*.

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my best judgment *cool'd*. A modern editor supposed that *quell'd* was the word intended.

MALONE.

⁵ *And he that is approv'd in this offence*,] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.

JOHNSON.

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
 To manage private and domestick quarrel,
 In night, and on the court of guard and safety!

'Tis

⁶ *In night, and on the court of guard and safety!*] The old copies have — on the court *and guard* of safety; the words having undoubtedly been transposed by negligence at the press. — For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am answerable. The *court of guard* was the common phrase of the time for the *guard-room*. It has already been used by Iago in a former scene; and what still more strongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there speaking of *Cassio*, and describing him as about to be placed in the very station where he now appears: “The lieutenant to-night watches on *the court of guard*.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

“We must return to *the court of guard*.”

The same phrase occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, and in many old plays. A similar mistake has happened in the present scene, where in the original copy we find,

“Have you forgot *all place of sense* and duty?”
 instead of *sense of place* and duty.

I may venture to assert with confidence, that no editor of Shakspeare has more sedulously adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more steadily opposed any change grounded merely on obsolete or unusual phraseology. But the error in the present case is so apparent, and the phrase, *the court of guard*, so established by the uniform usage of the poets of Shakspeare's time, that not to have corrected the mistake of the compositor in the present instance, would in my apprehension have been unwarrantable. If the phraseology of the old copies had merely been unusual, I should not have ventured to make the slightest change: but the frequent occurrence of the phrase, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens says, a phraseology as unusual occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is supported by the usage of contemporary writers. When any such is produced in support of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of safety* may in a metaphorical sense be understood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. *the safety*] of safety? MALONE.

'Tis monstrous *.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd?, or leagu'd in office?,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth*,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him¹ with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From

* 'Tis monstrous.] This word was used as a trisyllable, as if it were written *monsterous*. MALONE.

⁷ If partially affin'd,] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses:

“ If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*

“ To love the Moor.” MALONE.

⁸ —leagu'd in office,] Old copies—*league*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ —cut from my mouth,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—this tongue *out* from my mouth. MALONE.

¹ —And Cassio following him—] The word *him* in this line seems to have crept into it from the compositor's eye glancing on that below. MALONE.

From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon: [*to Mon.*
Lead him off². [*Montano is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery,

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have
lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir,
of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had re-
ceived some bodily wound; there is more offence³ in
that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and
most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!
there are ways to recover the general again: You are
but now cast in his mood⁴, a punishment more in the
policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his
offenceless

² *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the stage-directions were couched in imperative terms: *Play musick*;—*Ring the bell*;—*Lead him off.* MALONE.

³ — *there is more offence, &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,—*there is more sense, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *cast in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight^s, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot⁶? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil?

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra,
such

⁵ — *so slight,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*so light.* MALONE.

⁶ — *and speak parrot?*] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton:

“These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour

“Freshly they dress and make sweete my boure,

“With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei

“saye.” WARBURTON.

So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Thou pretty *parrot*, *speak*, awhile.” STEEVENS.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By “*speak parrot*,” surely the poet meant, “*talk idly*,” and not, as Dr. Warburton supposes, “*act foolishly*.” MALONE.

Such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caf. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement⁷ of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint⁸, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free⁹, I give, and honest,

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O

Probab

⁷ — *mark, and denotement*—] The old copies, by an accidental inversion of the letter *u*, have—*devotement*. The same mistake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in several other places. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

⁸ *This broken joint*,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—*This brawl*. MALONE.

⁹ — *this advice is free*,] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

Probal to thinking¹. and (indeed) the courſe
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
 The inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue²
 In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements³. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
 All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
 His ſoul is ſo enſetter'd to her love,
 That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
 Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counſel Caſſio to this parallel courſe⁴,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
 They do ſuggeſt⁵ at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
 As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
 Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,

And

¹ Probal to thinking.] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that “the old editions concur in reading *probal*. There may be ſuch a contraction of the word, [*probable*] but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers.” He, however, reads — *probable*.

MALONE.

³ The inclining *Deſdemona*—] *Inclining* here ſignifies *compliant*. MALONE.

³ — as fruitful as the free elements.] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — to this parallel courſe.] Parallel, for even, becauſe parallel line run even and equidistant. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's 70th Sonnet:

“Time doth tranſfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,

“And delves the *parallels* in Beauty's brow.”

MALONE.

Parallel courſe; i. e. a courſe level, and even with his deſign. JOHNSON.

⁵ When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,

They do ſuggeſt—] When devils mean to *inſtigate* men to commit the moſt atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cauſe.”

To *put on*, has already occurred twice in the preſent play, in this ſenſe. To *ſuggeſt* in old language is to *tempt*.

MALONE.

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence⁶ into his ear,—
 That she repeals him⁷ for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all⁸.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is
 almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well
 cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have
 so much experience for my pains: and so, with no mo-
 ney at all, and a little more wit⁹, return to Venice.

Iag. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe¹:

O 2

Content

⁶ *I'll pour this pestilence—*] Pestilence, for poison.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *That she repeals him—*] That is, recalls him.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *That shall enmesh them all.—*] A metaphor from taking
 birds in meshes. POPE.

Why not from taking fish, for which purpose nets are more
 frequently used. MASON.

⁹ *— a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto
 reads—And with that wit. STEVENS.

¹ *Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:]* Of many
 different things, all planned with the same art, and promot-
 ed with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than
 others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done
 at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We
 are not to despair of slow events any more than of tardy fruits,
 while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow
fair.

Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning²;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be
 done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
 I'll set her on;
 Myself, the while, to draw³ the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

A C T

fair against the sun. Hamner has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first are not first ripe.

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hamner.

JOHNSON.

The *blossoming*, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that it would *soon be ripe*. Iago does not, I think, mean to compare *their* schemes to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnson seems to have supposed. MALONE.

² By the mass, *'tis morning*;] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Master of the Revels in the Playhouse copies, from which a great part of the folio was printed. It reads—*In troth*, 'tis morning. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II.

MALONE.

³ *Myself, the while, to draw*—] The old copies have *awhile*. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—*Myself, the while, will draw*. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect sentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan.

MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, ge-
neral. *[Musick.]*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been at
Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ⁴?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instru-
ments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tail, sir?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I
know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the
general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all
loves ⁵, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard,
to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the gene-
ral does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away ⁶: Go; vanish into air ⁷; away. *[Exeunt Mus. Cas.]*

⁴ *Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?* The venereal disease first appear-
ed at the siege of Naples, JOHNSON.

⁵ *— of all loves,*] The folio reads—*for love's sake.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *— for I'll away:*] Hanmer reads, *and hie away.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *— vanish into air;*] So the folio and one of the quartos.
The eldest quarto reads—*Vanish away.* STEEVENS.

Caf. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets^s. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clown. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir higher, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit:

Enter IAGO.

Caf. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then ?

Caf. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.

Caf. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest⁹.

Enter

^s — *thy quilllets.*] MALONE.

⁹ — *I never knew*

A Florentine more kind and honest.] In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a speech in the third scene of this act, and by what he says in the fifth act, after having stabbed Roderigo :

Iago. Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Yes.

All that Cassio means to say in the passage before us is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the same observation in another place. MALONE.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves
you ;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front ¹,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, —
If you think fit, or that it may be done, —
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you ².

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the state ³ :
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth.

¹ *To take the safest occasion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio." STEEVENS.

² *I am much bound to you.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

³ — *to the state :*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: to the senate. MALONE.

Oth. This fortification; gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his⁴.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you⁵: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long⁶,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll

⁴ *As if the case were his.*] The folio reads—as if the cause were his. STEEVENS.

⁵ O, sir, *I thank you:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—I know't, I thank you. MALONE.

⁶ *That policy may either last so long,*] He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

I'll watch him tame ? and talk him out of patience :
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Caf. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.
Iago. Ha ! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say ?
Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?
Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think it.
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord ?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

O 5

Oth.

7 *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is said, that the ferocity of
beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means,
is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from
sleep, and it is to the management of those Shakspeare al-
ludes. So in Cartwright's *Lady Errant* :

" ———— we'll keep you,

" As they do hawks, *watching*, untill you leave

" Your wildness."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Just Italian*, 1630 :

" They've *watch'd* my hardy violence so *tame*."

Again in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntynge, &c.* bl. I. no
date : "*Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye,
and then she will be previ enough to be reclaymed."

STEEVENS.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take⁸;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning⁹,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him¹. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time;

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night: or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best²) is not almost a fault

To

⁸ *His present reconciliation take;*] To take his reconciliation, may be, to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *and not in cunning,*] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient sense of the word. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "in the boldness of my *cunning*, I will lay myself in hazard." The opposition which seems to have been intended between cunning and ignorance, favours this interpretation. MALONE.

¹ *I suffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*To suffer with him.* MALONE.

² — *the wars must make examples*

Out of their best,] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*. JOHNSON.

The

To incur a private check : When shall he come ?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
 What you could ask me, that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on³. What! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you⁴; and so many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will :
 I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
 To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poize⁵ and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :

Whereon,

The old copies read—*her* best. Mr. Rowe made this necessary emendation. MALONE.

³ —*so mammering on.*] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer. HANMER.

I find the same word in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a *manorynge* between hope and fear."

STEEVENS.

Again in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580:—"neither *stand in a mamering* whether it be best to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads *muttering*. *Mammering* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

⁴ —*What! Michael Cassio,*

That came a wooing with you;] And yet in the first act Cassio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the person to whom he is married. STEEVENS.

See the notes on the passage alluded to, p. 222, n. 8.

MALONE:

⁵ —*full of poize*—] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"But we are all prest down with other *poize*."

STEEVENS.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emil.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago.

* *Excellent wretch!—Perdition catch my soul,*

But I do love thee &c.] The meaning of the word wretch is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her—*Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:

Dear, harmless, helpless, excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: "*—Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she flings up her utterance." STEEVENS.

7 — *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON.

— *when I love thee not,*

Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end;* i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

"And, beauty dead, black Chaos comes again."

STEEVENS.

This passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and discord, by which he afterwards is so fatally agitated. He means, I think, to say,—*and ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakspeare probably preferred—"chaos is come again," to "chaos shall come again," as more bold and

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in
that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought^a,

Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'd'st not that,

When

and expressive. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has
exactly the same thought:

"Tunc meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,

"Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?

"Ante, vel istius mundi compage soluta,

"Tetras in antiquum sit reditura Chaos."

The meaning of Shakespeare appears very clearly from the
following passage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the same
thought is more fully expressed:

"It cannot fail, but by

"The violation of my faith,—and then

"Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,

"And mar the seeds within!" MALONE.

^a — By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought, &c.] Thus:
the eldest quarto. The second quarto reads:

— Why dost thou echo me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c.
The folio reads:

— Alas, thou echo'st me. STEEVENS.

This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio
copy by the Licenser. MALONE.

When Cassio left my wife ; What didst not like ?
 And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed ?*
 And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,
 Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
 They are close denotements², working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule,

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago:

² *They are close denotements, &c.]* i. e. indications, or discoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and suppress its feelings.

Thus the original copy, 1622. The folio reads—They are close *dilations* ; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly used in the sense of *dilatements*, or *large and full expositions*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617 : “ To dilate or make large.”

Dilatement is used in the sense of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary : “ After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulness” *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnson very elegantly reads—They are close *delations* ; “ i. e. *occult* and *secret accusations*, working involuntarily from the heart, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its passion of resentment.”

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is strong ground for believing that the word was not used in Shakspeare's age. It is not found in any Dictionary of the time, that I have seen, nor has any passage been quoted in support of it. On the contrary, we find in Minshew the verb, “ To *delate*,” not signifying, to *accuse*, but thus interpreted : “ to *speak at large* of any thing. vid. to *dilate* :” so that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto, no reasonable objection can be made. MALONE.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to ².
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ³ ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days ⁴, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth.

¹ *Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !]*
I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer seem*, or
bear the shape of *men*. JOHNSON.

May not the meaning be, 'would they might not seem
honest ! MALONE.

² — *to that all slaves are free to.]* I am not bound to do
that, *which* even slaves are *not* bound to do. MALONE.

³ — *where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?]* So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" ——— no perfection is so absolute ;

" That some impurity doth not pollute." MALONE.

⁴ — *who has a breast so pure,*

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful ?] Who has so virtuous a breast,
that some uncharitable surmises and impure conceptions will
not sometimes enter into it ; hold a session there as in a regu-
lar court, and " bench by the side" of authorized and lawful
thoughts ?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the same
imagery :

" When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

" I summon up remembrance of things past."

A *leet* and *law-day* were synonymous terms. A *leet*,"
says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, " is a court or
law-day, holden commonly every half year." To *keep* a *leet*
was the *verbum juris* ; the title of one of the chapters in
Kitchen's book on Courts, being, " The manner of *keeping*
a court—

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,

As;

a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard; was a court or jurisdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The jurisdiction of this court is now in most places merged in that of the County Court.

MALONE.

5 *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,*] That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous, by his ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced, had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose to speak of.*

Vicious in my guesses does not mean that he is an *ill guesser*, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

The reader should be informed, that the mark of abruptness which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not subscribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago should break off at the end of the first hemistich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not necessary very nicely to examine. The adversative particle, *though*, in the second line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may be well dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently shew that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guesses*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence." MALONE.

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then ⁶,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ⁷; 'tis something, no-
 thing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It

⁶ —*I entreat you then, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

— and of, *my jealousy*
Shapes faults that are not that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice. MALONE.

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb used by other writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reason I, or *conject* with myself."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words."
 STEEVENS.

⁷ Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; &c.] The sacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold." PROVERBS, chap. xxii. verse 1.

MALONE.

It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on^s: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who,

* *It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on:]* The old copies have *mock*. The
correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

—*which doth mock*

The meat it feeds on:] i. e. loaths that which nourishes
and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him
beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:

—————*which doth make*

The meat it feeds on.

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is
the very contrary to what he would here make his General
think, as appears from what follows:

That cuckold lives in bliss, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and there-
fore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unrea-*
sonable, but a *miserable* state; and this plunges him into it, as
we see by his reply, which is only, *O misery!*

WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock*
does not signify *to loath*; and because, when Iago bids Othello
beware of jealousy, the green-ey'd monster, it is natural to tell
why he should beware; and for caution he gives him two rea-
sons, that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when
the causes are real, jealousy is misery. JOHNSON.

In this place and some others, *to mock* seems the same with
to mammock. FARMER.

If Shakspeare had written—a green-ey'd monster, we
might have supposed him to refer to some creature existing
only in his particular imagination; but *the green-ey'd mon-*
ster seems to have reference to an object as familiar to his
readers as to himself.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always
play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it.
So, in our authour's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“Like foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,

“While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pant-
eth;—”

Thus a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why
he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom
he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to
punish. There is no beast that can be literally said to *make*
its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the
emendation of Hanmer, especially as I flatter myself that
a glimpse

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger :
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

Who.

a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the contested word occurs again :

" ———— tell him

" He *mocks* the pauses that he makes."

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its excess. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart: but like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

A similar idea occurs in *All's well that ends well* :

" ———— to lust doth *play*

" With what it loaths."

Such is the only sense that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is a *monster* which often creates the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hammer's proposition; but is it *the* monster? (*i. e.* a well known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green-eyes*? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakespeare appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

" ———— a monster,

" Begot upon itself, born on itself."

but yet—"What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c." is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hammer's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that Shakespeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inserted it in the text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays, and I have assigned the reason in a note on *Measure for Measure*.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphrase on this passage interprets the word *mock* by *sport*; but in what poet or prose-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* signify to *sport with*? In the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think incontestably, from the metre, and from our poet's usage of this verb in other places, (in
which

Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves?⁹

Oth. O misery!

Iago.

which it is followed by a personal pronoun,) that Shakspeare must have written—

“ Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks *us* by

“ The pauses that he makes.”

Besides; is it true as a general position, that jealousy (*as jealousy*), *sports or plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*; to be the true one)? The position certainly is not true. It is *Love* not *Jealousy*, that sports with the object of its passion; nor can those circumstances which create suspicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cause of JEALOUSY; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

“ There is no beast,” it is urged, “ that can *literally* be said to make its own food.” It is indeed acknowledged, that jealousy is a monster which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are asked, “ *the monster*? (i. e. *a well known and conspicuous animal*;) and whence has it *green-eyes*? *Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy.”

To this I answer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakspeare *appropriates* to jealousy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ —shuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealousy*.”

and I suppose, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tyger kind.

If our poet had written only—“ it is *the green-ey'd monster*; beware of it;” the other objection would hold good, and some particular monster, *κατ' εἶδος*, must have been meant; but the words, “ It is *the green-ey'd monster*, *which* doth, &c. in my apprehension have precisely the same meaning, as if the poet had written, “ it is *that green-ey'd monster*, which, &c.” or, “ it is *a green-ey'd monster*.” He is *the man* in the world *whom* I would least wish to meet,—is the common phraseology of the present day.

When Othello says to Iago in a former passage, “ By heaven, he echoes me; as if there were some *monster* in his thought,” does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant?

The

⁹ — strongly *loves*!] Thus the quarto; the folio,—*soundly* loves. STEEVENS.

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough¹ ;
But riches, fineless², is as poor as winter³,
To

The passage in a subsequent scene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, strongly supports the emendation which has been made :

“ — *jealousy* will not be answer'd so ;
“ They are not ever jealous for the cause,
“ But jealous, for they are jealous ; 'tis a *monster*,
“ *Begot upon itself, born on itself.*”

It is, *strictly* speaking, as false that any monster can be *begot*, or *born*, on itself, as it is, that any monster (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow) can make its own food ; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens seems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally* :
“ No monster can be *literally* said to make its own food.

It should always be remembered, that Shakspeare's allusions scarcely ever answer precisely on both sides ; nor had he any care upon this subject. Though he has introduced the word *monster*,—when he talk'd of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itself*, he was still thinking of jealousy only ; careless whether there was any animal in the world that would correspond with his description.

That by the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Demona* herself, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewise inferred from a preceding passage in which a kindred imagery is found :

“ That *policy* may either last so long,
“ Or feed upon such nice and waterish *diet*,” &c.
And this obvious interpretation is still more strongly confirmed by Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakspeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O Jealousy, —————
“ Feeding upon *suspect* that doth *renew* thee,
“ Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.”

In

¹ Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;] So in *Doraftus and Fawnia*, (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed,) 1592 : “ we are rich, and in that we are poor with content.” MALONE.

² But riches, fineless,] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. JOHNSON.

³ — as poor as winter,] Finely expressed : *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
 Is—once to be resolved : Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises *,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to state in the fullest and clearest manner the grounds on which the emendation stands : which in some cases I have found not easily accomplished, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwise be justifiable. MALONE.

The same idea occurs in Massinger's *Picture*, where Matthias, speaking of the groundless jealousy which he entertained of Sophia's posthume infidelity, says,

" I am strangely troubled ; yet why should I *nourish*

" A *surry* here, and with *imagin'd food*,—

" Holding no real ground on which to raise

" A building of suspicion she was ever

" Or can be false hereafter ?"

Imagin'd food is food created by imagination, the food that jealousy makes, and feeds on. MASON.

* *To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,*] Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exsufflicate*, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain : but I have not thought it safe to substitute for it another word equally unauthorised. *Suffolare* in Italian signifies to *whistle*. How then can Dr. Johnson's interpretation of *exsufflicate* be supported ? The introducer of this word explains it, by " *whispered, buzz'd in the ears.*" MALONE.

To such exsufflicate and blown surmises.] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hamner's by being printed, *exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty show without solidity ; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;
 I'll see, before I doubt, when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd⁶ ; look to't :
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In Venice⁷ they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands ; their best consci-
 ence
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown⁸.

Oth.

⁵ *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :*] An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application.

JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more*.

A passage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello : " I have those good hopes of her, education promises : his disposition she inherits ; which makes fair gifts fairer." *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus*. STEEVENS.

Most was arbitrarily introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ *Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ;*] *Self-bounty* for inherent generosity. WARBURTON.

⁷ — our country disposition—

In Venice —] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian.

JOHNSON.

Various other passages, as well as the present, prove him to have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 294, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁸ *Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads :

Is

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks ,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak ',—
He thought 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke

Comes

Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

STEEVENS.

The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*kept*
unknown. MALONE.

² *And, when she seem'd, &c.*] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another ; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

¹ *To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—*] The oak is, I believe, the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak*. To feel is an expression from falconry. STEEVENS.

To feel a hawk is to sew up his eye-lids.

In the *Winter's Tale*, Paulina says,

“ The root of his opinion, which is rotten,

“ As ever oak, or stone, was found.” MALONE.

Comes from my love ;—But, I do see you are mov'd :—
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues², nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success³
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
 friend :—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think, but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : As,—to be bold with
 you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
 Of her own clime, complexion and degree ;
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
 Foh ! one may finell, in such, a will most rank⁴,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—

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But

² *To grosser issues,*] *Issues*, for conclusions.

WARBURTON.

³ *My speech should fall into such vile success,*] If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successi* is used in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What *Iago* means, seems to be this : “ Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of *success*, as my thoughts do not aim at,” *Iago*, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to *Othello*, to wish that the enquiry into *Desdemona*'s guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. STEEVENS.

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr. Johnson's explanation :

“ Then the poor desolate women, fearing lest their case would sorte to some pitifull *success*,—.” *Palace of Pleasure*, bl. let.

“ God forbid all his hope should turne to such *success*.” *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578. HENDERSON

⁴ — a will most rank,] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by *Ascham*. A *rank will*, is *self-will*, overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, Farewel :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [going.]

Oth. Why did I marry ? — This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means⁵ :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment⁶
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government⁷.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit⁸,
Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard⁹,
Though

⁵ *You shall by that perceive him, and his means :*] You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—strain his entertainment—*] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust ~~my~~ ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—with a learned spirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced.

WARBURTON.

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—If I do prove her haggard,*] A *haggard* hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. JOHNSON.

A haggard

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings¹,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune². Haply, for I am black;

P 2

And

A *haggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton:
 "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the stews."

Turberville says, that "the *haggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons." *Latham* gives to the *haggart* only the second place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illustrative passage:

"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,

"I'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Haggard, however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short-traps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

In Haywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;

"Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.

"So: seize her gets, her *jesses*, and her bells."

STEEVENS.

² *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,*

To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time waited for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

I'd whistle her off, &c.] This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 2. sect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawk, when he is first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden." PERCY.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"—— he that basely

"*Whistled* his honour off to the wind," &c.

STEEVENS.

And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers³ have : Or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
 She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base⁴ :
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death⁵ ;
 Even then this⁶ forked plague is fated to us,

When

³ —chamberers—] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590 :

"Fal'n from a souldier to a chamberer." STEEVENS.

Chambering and *quantonnefs* are mentioned together in the sacred writings. MALONE.

⁴ *Prerogativ'd are they less than the base :*] In asserting that the base have more prerogative in this respect than the great, that is, that the base or poor are less likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you like it* :—"Horns ? even so.—Poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer has them as huge as the rascal." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this respect, and that it is "destiny unshunnable, like death."

Shakspeare would have been more consistent, if he had written,

"Prerogativ'd are they *more* than the base ?"

Othello would then have answered his own question : [*No* ;] 'Tis destiny, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death ;*] To be consistent, Othello must mean, that it is destiny unshunnable by great ones, not by all mankind. MALONE.

⁶ —forked plague—] In allusion to a barbed or forked arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the forked plague is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World, my Masters*, 1608 :

"While the broad arrow, with the forked head,

"Misses his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear* :

"—though the fork invade

"The region of my heart,—." STEEVENS.

I have

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes 7 :

Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself⁸ !
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders⁹
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des.

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet speak for himself. "Quoth she," says Pandarus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband ? The forked one, quoth he ; pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

"——o'er head and ears a fork'd one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie* :—"but the old squire, knight of the forked order,—"

One of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, in which our poet's very expression is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt :

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying

"Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,

"Was plagu'd with *hornes* ; his dogs did him devour ;

"Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,

"With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,

"And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

MALONE.

7 *Desdemona comes* :] Thus the quartos. The folio reads :
Look where she comes. STEEVENS.

⁸ *If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!*—] i. e. renders its own labours fruitless, by forming so beautiful a creature as Desdemona, and suffering the elegance of her person to be disgraced and sullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think is the meaning.—The construction, however, may be different. If she be false, O, then even *heaven itself* cheats us with "unreal mockeries," with false and specious appearances, intended only to deceive. MALONE.

⁹ —the generous islanders—] are the islanders of rank, distinction. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

"The generous and grave citizens

"Have hent the gates."

Generous has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

Des. Faith that's with watching; 'twill 'away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth Your napkin¹ is too little ;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt DES. and OTT.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
'That she reserves it evermore about her,
'To kifs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out²,
And give it Iago :
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I,
I nothing, but to please his fantasy³.

Enter

¹ *Your napkin—*] In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word has already often occurred. MALONE.

² *—I'll have the work ta'en out,*] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in sc. iv. BLACKSTONE.

This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was, I suppose, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia less unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress: which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story, if he refused to restore it.—But this would not have served the plot.

Shakspeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel ; for there, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife. MALONE.

³ *I nothing, but to please his fantasy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads :

I nothing know but for his fantasy. STEEVENS.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me ?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage⁴, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been
so earnest

To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ? [snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't⁵ ; I have use for it.

Go

⁴ —to the advantage, &c.] I being *opportunistically* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Be not you known of't* ;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in speaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it* ; as is proved by various passages in these plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words : and both having the same meaning. The folio reads, as Mr. Steevens has observed—Be not *acknow*n on't, i. e. do not acknowledge any thing of this matter. The reading of the quarto affords the same meaning.

The participial adjective, found in the folio, is used by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ Our friends' misfortune doth increase our own,

“ *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknow*n.”

MALONE.

Go, leave me.

[Exit Emil.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison ⁶ :—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so ⁷ :

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora ⁸,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday ⁹.

Oth.

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*. p. 418. edit. 1607 : " Some say, he married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it." PORSON.

⁶ *The Moor already, &c.*] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

⁷ —*I did say so :*] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite ; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur, &c.*

—I did say so ;

Look where he comes !—

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose :—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind ; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. vi.

" ——— give me to drink *mandragora*,

" That I may sleep out this gap of time

" My Antony is away." MALONE.

⁹ *Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,*
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.] To owe, as Dr. Johnson has observed, signified formerly to *possess*. MALONE.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?—
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

P 5

I slept

° *What sense had I, &c.*] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch*:

"I feele no cause; the burthen's not yet off,
"So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
"Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!
"Had it byn hid and done, it had ben don happy,
"For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

"Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
"And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
"Now here I stand a stayne to my creation;
"And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
"The understanding of this base adultery," &c.

This is uttered by a jealous husband, who supposes himself to have just destroy'd his wife.

Again, *Iago* says:

Dangerous conceits, &c.

——— with a little aſt upon the blood

Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Thus *Sebastian*, in Middleton's play:

"When a suspect doth catch once, it burns maynely."

A scene between *Francesca* and her brother *Antonio*, when the first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the same subject:

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says:—"I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."—Thus, *Almachides*:—"There is some difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary state of madness. I am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an aquavite shop, a trumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimstone."

For a further account of this MS. play, see a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the pieces of Shakspeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

I slept the next night well ¹, was free and merry ;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all ², had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content !
 Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewel !
 Farewel the neighing steed ³, and the shrill trump,

The

¹ *I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads :

I slept the next night well, *sed well* ; was free and merry :
 STEEVENS.

² — *if the general camp,*

Pioneers and all,] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour.

" A soldier ought ever to retain and keep his arms in fastie and forth comming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines ; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioner*." *The Art of War and Englands Traynings*, &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Lawes and Ordinances of War* established by the earl of Essex, printed in 1640 : " If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or cardes ; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge." GROSE.

³ *Farewel the plumed troop and the big wars,*—

Farewel the neighing steed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief :

" But farewell now, my coursers brave, attraped to the ground !

" Farewell ! adieu all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde !

" Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche martial knight,

" Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight !

" *Adus*.

The spirit-firring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride

"Adue, my native foile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,

"Adue, eche wight, and martial knight, adue, eche living thyng!"

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspeare had read this old play. MALONE.

* *The spirit-firring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspeare, as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maastricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, painted 1525, representing the siege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old English treatise written by William Gerrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hichcock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's siege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drummes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shews, and processions. Gerard Leigh in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noise of *drum* and *fife*." p. 119. At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* appparelled in white damaske and greine bonettes. Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*..

From the old French word *viffleur*, above-cited, came the English *whiffler*, which anciently was used in its proper *literal* sense. Strype, speaking of a grand tilting before the court
in

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is it possible ?—My lord,—

Oth.

in queen Mary's reign 1554, says, from an old journal, that King Philip and the challengers entered the lists, preceded by "their *whiffers*, their footmen, and their armourers," *Eccles. Memor.* iii. p. 211. This explains the use of the word in Shakspeare, where it is also literally applied. *Hen. V.* Act IV. sc. ult.

"——behold, the British beach

"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,

"Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,

"Which, like a *mighty whiffer* 'fore the king,

"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffer* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an application of contempt: *Whiffer*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at processions*.

T. WARTON.

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* says to *Beer*:

"——it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

"You our sovereign ! a mere *whiffer* !"

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——he was known

"But only for a swaggering *whiffer*. STEEVENS.

[*Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war* !] Sir William D'Avenant does not appear to have been scrupulous of adopting almost Shakspeare's own words. So, in *Albion*, 1629:

"Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumstance*

"That gives a soldier noise, for evermore *farewell* !"

STEEVENS.

Fletcher has parodied this passage of *Othello*, in his *Prophesie*, which was first represented in May, 1622:

"——and to keep

"My faith untainted, *farewell pride, and pomp,*

"*And circumstance of glorious majesty,*

"*Farewel, for ever* ! MALONE.

[*whose rude throats*—] So Milton, *P. L. B.* VI.

"From those *deep-throated engines*," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—*whose wide throats*. STEEVENS.

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul ⁷,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see it ; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse ⁸ ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep ⁹, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st ¹ to make thine honesty a vice !—
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love ² breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago.

⁷ — mine *eternal soul*,] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads :

—*man's eternal soul.*

Shakspeare might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *abandon all remorse* ;] All tenderness of nature, all pity ; in which sense, as Mr. Steevens has justly observed, the word was frequently used in Shakspeare's time. The next line shews it is used in this sense here.

MALONE.

⁹ *Do deeds to make heaven weep*,] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,

“ *As make the angels weep.*” STEEVENS

¹ *That liv'st*—] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *lov'st*—.

STEEVENS.

² — since *love*—] So, the quarto, 1622. Folio: *sith love*—.

MALONE.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world ³,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof : My name ⁴, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it *,—Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, I will.

Iago. And may : But, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?
Behold her tupp'd ⁵ ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect : Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,

More

³ *By the world, &c.*] This speech is not in the first edition.
POPE.

⁴ — *My name, &c.*] Thus the folio, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*Her* name : but this, like a thousand other changes introduced by the same editor, was made without either authority or necessity. Shakspeare undoubtedly might have written *Her* name ; but the word which the old copy furnishes, affords also good sense. Othello's name or reputation, according to the usual unjust determination of the world, would be sullied by the infidelity of his wife. Besides, how could either transcriber or printer have substituted *My* for *Her*. MALONE.

* — *If there be cords, or knives,*

"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

*"I'll not endure it.] So, in *Pericles* :*

"If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

"Untied I still my virgin knot will keep." MALONE.

⁵ *Behold her tupp'd ?]* A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act :

"——— an old black ram

"Is tugging your white ewe." STEEVENS.

The old copies have—*topp'd*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible, you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats ⁶, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal ⁷.

Iago. I do not like the office:
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
 Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
 One of this kind is Cassio:
 In sleep I heard him say,—“*Sweet Desdemona,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*”
 And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
 Cry,—“*O sweet creature!*” and then kifs me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kifs'd; and then
 Cry'd,—“*Curst fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*”

Oth.

⁶ *Were they as prime as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker*, or the *Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1635:
 “More *prime* than goats or monkies in their pride.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that*, probably for the sake of the metre; but our poet often uses such words as *reason*, as a monosyllable.

A *living* reason is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise or conjecture: a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited *to the life*. MALONE.

⁸ — *and sigh'd, and kifs'd; and then*

Cry'd,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

— then

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion²;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream¹.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done²;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's³,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now.

————— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,

And *figh*, and *kiss*, and then *cry*, cursed fate, &c.

The omission of the personal pronoun before *lay'd* is much
in our authour's manner. MALONE.

² — a foregone conclusion;] A *conclusion* in Shakspeare's
time meant an experiment or trial. MALONE.

¹ *Othel.* 'Tis a *shrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this
line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly.

WARBURTON.

In the folio this line is given to Othello. MALONE.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwell-
ling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it.

JOHNSON.

² — yet we see nothing done;] This is an oblique and se-
cret mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof*.

WARBURTON.

³ — that was her's,] The only authentick copies, the quar-
to, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the
emendation I am answerable. The mistake probably arose
from *yt* only being written in the manuscript. The modern
editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the
second folio, read—if 'twas her's. MALONE.

Now do I see 'tis true ⁴.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven ⁵ :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell ⁶ !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne ⁷,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught ⁸,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago.

⁴ *Now do I see 'tis true.*—] The old quarto reads,
Now do I see 'tis time.

And this is Shakspeare's, and has in it much more force, and solemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had said before :

——— *No, Iago !*

I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,

Away at once with love or jealousy.

This time was now come. WARBURTON.

⁵ *All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :*] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

"Are these your fears ? thus blow them into air."

MALONE.

⁶ — *from thy hollow cell !*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the *hollow hell*. Hollow, Dr. Warburton considers as "a poor unmeaning epithet." MALONE.

I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

"——— the void profound

"Of unessential night." STEEVENS.

And in *Paradise Lost*, B. I. ver. 314, the same epithet and subject occur :

"He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep

"Of *hell* refounded." H. T. W.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakspeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more antient quartos. In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, we find—

"——— the universal host up sent

"A shout that tore *hell's* concave." MALONE.

⁷ — hearted throne,] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast enthroned. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth night* :

"It gives a very echo to the seat,

"Where love is thron'd."

⁸ — *swell, bosom, &c.*] i. e. *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago¹. Like to the Pontick sea¹,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb², but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge³

Swallow

¹ *Never, Iago.*] From the word *Like* to *marble heaven*, inclusively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. MALONE

¹ — *Like to the Pontick sea, &c.*] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. POPE.

Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the second book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601: "And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe again within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, conceives this simile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impress, Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU. STEVENS.

² *Ne'er feels retiring ebb,*] The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads—*Ne'er keeps* retiring ebb, &c. Many similar mistakes have happened in that copy, by the compositor's repeating a word twice in the same line. So, in *Hamlet*:

"My *news* shall be the *news* [r. fruit] to that great feast." Again, *ibidem*:

"The spirit, upon whose *spirit* depend and rest," &c. instead of—upon whose *weal*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — *a capable and wide revenge*—] *Capable* perhaps signifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you like it*:

"The cicatrice and *capable* impressure."

Again, in *Pierce Pennilefs his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nashe, 1392: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, *Demon*, a *Capable* name, of Gods, of men, and of devils."

It

Swallow them up.—Now by yond' marble heaven ⁴,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [kneels.
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
 You elements that clip us round about !
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution ⁵ of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody work soever ⁶.

Oth.

It may however mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent*. What Othello says in another place seems to favour this latter interpretation :

" Good ; good ;—the *justice* of it pleases me."

MALONE.

⁴ — *by yond' marble heaven*,] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression :

" Now by the *marble* face of the welkin."

STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :

" And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

⁵ *The execution*—] The first quarto reads *excellency*.

STEEVENS.

By *execution* Shakspeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

" Which you on all estates will *execute*."

The quarto, 1622, reads—*hand*. MALONE.

⁶ — *let him command*,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody work soever.] *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tendernefs*, to obey him ; not of malice to others, but of *tendernefs* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—*in me*. They first appeared in the folio. Theobald reads, *Nor* to obey, &c.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is so just, that any further comment on it appears to me unnecessary. We have so often had occasion to point out the ancient usage of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity*, that I shall only here refer to some of the passages in which it may be found. See p. 325, n. 8, of the play before us. About the year 1680 the word began to

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous;
And

to be difused in this fenfe; for in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, we find the following paſſage, *ad. ann.* 1652: "One of theſe, a moſt handſome virgin, arrai'd in coſtly and gorgeous apparel, kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to ſave her life: And, being ſtrucken with a deep *remorſe*, took her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c. In his revifed work, which he appears to have finiſhed about the year 1680, inſtead of the words "a deep *remorſe*," we find "a profound *pitie*." In the prologue to *Town Shifts*, a comedy, printed in 1671, *remorſe* is employed in its ancient fenſe:

"Why ſhould you be ſuch ſtrangers to *remorſe*,"

"To judge before you try?" MALONE.

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599, that prince ſpeaking to the citizens of Calais:

"But for yourſelves, look you for no *remorſe*."

I could add many more inſtances, but ſhall content myſelf to obſerve that the ſentiment of *Iago* bears no ſmall reſemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline*:

"I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,

"And praife myſelf for charity." STEEVENS.

Before I ſaw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, my opinion of this paſſage was formed, and written, and thus I underſtood it: "Let him command any bloody buſineſs, and to obey ſhall be in mean act of pity and compaſſion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorſe* frequently ſignifies pity, mercy, compaſſion, or a tenderneſs of heart, unattended with the ſtings of a guilty conſcience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. iii. the crimeleſs Eglamour is called *remorſefull*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii.

"As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,

"And gentle, kind, eſtminate *remorſe*."

So, in Holinshed's *Conqueſt of Ireland*, p. 13. "—to have *remorſe* and compaſſion upon others diſtreſſes;" and in the dedication, "to have regard and *remorſe* to your ſaid land."

TOLLET.

If I am not deceived, this paſſage has been entirely miſtaken. I read:

"——— Let him command,

"An' to obey ſhall be in *me* *remorſe*,

"What bloody buſineſs ever——"

And for *if* is ſufficiently common: and *Othello*'s impatience breaks off the ſentence; I think, with additional beauty.

FARMER.

What bloody work ſoever.] So the quartos. The folio:

What bloody buſineſs ever. STEEVENS.

And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done, at your request * :
 But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her ? !
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier
 lies, is flabbing.

Des. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you ^s where he lodges, is to tell you
 where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to
 devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there,
 were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edify'd by
 report ?

Clown.

* — at your request :] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622,
 reads—as you request. MALONE.

? O, damn her !] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: O damn
 her, damn her. MALONE.

* To tell you, &c.] This and the following speech are want-
 ing in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer ¹.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it ¹.

[*Exit.*

Def. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse full of cruzadoes ². And, but my noble Moor is true of mind, and made of no such baseness as jealous creatures are, it were enough to put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born, drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be call'd to him ³.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter

¹ — and *by* them answer,] i. e. and by them, *when answer'd*, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the expression is in character. Dr. Warburton for *by*, which is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio, reads—*bid*, "i. e. bid the world, those whom he questions."

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them answer:

MALONE.

¹ *To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore, &c.*] So, in *K. Lear*:

"I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats;

"If it be man's work, I'll do it." MALONE.

² — *cruzadoes* :—] A Portuguese coin, in value three shillings sterling. GREY.

So called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

³ till *Cassio be call'd to him*.—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*Let Cassio be call'd to him*. MALONE.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—[*Aside*] O, hardness to
dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moist ⁴ : This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ⁵ ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts ⁶.

Des.

⁴ *Hot, hot, and moist :*] Ben Jonson seems to have attempted a ridicule on this passage, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V. sc. ii. where Segliarno says to Saviolina :
“ How does my sweet lady ? *hot and moist* ? beautiful and
lusty ? STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson was ready enough on all occasions to deprectate and ridicule our authour, but in the present instance, I believe, he must be acquitted ; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year ; at which time, we are almost certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

⁵ — *exercise devout ;*] *Exercise* was the religious term. Henry the seventh (says Bacon) “ had the fortune of a true *christian* as well as of a great king, in living *exercised*, and dying repentant.”

So, Lord Hastings in *K. Richard III.* says to a priest :

“ I am in debt for your last *exercise*. MALONE.

⁶ — *The hearts, of old, gave hands ;*

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.] It is evident that the first line should be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts :

Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart :

Not so, says her husband : *The hands of old indeed gave hearts ;*
but

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des.

but the custom now is to give hands without hearts. The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal arms, of a hand *gules* in an *escutcheon argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster. Now the method used by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who use their *steel*, and not their *gold* in this service, that nothing could add more to her glory than the being compared to her successor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of *James's* reign. So Fletcher in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna in the East Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd*. Again in the same play, a sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd canvass; the time was, we have known them lin'd with Spanish ducats*. WARBURTON.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank* he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

JOHNSON.

—*our new heraldry &c.*] I believe this to be only a figurative expression, without the least reference to king James's creation of baronets. The absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a prince whom on all other occasions he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1613, very strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation.

STEEVENS.

To

Def. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

VOL. XV.

Q

Oth.

To almost every sentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preserved it as a specimen of this commentator's manner.

It is not true that king James created the order of baronets *soon* after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steel*, and that by *hands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deserve an answer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note stood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that "it was not uncommon for the satirical poets of that time to satirise the ignominy of James's reign;" and for this assertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*. But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a Mss. of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court soon after they were first exhibited at the theatre, and we may be assured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the last play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625-6, after the death both of its author and king James; but when it was written, he must, from the circumstance already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*

"Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempest*, which was probably written at no great distance of time from the play before us:

"Mir. My husband then?

"Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

"As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

"Mir. And mine, with my heart in't."

The hearts of old, says Othello, dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with the *hearts* of the parties in them; but in our modern marriages, *hands* alone are united, without *hearts*. Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he used the word *heraldry*,
had

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum ⁷ offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my-mother give ⁸ ;

She

had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any satirical allusion. MALONE.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Spelman's Epigram there cited :

" ————— Florentis nomen honoris

" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.

" Non quod levi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense

" Hostibus occitis gesserit ista cohors."

BLACKSTONE.

The reader will not find the epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackstone, in the page to which he has referred ; for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omission of which I have there given notice,) because it appeared to me extremely improbable that any passage in that play should allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (distinguishing them by Italic characters,) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the first in bestowing these honours, and erecting a new order of knighthood called baronets ; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them, GLOSS. p. 76, which ends thus :

" ————— dum cauponare recusant

" Ex verâ geriti nobilitate viri,

" Interea è caulis hic præcepit, ille tabernis,

" Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat.

See another stroke at them in *Othello*." MALONE.

⁷ — salt and sullen rheum—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for sullen, has sorry. MALONE.

Sullen, that is, a rheum obstinately troublesome. I think this better. JOHNSON.

⁸ — That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are some particulars, which lead me

She was a charmer, and could almost read
 'The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it
 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 'To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;
 'To lose't or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:

Q 2

A sibyl,

me to think that here is an allusion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eastern regions for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought. In the Ms. papers of Sir J. Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a passage which fully describes the custom. "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (says this learned inquirer) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Palestine, and in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amusement of the fair sex there, as among us the making tapestry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their spouses; bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almost constantly in their hands, in those warm countries, to wipe off sweat." But whether this circumstance ever came to Shakspeare's knowledge and gave rise to the incident, I am not able to determine.

WHALLEY.

Shakspeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Desdemona's losing a handkerchief finely wrought in Morisco work, which had been presented to her by her husband, or rather of its being stolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eastern custom of brides presenting such gifts to their husbands, certainly did not *give rise* to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakspeare should seem to have been apprized of it. However, I have retained the preceding note as illustrative of the passage before us.

MALONE.

A sibyl ¹, that had number'd in the world
 The sun to make ¹ two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetick fury sew'd the work :
 The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk ;
 And it was dy'd in mummy ² which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts ³.

Des. Indeed ! is it true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des.

¹ *A sibyl, &c.*] This circumstance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonson in *The Sad Shepherd* :

" A Gyplan lady, and a right beldame,

" Wrought it by moon-shine for me, and star-light,"

&c.

STEEVENS.

¹ *The sun to make two hundred compasses.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—to *course* two hundred compasses. I have preferred the original reading, because we have in *Hamlet*,

" When yon same star, that's eastward from the pole,

" Had *made* his *course*, to illumine that part of heaven."

MALONE.

— *number'd* —

The sun to course, &c.] i. e. number'd the sun's courses : badly exprell'd. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent : we say, *I counted the clock to strike four* ; so the *number'd* the sun to *course*, to run *two hundred compasses*, two hundred circuits.

JOHNSON.

² *And it was dy'd in mummy.*] The balsamick liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary ; and yet I have been informed that this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the shops where drugs are sold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633 :

" — make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

" That I might tear their flesh in mamocks, raise

" My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*."

STEEVENS.

³ — *which the skilful*

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads :

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash ⁴ ?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven blefs us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio ⁵.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man ⁶!

Q 3

They

— with the skilful

Conserve, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *rash* ?] Is *vehement*, *violent*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *I pray, talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following short speech are omitted in all ancient editions but the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁶ 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since *their* arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed;

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
 They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,
 They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;
 And, lo ! the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
 That, by your virtuous means, I may again
 Exist, and be a member of his love,
 Whom I, with all the duty of my heart ?,

Intirely

claimed ; at that feast Cassio was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him restored. Iago indeed advises Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act V. sc. ii.

JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Desdemona had been married. What Emilia says, is a sort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Besides ; there is no necessity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. STEEVENS.

7 — *the duty of my heart.*] The elder quarto reads,
 — *the duty of my heart.*

The author used the more proper word, and then changed it I suppose, for fashionable diction ; [“ the *office* of my heart,” the reading of the folio ;] but, as fashion is a very weak protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place.

JOHNSON.

A careful comparison of the quartos and folio inclines me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakspeare. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other passages in his works. So, in his 26th *Sonnet* :

“ Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

“ Thy merit has my *duty* strongly knit.”

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton : Were my worth greater, my *duty* would shew greater ; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship.”

MALONE.

Intirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
 If my offence be of such mortal kind,
 That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so much be my benefit⁸;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content.
 And shut myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms⁹.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune;
 My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were

⁸ *But to know so, must be my benefit;]*

"Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,

"Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi, dicat, abi."

JOHNSON.

⁹ *And shut myself up in some other course,*

To fortune's alms.] The quarto, 1612, reads—*And shoot myself, &c.* I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one.

Hanmer reads:

And shoot myself upon some other course,
To fortune's alms.

To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may bestow upon me.

We have the same uncommon phrase in *King Lear*:

"——— Let your study

"Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you

"*At fortune's alms.*" MALONE.

The quarto, 1630, (like the folio) reads,

And shut myself up —

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastick life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief, from the accidental hand of charity."

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Macbeth*."

"——— and *shut up*

"In measureless content."

Again, in *Ali's well that ends well*:

"Whose basest stars do *shut us up* in wishes:

STEEVENS.

Were he in favour ¹, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best :
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure ²,
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air ³ ;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—And can he be angry ?
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—

[*Exit IAGO.*]

Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice ⁴,
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so ;
 For let our finger ach, and it induces
 Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
 Of pains : Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,

I was

¹ — *in favour*,] In look, in countenance. JOHNSON.

² — *within the blank of his displeasure*,] Within the shot of his anger. JOHNSON.

³ — *I have seen the cannon*,

When it hath blown, &c.] In Iago's speech something is suppressed. He means to say, I have seen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his side,—and mean while have seen him quite cool and unruffled. And can he now be angry ? MALONE.

⁴ — *some unhatch'd practice*,] Some treason that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *for let our finger ache, and it induces*

Our other healthful members, ev'n to that sense
(Of pain :) I believe it should be rather, Subdues our healthful members to a sense of pain, JOHNSON.

I was (unhandsome warrior as I am ⁶)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters as you think ;
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?
 I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house :

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
 Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
 O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;
 But I shall, in a more continue time ⁷,

Q 5

Strike

To *indue* appears to have signified in Shakspeare's time, to *tinture* or *imbrue*, and is so used here.

The words—'Tis *even so*, relate to what Desdemona has conjectured. "This is certainly the case; some state affair has disturbed him." MALONE.

⁶ — (unhandsome warrior as I am)] Unhandsome warrior, is unfair assailant. JOHNSON.

⁷ — in a more continue time,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more convenient time. MALONE.

Bian. Why, I pray you?⁹

Caf. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, If I shall see you soon at night.

Caf. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrify against the devil²:

They

⁹ *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

¹ — *I must be circumstanc'd*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Particular circumstances and your own convenience have, I see, more weight with you than Bianca has. I must be postponed to these considerations. MALONE.

² *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*

It is hypocrify against the devil;] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that

'They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven³.

Iago So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all⁴,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago.

that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns: To this we must suppose Othello here replies: and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means, hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good; and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

³ *The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*] As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, so they presumptuously make a trial whether the divine goodness will enable them to resist a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themselves, or abandon them to the government of their passions.

MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church*. "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maidens, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one bite another, nor kicke backwards with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them."

FARMER.

⁴ *Boding to all*,—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, less grammatically, *Boding to ill*. JOHNSON.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her,
when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.
Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To con-
fess,

The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“Thus, like the sad-presaging raven, that tolls

“The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,

“And in the shadow of the silent night

“Does shake contagion from her sable wing.”

MALONE.

Who having, by their own importunate suit;

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them,—] Mr. Theobald for *supplied* would read *suppled*; but the emendation evidently hurts, instead of improving, the sense; for what is *suppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. subdued. *Supplied* relates to the words—“voluntary dotage,” as *convinced* does to “their own importunate suit.” *Having by their importunancy conquered the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness, gratified her desires.*

MALONE.

Convinced, for conquer'd, subdued. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“—his two chamberlains

“Will I with wine and wassel so *corvince*.”

fefs, and be hang'd for his labour⁶.—First, to be hang'd, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion⁷, without some instruction⁸. It is not words, that shake me thus:
Pish:

Again, in the same play:

“ — their malady *convince*s

“ The great assay of art.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to confess and be hang'd*—] This is a proverbial saying. It is used by Marlowe in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess, and be hang'd*.”

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the 3 English Brothers*, 1607: And in one of the old collections of small poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto.

STEEVEN^s.

⁷ — *shadowing passion*,—] The modern editions have left out *passion*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *without instruction*.] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: “ My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an *induction* of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be grounded on matter of fact.” Shakspeare uses this word in the same sense, in *Richard III*.

“ A dire *induction* am I witness to.”

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*:

“ Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!”

WARBURTON.

Pish:—Noses, ears, and lips?—Is it possible?—Con-

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy: or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superiour Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction. It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices, which men have, of unseen calamities. JOHNSON.

However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

If Othello by the words *shadowing passion* alludes to his own feelings, and not to Cassio's dream, Dr. Warburton's interpretation, if we substitute *instruction* for *induction*, (which was introduced merely to usher in the image of an eclipse) is perhaps nearly correct. *Induction*, in Shakspeare's time, meant introduction, or prelude, (as in the instance quoted from *K. Richard III.*) and at no time signified *bringing over*, as Dr. Warburton interprets it. MALONE.

⁹ *Noses, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“Cheek to cheek,—meeting noses—

“Kissing with inside lip,” &c.—

•If this be not the meaning, we must suppose he is meditating a cruel punishment for Desdemona and her suspected paramour:

—— raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.

STEEVENS.

fefs!—Handkerchief:—O devil!— [falls in a trance:

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:

Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,¹
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To

¹ — in those unproper beds,] *Unproper* for common.

WARRE.

So, in *The Arcadia*; by Shirley, 1649:

"Every woman shall be common.—

"Every woman common! what shall we do with all
the proper women in *Arcadia*?

"They shall be common too,"

Again, in Cowley *De Confessione Amantis*, B. 2. fol.

"And is his proper by the lawe." STEEVENS.

'To lip a wanton in a secure couch²,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart:

Confine yourself but in a patient list³.

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief⁴,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself⁵,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face⁶;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife;

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;

Or

² — *in a secure couch,*] In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin sense. So, in *The Merry wives of Windsor*: "Tho' Page be a *secure* fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty," &c. MALONE.

³ *Confine yourself but in a patient list,*] Keep your temper within the bounds of patience. So, in *Hamlet*:

"The ocean over-peering of his list,

"Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste," &c.

COLLINS.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act V. sc. ii. "you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"The very *list*, the very utmost bound,

"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *ere while, mad with your grief,*] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:

— *o'erwhelmed* with your grief. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *encave yourself,*] Hide yourself in a private place.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *That dwell in every region of his face:*] The same uncommon expression occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

"——— The respite shook

"The bosom of my conscience.——

"——— and made to tremble

"The *region* of my breast." MALONE.

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,⁷
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain,
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy⁸ must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*]

Iago.

⁷ *Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,*] I read:

Or I shall say, you're all in all a spleen.

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere.

JOHNSON.

"A hare brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen."—The
old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such
one is *in wrath, in the dumps, &c.* The sense therefore is
plain. Again, in *A Mid-summer Night's Dream*:

"That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth",—

STEEVENS.

⁸ *And his unbookish jealousy*—] *Unbookish*, for ignorant.

WARD.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I prythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

[*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by

⁹ *Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What*, (says he,) *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman?*

JOHNSON.

¹ — *a customer!* A common woman, one that invites customers.

JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“I think thee now some common customer.”

STEEVENS.

² *Have you scored me?* Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads — *scored* me. Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up.

JOHNSON.

To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first Canto of his *Faery Queen*, speaking of the Cross, says:

“Upon his shield the like was also *score'd*.”

by this hand ³ she falls thus about my neck ;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber : O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew ⁴ ! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should

Again, b. 2. c. 9 :

“—why on your shield, so goodly *scor'd*,

“Bear you the picture of that lady's head ?”

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. “Let us *score* their backs,” says Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* ; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* we find :

“———— I know not

“What *counts* harsh fortune *casts* upon my face,” &c.

But in the passage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious punishment of slaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“Worse than a *slavish* wipe, or birth-hour's blot.”

MALONE.

³ — *by this hand*—] This is the reading of the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

Instead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenser of plays, substituted—thither comes the bauble, and falls *me* thus, &c.

MALONE.

⁴ — *fitchew* :—] A polecat. POPE.

Shakspeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. He tells Iago that she is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better scent, the polecat being a very stinking animal.

JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a frumpet.

STEEVENS.

should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet Bianca? How now! how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Aside.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not come when you are next prepared for.

[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Caf. 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Caf. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[Exit CASSIO.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand^s: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand⁶. O, the world

^s *Yours, by this hand, &c.*] This speech is not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

⁶ — *No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. vii:

“ — throw my heart

“ Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“ Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“ And finish all foul thoughts.” STEEVENS.

world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him talks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear * !—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition ? !—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : But yet the pity of it, *Iago* !—O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago* !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend⁸ ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me !

Iago. O, this foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago* ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And, for *Cassio*,—let me be his undertaker : You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*, Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter

* O, she would sing the *Savageness* out of a bear !] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ ——— when he hath sung,

“ *The tyger would be tame.*” MALONE.

7 And then, of so gentle a condition !] i. e. of so sweet a disposition. So, in *King Henry V*: “ Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth.” MALONE.

8 If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ;] So, in *King Edward III*, a tragedy, 1596 :

“ Why then give sin a passport, to offend.”

MALONE.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and *Attendants.*

Lod. God save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir^o.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[gives him a packet.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[opens the packet, and reads.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you : How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

reads.

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them¹, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod.

^o *With all my heart, sir.]* This does not relate to what
Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he sa-
lutes him. MALONE.

¹ — atone them,—] Make them one ; reconcile them.

JOHNSON.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with women's tears²,
Each drop she falls³ would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears⁴. —

Con-

² *If that the earth could teem, &c.*] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Desdemona, would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious. "It is written," says Bullokar, "that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme." *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. MALONE.

³ *Each drop she falls—*] *To fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempest*:

"— when I rear my hand, do you the like,

"*To fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

Concerning this, fir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home⁵:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—

[Exit. DES.]

Cassio shall have my place⁶. And,—fir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, fir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys⁷!

[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce⁸?

VOL. XV.

R

Iago.

—Proceed you in your tears?

What! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display
of this *well-painted passion*? WARNER.

I think the old punctuation is the true one. MALONE.

⁵ *I am commanded home:*] Thus the folio. The quarto,
1612, reads, perhaps better:

I am commanded *here*—Get you away, &c.

The alteration, I suspect, was made, from the editor of the
folio not perceiving that an abrupt sentence was intended.

MALONE.

⁶ *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to
Desdemona, who had just expressed her joy on hearing *Cassio*
was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satis-
faction in the hope of returning to her native place, is con-
strued by Othello into the pleasure she received from the ad-
vancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Goats and monkeys!*] In this exclamation Shakspeare has
shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endea-
vours to awaken *Othello's* suspicion, being urged to give some
evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him
it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though
they should be “as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys.”
These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*,
who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes
out with this emphatick exclamation:—*Iago's* words were
but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as
hot as “goats and monkeys.” MALONE.

⁸ — *whose solid virtue*

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze nor pierce?] For *graze*, Dr. Warbur-
ton arbitrarily substituted *rase*; and Mr. Theobald, because

“he

Iago. He is much chang'd,

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

"he could not *for his heart* see the difference between shot of *accident* and dart of *chance*," instead of the latter word reads, *change*. I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to the *dart of chance*, so *graze* is referred to the *shot of accident*. The expression is still used; we still say—he was *grazed* by a bullet.

MALONE.

To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, [as Dr. Warburton has stated,] but to strike, not directly, not so as to bury the body of the thing striking in the matter struck.

Theobald trifles, as usual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the act, and chance as the *power* or *agency* of fortune; as, *It was by chance that this accident befel me*. At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Castle.***Enter OTHELLO, and EMILIA.**Oth.* You have seen nothing then?*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?*Emil.* Never, my lord,*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?*Emil.* Never.*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* That's strange.*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

R 2

There's

* *A Room in the Castle.*] There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. Near the close of it, Iago says to Desdemona, "Go in, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's castle. These words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go into the supper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converses with Iago, which decisively ascertains the scene not to be in Othello's house: for Roderigo, who had given the first intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had shortly

There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives⁹
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go.— [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress ; [*to Emil.*
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words¹.

Oth.

ly afterwards drawn his sword on Othello and his partisans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his house at pleasure.

On the other hand, what Othello says early in the scene to Emilia,

“ Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, as decisively point out a room in Othello's castle as the place of the scene ; and compel us to place the several interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audiente, in this instance as in many other, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, &c. Vol. I. Part II. p. 74.

MALONE.

⁹ — of their wives—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—of her sex. MALONE.

¹ But not the words.] This line is added out of the first edition. POPE.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I
false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn²

R 3

To

² — *time of scorn*—] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is,

— for the time of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand of scorn*; and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

— *the time of scorn*.

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*;
—the time when we are to be judged,—the *day of judgment*;
—the instant when we suffer calamity,—the *moment of evil*;
and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*? Thus, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ So sings the mariner upon the shore,

“ When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms*.”

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; 'well, very well:

But

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,

"And make thee know a *time of infamy*."

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakspeare have written—

—— for the *scorn of time*

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in *Hamlet*:

"For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time*?"

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our author has personified *scorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

"When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,

"And place my merit in the *eye of scorn*—"

The epithet *unmoving* may likewise derive some support from Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like a *dial-hand*,

"*Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd*;

"So your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,

"Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd."

In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the passage in the text.

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phrase. So, in *Albion King of the Lombards*, by D'Avenant, 1629:

"Even as the *slow finger of the dial*

"Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*

"To distant figures,—"

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakspeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the fashion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himself to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image presented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, (*not appearing to move*;) and as applied to *scorn*, has but little force: to say nothing of the superfluous epithet *slow*; for there needs

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart³;
 Where either I must live; or bear no life;
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there⁴!
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O; ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,⁵
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'st
 ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth.

no ghost to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *slow*. *Slow* implies some sort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore it appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both sides, and, from respect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, tho' I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakspeare. The quarto, 1612, has—*fingers*; the folio—*finger*. MALONE.

³ — *garner'd up my heart*;) That is, *treasur'd up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *turn thy complexion there!* &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I here look grim as hell,

I was written for *ay*, and not since corrected. JOHNSON.

Here in the old copies was manifestly an error of the press. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

⁵ — *O thou weed*;) Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, tho' the quarto reads:

— *O thou black weed!*

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional

Oth. Was this fair paper⁶, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed!
 Committed? !—O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets*,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it: What committed!—
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth.

rional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it,
 a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*.

STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

"O thou *black* weed, *why* art so lovely fair?"

"Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee,"

&c.

MALONE.

⁶ *Was this fair paper, &c.*] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East*:

"_____ can you think,

"This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum

"Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,

"Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom

"In capital letters written upon't? STEEVENS.

⁷ *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakspeare's time, beside its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by Othello. So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *CHARACTERS*, (*A very Woman*) 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*: "*Commit* not with man's sworn spouse."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. I.

"_____ if all *committers* stood in a rank,

"They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell."

MALONE.

* *The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind."

MALONE.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord⁸,

From any other⁹ foul unlawful touch,

Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to St. Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed!

[*Exit.*]

R 5

Des.

⁸ *If to preserve this vessel for my lord,*] This expression, as well as many others, our authour has borrowed from the sacred writings: "—to possess his vessel in satisfaction."—

¹ *Theff. iv. 4.* MALONE.

⁹ *—any other—*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any hated. STEEVENS.

¹ *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The finall'st opinion on my great'st abuse ² ?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his caller ³.

Iago.

² — *on my great'st abuse ?*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my least misuse*. MALONE.

³ — *upon his caller.*] *Caller* is a lewd woman ; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This head-dress is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetick Lady* :

"The wearing the *callet*, the politic hood."

The word is likewise found in *Cooke Lerelles Bate*, a satyre, bl. I. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date :

"Yf he called her *calat*, she calleth him knave agayne,"

STEEVENS.

This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love* :

"C, for caler, for of, we have O,

"L, for leude, D, for demeanure," &c. PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Translation of Ariosto*, 1591 :

"And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful *callet*—"

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that "*callet* is a nick-name used to a woman," and that "in Irish it signifies a *witch*."

I have no faith in Dr. Grey's etymology of this word, *Calote* is a coif or light cap, worn by others beside country girls. MALONE.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forlook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd — whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her com-
pany?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave*,
Some base notorious⁵ knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions⁶ thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal⁷ naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago.

*—*some most villainous knave*,] Thus the folio. 'The quarto, 1622, reads—some outrageous knave. MALONE.

⁵—*notorious*—] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for known. JOHNSON.

⁶—*such companions*—] *Companion*, in the time of Shakespeare, was used as a word of contempt, in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "How now, base companion?" Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"And better 'tis, that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard out good hap."

⁷—*the rascal*—] Thus the quarto, 1622; folio—*rascals*. Emilia first wishes that all base fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honest hand to punish in a signal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abused the too credulous Moor.

MALONE.

Iago. Speak within door⁸.

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without⁹,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel¹:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought², or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
'To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you³.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.

[*Trumpets.*

⁸ *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.

JOHNSON.

⁹ —*the seamy side without:*] That is, *inside out*.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Here I kneel, &c.*] These words, and the following lines of this speech, are omitted in the quarto, 1622.

MALONE.

² *Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;*] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet*:

"O heaven! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*,

"Would have mourn'd longer."

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—*discourse, or thought*.

MALONE.

³ *And he does chide with you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622.

STEEVENS.

To chide with was the phraseology of the time. We have, I think, the same phrase in one of our poet's *Sonnets*.

MALONE.

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay ⁴:

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance ⁵; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels,

⁴ *And the great messengers of Venice stay:]* Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *and acquittance;]* This is the reading of the original quarto. 1622. The folio reads—*and acquaintance.*

Acquittance is requital. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And shall forget the office of our hand

"Sooner than *'quittance* of desert and merit."

MALONE.

jewels; I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful sollicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment⁶. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night threw it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission⁷ come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod.

⁶ — *your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.* [Shakespeare knew well, that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and surewddness. MALONE.]

⁷ — *there is especial commission* — [Shakespeare probably wrote—*a special*. MALONE.]

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste⁸: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod.

⁸— *and the night grows to waste:*] I suppose Iago means to say, that it is near midnight. Perhaps we ought to print *waist*. Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*waist*, which was the old spelling of *waist*. See *Hamlet*:

"In the dead *waist* [*waist*] and middle of the night."

See the note on that passage,

So also, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

"—ere the day

"Be spent to the girl's, thou shalt be free."

The words, however, may only mean—the night is wasting apace. MALONE.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt. OTH. LOD. and Attend.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,— Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,

An

9 — *Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—all's one, good faith. MALONE.

1 — and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

And did forsake her: I believe that mad signifies only wild; frantick, uncertain. JOHNSON.

We still call a wild girl a mad-cap: and in The First Part of King Henry VI. are mentioned,

"Mad, natural graces, that extinguish art."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Come on, you mad-cap."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Do you hear, my mad-wench?" STEEVENS.

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head² all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul³ sat sighing⁴ by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;

[singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The

² — I have much to do,

But to go hang my head—] I have much ado to do any
thing but hang my head. We might read:

Not to go hang my head.

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it. JOHNSON.

These words, and all that follows, to *Nay that's not next*, inclusively, are not in the original quarto, 1622; and appeared first in the folio. The remaining lines of the song also appeared first in that copy. MALONE.

³ *The poor soul*, &c.] This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *sat sighing* —] The folio reads—*singing*. The passage, as has been already observed, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in 1630. *Sighing*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is also the reading in the black-letter copy of this ballad in the Pepys Collection, which Dr. Percy followed. See the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. l. 192.

MALONE.

*The fresh streams run by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:*

*Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon —
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

2.

*Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve, —
Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is it that knocks?*

Emil. It is the wind.

*Des. I call'd my love, false love?; but what said he
then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

*So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?*

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des.

[The fresh streams, &c.] These lines are formed with some additions from two couplets of the original song:

"The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;

"O willow, &c.

*"The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his
face;*

"O willow, &c.

*"The mute birds fate by him, made tame by his
moans;*

"O willow, &c.

"The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones."

[Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,] In the original:

"Let no body blame me, her scorn I do prove,

"O willow, &c.

"She was born to be fair; I to die for her love."

MALONE.

"I call'd my love, false love;] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

"— you'll couch with no men.]" This verb is found also in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"—— O, if thou couch

"But one night with her, —." MALONE.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think.—Tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great vice
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing
for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition:
but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not
make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch?
I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world;
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage¹, as
Would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think², it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps³;

Or

¹ *I have heard it said so.]* This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

² *—to the vantage,] i. e. to boot, over and above.*

STEEVENS.

³ *But, I do think, &c.]* The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

** And pour our treasures into foreign laps;]* So, in one of our authour's poems:

“Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents.”

MALONE.

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,
 Or scant our former having³ in despight ;
 Why, We have galls ; and, tho' we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
 Their wives have sense like them⁴ : they see, and
 smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 I think, it is ; And doth affection breed it ?
 I think, it doth ; is't frailty, that thus errs ?
 It is so too : And have not we affections ?
 Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?
 Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,
 The ill's we do, their ill's instruct us so⁵.

Def. Good night, good night : Heaven me such usage
 send⁶,

Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he
 come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;

Quick,

³ — *our former having*—] Our former allowance of expence. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *have sense like them* :] *Sense* is used here, as in *Hamlet*, for *sensation* or *sensual appetite*. MALONE.

⁵ — *instruct us so*.] This passage, as has been already observed, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of the text is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the second folio, read—instruct us *so*. Our poet, for the sake of rhyme, often uses an uncommon phraseology ; I have therefore adhered to the authentic copy. MALONE.

⁶ — *heaven me such usage send*,] Such *uses* is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions ; but the old quarto has :

Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and ta kethy
sword. [retires to a little distance.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons—
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[goes to his stand.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the
sense,
And he grows angry ? Now, whether he kills Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain^s : Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large

Of

—such usage send,—

Usage is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than
uses. JOHNSON.

7 — I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.] This is a passage much contro-
verted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gud-
geon* ; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but
that a man grossly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr.
Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be
a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is
found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*,
a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the
folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubb-
ing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*. Roderigo is called
a quat by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now
termed in low language a *scab*. To *rub to the sense*, is to *rub
to the quick*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-case*, 1623: "O young *quat* ! in-
continence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Horntbook*, 1609: "—whether he
be a *yong quat* of the first yeeres revennew, or some austere
and sullen-faced steward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline* :

" ——— must have their disgraces still new *rubb'd*,

" To make them smart," &c. STEEVENS.

8 — *my gain* : The quartos read—*my game*. STEEVENS.

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona;
 It must not be: If Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
 No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.

[rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
 I will make proof of thine.

Rod. O, I am slain! *[draws, and wounds Roderigo.]*

[Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exits.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!
 murder! *[falls.]*

Enter Othello, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace²: Strumpet, I come:

Forth.

¹ — *that I bobb'd from him,*] That I *sopl'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock, or jeer. Coles renders it in his Dictionary, 1679, by *sanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illusus*.

MALONE.

¹ — *in the leg,*] Iago maims Cassio in the leg, in consequence of what he has just heard him say, from which he supposed that his *body* was defended by some secret armour.

MALONE.

² *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—And your *unblest* fate hies.

STEEVENS.

Forth of my heart³ those charms, thine eyes, are blot-
ted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho! no watch? no passage⁴? murder!
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Caf. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe

To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter

³ — Forth of my heart, &c.] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads, *For of*: perhaps the true reading is, *For off*, &c.

STEEVENS.

For off is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the second folio, and is one of a thousand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the most ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a penitent Sinner*, 1639: "—whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage, two old men," &c.

Again, as Mr. Henley has observed, in *K. Richard III.*

" ——— ! cloath my naked villainy

" With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ."

Again, *ibidem*:

" 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your
grace

" To breakfast once, forth of my company."

MALONE.

⁴ — no passage?] No passenger? no body going by?

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of errors*:

" Now in the stirring passage of the day."

STEEVENS.

⁵ — a heavy night:] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" Upon the heavy middle of the night."

STEEVENS.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Caf. Here, here; for heaven's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Caf. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caf. I think, that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[to Lod. and Gra.]

Rod. O, help me here!

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! *[Iago stabs Rod.]*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod.

6 — *whose noise is this, that cries on murder?*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio 1623; and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, 1605:

“*Who cries on murder? lady, was it you?*”

This line is a parody on one in *The Spanish Tragedy*.—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, for *cries on* substituted *cries out*, and has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
vaunt
The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows³.
O rash false-heat, wrapt in repentant cold⁴
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old⁵ !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
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Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" These heavenly eyes that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make." MALONE.

³ —which in his liver glows.] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

⁴ —wrapt in repentant cold,] The octavo, 1600, reads :
—wrapt in *repentance* cold,
but it was evidently an error of the press. The first copy has *repentant*. MALONE.

To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

—wrapt in *repentant* cold,] So, in *K. John* :

" There is no malice in this burning coal ;

" The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

" And strew'd *repentant* ashes on his head." STEEV.

⁵ *Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by *blights*, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza :

" Unruly *blasts* wait on the tender *spring*."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,

" Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood ;

" A violet in the youth of *primy* nature,

" Forward,

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But

"Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;

"The perfume and suppliance of a minute:

"No more."

Again, in *King Richard III.*:

"Short summers lightly have a forward spring."

Blasts is here a neutral verb; it is used by Sir W. Raleigh in the same manner, in his poem entitled the *Farewell*:

"Tell age, it daily wasteth;

"Tell honour, how it alters;

"Tell beauty, that it *blasteth*;" &c.

In *Venus and Adonis* we find nearly the same sentiment:

"Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;

"Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done."

We have also a kindred sentiment in *King Richard II.*:

"His *raff* fierce *blaze* of riot ne'er can last,

"For violent fires soon burn out themselves."

MALONE.

* *Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

"Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white.—The word intended was, perhaps *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

Thus in *Hamlet* we find *ore* used by our authour manifestly in the sense of *or* or gold:

"O'er whom his very madness, like some *ore*

"Among a mineral of metals base,

"Shews itself pure."

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition; and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner: So, afterwards:

"Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild

"Their *silver* cheeks—." MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

"His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood."

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"——— I have mark'd

"A thousand *blushing* apparitions

"To

But beauty, in that white intituled ⁷,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white,

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white,
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right:
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field ⁸,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ⁹
 Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

F 2

Now

"To start into her face; a thousand innocent flames
 In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*."

STEEVENS.

⁷ —in that *white* intituled,] I suppose he means, *that consists in that whiteness*, or takes its title from it. STEEVENS.
 Our authour has the same phrase in his 37th *Sonnet*:

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,—"

MALONE.

⁸ —in her *fair face's field*,] *Field* is here equivocally used. The *war* of lilies and roses requires a *field* of battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding stanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or surface of a shield or escutcheon armorial.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *This silent war of lilies and of roses,*
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;] There is here much confusion of metaphor. *War* is, in the first line, used merely to signify the *contest* of lilies and roses for superiority; and in the third, as actuating an *army* which takes Tarquin prisoner,

Now think's he that her husband's hollow tongue
 (The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
 In that high talk hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 'Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe'¹,
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear² :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty³ ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

Save

prisoner, and 'encloses his eye in the pure ranks of white and red.

Our authour has the same expression in *Coriolanus* :

" — Our veil'd dames

" Commit the war of white and damask in

" Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

" Of Phœbus' burning kisses."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

" To note the fighting conflict of her hue,

" How white and red each other did destroy." —

MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew* :

" Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

" Such war of white and red within her cheeks !"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

" O, what a war of looks was then between them !"

STEEVENS.

¹ Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,] Praise here signifies the object of praise, i. e. Lucretia. To owe in old language means to possess. MALONE.

² Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. III* :

" The bird that hath been timed in a bush,

" With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush."

STEEVENS.

³ Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty :] So, in *King Lear* :

" Robes and furr'd gowns hide all." STEEVENS.

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes ⁴,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks ⁵,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ⁶ ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight ⁷,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ⁸ ;

Her

⁴ —with stranger eyes,] *Stranger* is here used as an adjective. So, in *K. Richard II* :

" And tread the *stranger* paths of banishment."

MALONE.

⁵ Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,] So, Daniel in his *Rosamond* :

" Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good !

" Sweet silent *rhetorick* of persuading eyes !"

MALONE.

⁶ Writ in the *glassy* margents of such books ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" And what obscur'd in this fair *volumes* lies,

" Find written in the *margin* of his eyes."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" I knew you must be edified by the *margent*, ere you had done."

In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

⁷ Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,] To *moralize* here signifies to *interpret*, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing* : " You have some *moral* in this *Benedictus*." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew* : " —and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens." MALONE.

⁸ With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :] So, in *King Richard III* :

" Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,

" Our *bruised arms* hung up for monuments."

MALONE.

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till fable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison flows the day ¹.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright ¹ ;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece ², and wore out the night :
Now leaden slumber ³ with life's strength doth fight ;

And

¹ *Till fable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison flows the day.*] So, Daniel in his
R. samond, 1592 :

" Com'd was the *night*, mother of sleep and fear,
" Who with her *fable* mantle friendly covers
" The sweet stolne sports of joyful meeting lovers."

Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three subsequent editions.
The octavo, 1616, without any authority, reads thus :

Till fable night, *sad* source of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day. MALONE.

Stows I believe to be the true, though the least elegant,
reading : So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. sc. i : "*Safely flow'd.*"

STEEVENS.

¹ Intending *weariness* with heavy spright ;] Intending is
pretending. MALONE.

² For, after supper, long he questioned
With *modest* Lucrece,—] Held a long conversation. So,
in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."
Again, in *As you Like it* : " I met the duke yesterday, and
had much *question* with him." MALONE.

³— *leaden slumber*—] So, in *K. Richard III* :

" *Let leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow."

STEEVENS.

And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
wakes ⁴.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The fundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining :
Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
'Though death be adjunct ⁵, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, (that which they possess ⁶),
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,

And

⁴ *And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes* T
Thus the quarto. The octavo 1600, reads:—*themselves be-
take*, and in the next line :

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that *wake*.
But the first copy was right. This disregard of concord is
not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our author's
Venus and Adonis :

“ —two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.”

Again, in *The Tempest*, 1623 :

“ — at this hour

“ *Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.*” MALONE.

⁵ *Though death be adjunct,*] So, in *King John* :

“ Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *That what they have not, (that which they possess)*] Thus
the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads :

‘Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,

‘That *oft* they have not that which they possess ;

‘They scatter and unloose it, &c.

The alteration is plausible, but not necessary. If it be ob-
jected to the reading of the first copy, that these misers can-
not scatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do,
as the text now stands,) it should be observed, that the same
objection lies to the passage as regulated in the latter edition ;
for here also they are said to scatter and unloose it, &c. al-
though in the preceding line they were said “ *oft not to have
it.*” Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what
they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be *truly* said to have ;
what

And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such grief sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
 As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill [?], we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious soul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect

The

what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it. Understanding the words in this sense, the old reading may remain.

A similar phraseology is found in Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1592 :

" As wedded widows, *wanting* what we *have*."

Again, in *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, by the same author, 1594 :

" —their state thou ill definest,

" And liv'st to come, in present pinest ;

" *For what thou hast, thou still doth lacke :*

" O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke :

" Vaine promiser of that sweete reste,

" Which never any yet possessest."

" *Tam avaro deest quod habet, quam quod non habet*," is one of the sentences of Publius Syrus.

To these passages quoted in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" Well, lords, *we have not yet that which we have*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" —Thus man——

" Cannot make boast *to have that which he hath*,

" Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection."

MALONE,

" So that in vent'ring ill,—] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read :

So that in vent'ring *all*,——

But there is no need of change. In *venturing ill*, means, *from an evil spirit of adventure, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of*. MALONE.

The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it⁸.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And, for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds*, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days⁹?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night¹,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,

No.

⁸ Make *something* nothing, *by augmenting it.*] Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"—so I *lose* no honour

"By seeking to *augment* it," &c. STEEVENS.

*—*himself* confounds,] i. e. destroys. MALONE.

⁹ and wretched *hateful* days?] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

To slanderous tongues, *the wretched hateful days.*

MALONE.

¹ Now *stole upon the time the dead of night*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—Now o'er the one half world

"Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams* abuse

"The *curtain'd* sleep: now witchcraft celebrates

"Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd murder,

"Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

"Whose *howl's* his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

"With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design

"Moves like a ghost." MALONE.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night.

When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;

No comfortable star did lend his light—

—pure thoughts are dead and still,

While lust and murder wake—] From this and two

following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write *The Fair Penitent*:

"Once in a *lone and secret hour of night*,

"When every eye was *clos'd*, and the pale moon,

"And silent *stars*—

"Fierceness and pride, *The guardians of her honour*,

"Were *lull'd to rest*, and love alone was *waking*."

STEEVENS.

No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :
 Now serves the season that they may surprize
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
 The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm ;
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire ²,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ³ ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
 As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire ⁴.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprize,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust ⁵,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair

² *Doth too too oft betake him to retire,*] That is, Fear betakes himself to flight. MALONE.

³ —*lode-star to his lustful eye* ;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“Your eyes are lode-stars—” STEEVENS.

⁴ *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire.*]

“*Limus ut hic durefcit, et hæc ut cera liquefcit,*

“*Uno eodemque igni ; sic nostro Daphnis amore.*

Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

⁵ *armour of still-slaughter'd lust,*] i. e. still-slaughtering ; unless the poet means to describe it as a passion that is always a-billing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine ⁶ !
And die; unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine !
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed ⁷.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ⁸ !
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression ⁹ is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-fore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive !
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What

⁶ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine !] In *Othello*, we
meet with the same play of terms :

" Put out the light, and then put out the light :—

" If I quench thee," &c. MALONE.

⁷ —love's modest snow-white weed.] *Weed*, in old language,
is garment. MALONE

⁸ —soft fancy's slave !] *Fancy* for love or affection. So, in
A Midsummer-Night's Dream :

" Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers."

MALONE.

⁹ Then my digression—] My deviation from virtue. So, in
Love's Labour's Lost : " I will have that subject newly writ
o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty pre-
cedent." MALONE.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Thy noble shape is but a form in wax ;

" Digression from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

¹ —the scandal will survive,

And be an eye-fore in my golden coat ;

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,] In the
books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned,
by

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 'This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 'This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 'This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O, what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had

by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who "*discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will.*" There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that *revoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours, &c.* In the present instance our authour seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE.

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,] So, in *King John*:

"To look into the blots and stains of right."

Again, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II*:

"No bastard's mark doth blot my conquering shield."

This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot of difference*. STEEVENS.

² *Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?]* So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

"And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease."

MALONE.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :

But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend ³,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known ⁴ :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—*but she is not her own* :
The worst is but denial, and reproving :
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe ⁵.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects ⁶, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth

³ But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,] So, in *Macbeth* :

" First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,

" Strong both against the deed ;—." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Shameful it is* ;—ay, if the fact be known :] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads :

Shameful it is ;—ay, if once the fact be known.

The words in Italicks in the first three lines of this stanza, are supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor. MALONE.

⁵ Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,

Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.] In the old tapestries or *painted cloths* many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *if this be not a good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612 :

" What says the prodigal child in the *painted cloth* ?

MALONE.

⁶ All pure effects,—] Perhaps we should read *affairs*. So, in *Othello* :

" —the young *affairs*

" In me defunct—". MALONE.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing some hard news ⁷ from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay ⁸,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away ⁹.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gawdy banner is display'd ²,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then

⁷ *Fearing some hard news*—] So, in *The Destruction of Troy*, translated by W. Caxton, 5th edit. 1617: "Why, is there any thing (said Deyanira)? what tydings? Lycos answered, *hard tidings*." MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—this is *stiff* news."

The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*red as roses that on lawn we lay*,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"—a sudden pale,

"Like lawn being laid upon the blushing rose."

MALONE.

⁹ —*the roses took away*.] The roses being taken away.

MALONE.

¹ *And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd*,] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which has:

And now her hand, &c. MALONE.

² *And when his gawdy banner is display'd*,] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this* gawdy banner; and in the former part of the stanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, instead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

111

Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age ³ !
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
 Sad pause and deep regard beset the sage ⁴ ;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage ⁵ :
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
 Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust ⁶ :
 Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within.

³ *Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !*
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age, &c.] So, in *K.*
Richard III :

" — I have learn'd that fearful commenting

" Is leaden servitor to dull delay ; —

" Then fire expedition be my guide !"

Respect means, cautious prudence, that coolly weighs all
 consequences. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. i :

" — reason and respect

" Make livers pale, and lustihood deject." MALONE.

⁴ *Sad pause and deep regard beset the sage ;]* *Sad*, in an-
 cient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing :*

" The conference was sadly borne." MALONE.

⁵ *My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :]* The poet
 seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the
Vice of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In these, the *Vice*
 was always victorious, and drove the Devil off the stage.

MALONE.

My part is youth,] Probably the poet was thinking on
 that particular interlude intitled *Lusty Juventus*.

STEEVENS,

⁶ — *heedful fear*

Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.] Thus the old copy.
 So, in *K. Henry IV :*

" And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd

" Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd."

So also, Dryden :

" No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,

" But docks and darnel choke the rising corn."

The modern editions erroneously read :

— *cloak'd* by unresisted lust. STEEVENS.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits ;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline ;
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted, takes the worse part :

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocular show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ⁷ ;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed ⁸.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ⁹ ;
 But as they open, they all-rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ¹ :
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ² ;

Night-

⁷ *Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ —to see the *minutes* how they run,

“ How many make the *hour* full-complete.”

MALONE.

⁸ *The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.*] Thus the quarto 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march*.

MALONE.

⁹ —*retires his ward ;*] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly :

Each one by-one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.

Retires is draws back. Retirer, Fr. So, in *K. Richard II.* :

“ That he, our hope, might have *retir'd* his power.”

MALONE.

¹ *Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;*] Which makes him pause, and consider what he is about to do. So before :

“ —Sad pause and deep regard bescem the sage.”

MALONE.

² —*to have him heard ;*] That is, to discover him ; to proclaim his approach. MALONE.

Night-wandering weefels ³ shriek, to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him flay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ⁴;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies ⁵;
And griping it, the needl his finger pricks ⁶:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks

Is

³ *Night-wandering weefels shriek, &c.*] The property of the weefel is to suck eggs. To this circumstance our author alludes in *As you like it*: "I suck melancholy out of a song, as a weefel sucks eggs." Again, in *King Henry V*:

"For once the eagle England being in prey,

"To her unguarded nest the weefel Scot

"Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Extinguishing his conduct in this case;*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. i:

"Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unfavoury guide—."

MALONE.

⁵ *He takes it from the rushes where it lies.*] The apartments in England being strewn with rushes in our authour's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

"She fearing on the rushes to be hung,

"Striv'd with redoubled strength." MALONE.

⁶ *And griping it, the needl his finger pricks;*] *Needl* for *needle*. Our authour has the same abbreviation in his *Pericles*:

"Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *needl* composes

"Nature's own shape—."

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *needls* created both one flower."

MALONE.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair³,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour⁴,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution⁵;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out⁶, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This

“*Hospis ut hospes init penetralia Collatina.*”
Prey was formerly always spelt *pray*. MALONE.

³—*might compass his fair fair*,] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already observed, was anciently used as a substantive. MALONE.

⁴ *And they would stand auspicious to the hour*,] This false concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhyme. In the second line of the stanza one deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We must therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

“And *he* would stand auspicious to the hour, &c.

STEEVENS.

The same inaccuracy is found in *King Richard III*:

“Richard yet lives, *hell's* black intelligencer,

“Only reserv'd *their* factor, to buy souls,

“And send them thither.”

Again, in the same play. Act I. sc. iii:

“If *heaven* have any grievous plague in store,

“O, let *them* keep it till thy sins be ripe. MALONE.

⁵ The blackest *sin* is *clear'd with absolution*;] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, reads:

Black sin is clear'd with absolution.

Our author has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

⁶ *The eye of heaven*—] So, in *K. Richard II*:

“All places that the *eye of heaven* visits.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Now ere the *sun* advance his burning eye—”.

MALONE.

'This said, his guilty hand 'pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide :
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :
 'Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks ⁷,
 And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon ⁸,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun ⁹,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,

That

⁷ *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,*] That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet, movement, appears from a subsequent passage :

“ For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
 “ With shining falchion in my chamber came
 “ A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
 “ And softly cry'd ———.”

Thus also, in a preceding stanza :

“ Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —Our Tarquin thus
 “ Did *softly press the rushes*, ere he waken'd
 “ The chastity he wounded.”

A person apprehensive of being discovered, naturally takes long steps, the sooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus shorten the moments of danger. MALONE.

⁸ *Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,*] The octavo, 1616, reads—*too soon*. MALONE.

⁹ —*fiery-pointed sun,*] I would read :—*fire-y-pointed*. So, Milton :

“ Under a *fiar-y-pointing* pyramid.” STEEVENS.

I suppose the old reading to be right, because in Shakspeare's edition the word is spelt *ferie-pointed*. MALONE.

That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed ' might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their fight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under ²,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs ³;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling

¹ *In his clear bed*—] *Clear* is pure spotless. MALONE.

²—*her rosy cheek lies under*.] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1600 and the subsequent impressions have *cheeks*.

MALONE.

³ *Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under*,

Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs ;] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is said to have been a great admirer of our authour,) is one entitled, *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. William Shakespeare*; which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem an *imperfect copy of verses*. Perhaps Shakespeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy) on some occasion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was composed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—The variations are distinguished by Italic characters:

I.

" *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,*
" *Cozening the pillow of a lawful kifs;*
" *Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,*
" *As angry to be rabb'd of such a blifs:*
" *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,*
" *While t'other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong."*

II.

" *Out of the bed the other fair hand was,*
" *On a green sattin quilt; whose perfect white*

Look'd

Swelling on either side, to want his blifs ;
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is :
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies †,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night ‡.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light ;
 And

“ Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass * ,
 “ And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight :
 “ There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 “ The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.

III.

“ Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
 “ Strove to imprison beauty till the morn ;
 “ But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
 “ That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn ;
 “ Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 “ Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

IV.

“ Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided
 “ Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did sport ;
 “ But these, as rude, her breath put by still ; some †
 “ Wiselier downward fought ; but falling short,
 “ Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again,
 “ To bite the part so unkindly held them in.”

MALONE.

‡ *Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,*] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly repos'd on *pillows*. Our author has nearly the same image in *Cymbeline* :

“ And be her sense *but as a monument*,
 “ Thus in a chapel lying.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“ You are no woman, but a *monument*. MALONE.

§ *With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.*] So, Dryden:

“ And sleeping flow'rs beneath the *night-dew sweat*.

STEEVENS.

* *Thus far* (says Suckling) *Shakespeare*.

† Suckling probably wrote *divide* in the former lines; and here,

“ But these, as rude, by her breath put still aside,—”

And, canopied in darknefs, sweetly lay ⁶,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
O modeft wantons ! wanton modefty !
Showing life's triumph ⁷ in the map of death ⁸,
And death's dim look in life's mortality :
Each in her sleep themselves fo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife ⁹,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ¹,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew ²,
And him by oath they truly honoured ³.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;

Who,

⁶ *Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darknefs, sweetly lay, &c.]* So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —The flame o' the taper

“ Bows towards her, and would underpeep her lids,

“ To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

“ Under these windows.” MALONE.

⁷ Showing *life's triumph*—] The octavo, 1616, reads *Showing*. MALONE.

⁸ —in the map of death,] So, in *King Richard II* :

“ Thou map of honour.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *As if between them twain there were no strife,*

But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ That death and nature do contend about them,

“ Whether they live or die.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

“ —Nature and sickness

“ Debate it at their leisure.” MALONE.

¹ *A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,] Maiden worlds !
How happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath so
long lain by thy side ? Verily, it insinuateth thee of coldness.*

AMNER.

² *Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,] So, Ovid,
describing Lucretia in the same situation :*

“ Effugiet ? positis urgetur pectora palmis,

“ Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu.”

MALONE.

³ *And him by oath they truly honoured.] Alluding to the an-
cient practice of swearing domesticks into service. So, in
Cymbeline :*

Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out ⁴.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd ⁵.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin slay
His rage of lust, by gazing qualified ⁶;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, sell exploits effecting ⁷,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,

"Her servants are all sworn and honourable."

STEEVENS.

The *matrimonial* oath was, I believe, alone in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

⁴ —to heave the owner out.] So, in a subsequent stanza:

"My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee."

The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—to have the owner out. MALONE.

⁵ And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.] This may mean—He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do. To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh." Perhaps we should read—And on his will, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ —by gazing qualified:] i. e. softened, abated, diminished. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—I have heard

"Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*

"His rigorous courses." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*: "I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." MALONE.

⁷ —sell exploits effecting,] Perhaps we should read—*affecting*.

STEEVENS.

The

Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge⁸, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand⁹;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land¹;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
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The preceding line, and the two that follow, support, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onset; but the slaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are supposed to be actually *employed* in carnage:

"——for pillage *fighting*,

"Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *respecting*." The subsequent line,

"Swell in their pride, the onset still *expecting*," refers, not to the *slaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

⁸ Gives the *hot charge*,—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"——proclaim no shame,

"When the compulsive ardour *gives the charge*."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *His eye commends the leading to his hand*;] 'To commend' in our authour's time sometimes signified to *commit*, and has that sense here. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—commend it strangely to some place,

"Where chance may nurse, or end it."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"His glittering arms he will *commend* to rust."

MALONE.

¹ *On her bare breast, the heart of all her land*;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—the very *heart of loss*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"——I will wear him

"In my heart's core; ay, in my *heart of heart*."

MALONE.

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some gaffly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;
What terrour 'tis ! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The fight which makes supposed terror true ².

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ³ ;
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes :
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ⁴ ;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights ⁵,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful fights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress'd,

Wounding.

² *The fight which makes supposed terror true.*] The octave, 1616, and the modern editions, read :

—which makes supposed terror true. MALONE.

³ *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;*] So Ovid, describing Lucretia in the same situation :

“ Illa nihil ; neque enim vocem viresque loquendi

“ Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.

“ Sed tremat—.” MALONE.

⁴ *Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ These are the forgeries of jealousy.” STEEVENS.
Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ This is the very coinage of your brain :

“ This bodiless creation ecstasy

“ Is very cunning in.” MALONE.

⁵ —*the eyes fly from their lights,*] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ His coward lips did from their colour fly.”

STEEVENS.

Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Bearing her bulk, that his hand shakes withal ⁶.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city ⁷.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin ⁸,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers-urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face ⁹
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace ¹.)

G 2

Shall

⁶ *Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.*] Bulk is frequently used by our authour, and other ancient writers, for *body*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

"And end his being." MALONE.

⁷ *To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

"And long upon these terms I held my city,

"Till thus he 'gan besiege me."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "—marry, in blowing him down again, with the *breach* yourselves made, you lose your city." MALONE.

⁸ *—o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—fresh lily,

"And whiter than the sheets." MALONE.

So, Otway, in *Venice Preserved*:

"—in virgin sheets,

"White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Under what colour he commits this ill.*

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face—] The same play on the same words occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"—this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John."

STEEVENS.

¹ *And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,*] A thought somewhat similar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan*:

"—labra rebenus

"Non rosea æquaret, nisi primo victa fuisset;

"Et pudor augeret quem dat natura ruborem."

STEEVENS.

Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort * ; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight ²,
 Which I to conquer fought with all my might ;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting ³ ;
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks †, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated ⁴, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;
 But nothing can affection's course control,

Or

* *Under that colour am I come to scale*
Thy never-conquer'd fort :] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and*
Leander :

"—every limb did, as a souldier stout,
 "Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out :
 "For though the rising ivory mount he *scal'd*,
 "Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
 "Much like a globe," &c.

We have had in a former stanza—

"Her *breasts* like ivory globes circled with blue."

MALONE.

²—*my earth's delight,*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

"My sole *earth's* heaven." STEEVENS.

³ I think *the honey guarded with a sting* ;] *I am aware that*
the honey is guarded with a sting. MALONE.

†—*on what he looks,*] i. e. on what he looks on.—Many in-
 stances of this inaccuracy are found in our authour's plays.

MALONE.

⁴ *I see what crosses*—

I have debated, &c.] On these stanzas Dr. Young might
 have

Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed;
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a faulcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade;
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee.
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him,

So

have founded the lines with which he dismisses the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a similar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Bufris*:

"Destruction full of transport! Lo I come
"Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom;
"I know the danger, and I know the shame;
"But, like our phoenix, in so rich a frame
"I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
"And dote on death in that luxurious bed." STEEV.

⁵ —like a faulcon towering in the skies,

Coucheth the fowl below—] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew
"As faulcon doth the fowl."

I am not certain but that we should read—*Cov'reth*. To couch the fowl may, however, mean, to make it couch; as to brave a man, in our author's language, signifies either to insult him, or to make him brave, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "—thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me," Petruchio is speaking to the taylor.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —as fowl hear faulcons' bells.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"—not he that loves him best
"Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells."

STEEVENS.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ⁷ ;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy ⁸ :
 And thou, the authour of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes ⁹ ,
 And sung by children in succeeding times ¹ .

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted

In

⁷ The scornful mark of every open eye ;] So, in *Othello* :

“ A fixed figure for the time of scorn.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* : “ That’s as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their father’s names, and therefore have *no names*.” The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*. MALONE.

⁹ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,] So, in *King Henry IV. P. I* :

“ He made a blushing cital of his faults.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ —for we cite our faults.” STEEVENS.

¹ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,

And sung by children in succeeding times.] So, in *King Richard III* :

“ —Thence we looked towards England,

“ And cited up a thousand heavy times.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —Saucy listers

“ Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers

“ *Ballad* us out o’tune,”

Qui me commōrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.” *Hor.*

Thus elegantly imitated by Pope :

“ Whoe’er offends, at some unlucky time

“ Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;

“ Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,

“ And the sad burthen of some merry song.”

MALONE.

In a pure compound²; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit³: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe⁴, or birth-hour's blot⁵:
For marks defcried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy⁶.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing-eye⁷,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,

Like

² In a pure compound—] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 reads:

"In purest compounds— MALONE.

A thought somewhat similar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Within the infant rind of this small flower

"Poison hath residence, and medicine power," STEEV.

³ Tender my suit:—] Cherish, regard my suit. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Tender yourself more dearly." MALONE.

⁴ Worse than a slavish wipe,] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MALONE.

⁵ —or birth-hours blot:] So, in *King John*:

"If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

"Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

"Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,—

"Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

"I would not care."

It appears that in Shakespeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of blot. Thus, in the play above quoted:

"To look into the bolts and stains of right."

But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

⁶ For marks defcried in men's nativity

Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

"As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty)—

STEEVENS.

⁷ —with a cockatrice' dead killing eye,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"From the death-darting eye of cockatrice." STEEV.

Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws *,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat *,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which

* *Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,*] So, in *King Richard III* :

" Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house ;

" *The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.*"

All the modern editions read :

— *beneath the gripe's sharp claws.*

The quarto, 1594, has :

Like a white hinde *under the grype's sharp claws*—

The *gryphon* was meant, which in our author's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Dodley's old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 124, where *gripe* seems to be used for *vultur* :

" — Ixion's wheele,

" Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte."

Ferrex and Porrex.

It was also a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in B. Jonson's *Alchemist* :

" — let the water in glasse be filter'd,

" And put into the *gripe's* egg."

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for *gripping* their prey in their talons, were occasionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

* Look, *when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,*] The quarto, 1594, reads: *But* when, &c. For the emendation I am responsible.

But was evidently a misprint; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before :

" Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,—

" Even so —"

Again, in a subsequent stanza, we have :

" Look, as the full-fed hound, &c.

" So surfeit-taking Tarquin—"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

" Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd,—

" So she with fearful eyes.—" MALONE.

Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak-mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly¹,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face²;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
'That twice she doth begin³, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And sloop to honour, not to foul desire.

G 5

Quoth

¹ *his vultur folly,*] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello*:

"She turn'd to *folly*, and she was a whore." MALONE.

² *In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;*] *Remorseless* is *pitiless*. MALONE.

³ *She puts the period often from his place,*
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,

That twice she doth begin,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Make *periods* in the *midst* of *sentences*,

"Throttle their practis'd *accent* in their fears,"

"And in conclusion dumbly have *broke off*," &c.

STEEVENS

Quoth she, reward not hospitality *
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended † ;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended ‡ :

He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me :
 'Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
 If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;

All

* *reward not hospitality, &c.*] So, in *King Lear* :

"—my *hospitable* favours

" You should not rustle thus." STEEVENS.

† —*pretended* ;] i. e. proposed to thyself. So, in *Macbeth* :

"—Alas the day !

" What good could they *pretend* ?" STEEVENS.

‡ *End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended* :] It is manifest from the context, that the authour intended the word *shoot* to be taken in a double sense ; *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605 :

" But there's the other black-browes, a shrood girl,

" She hath wit at will, and *shuters* two or three."

Again, in *The Puritan*, a Comedy, 1607 :

" Enter the *Sutors*.

" Are not these *archers* ?—what do you call them—*shooters*," &c.

Again, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580 : " There was a lady in Spaine, who after the death of her father had three *suters*, and yet never a good *archer*," &c. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the least equivouque. A sentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth* :

"—the murd'rous shaft that's shot,

" Hath not yet lighted."

He is no wood-man that doth *bend his bow*, very strongly supports my opinion. STEEVENS.

There is no doubt that *shoot* was one of the ideas intended to be conveyed. It is, in my apprehension, equally clear, that the *suit* or solicitation of a lover was also in our authour's thoughts. *Shoot* (the pronunciation of the two words being granted to be the same) suggests both ideas.—The passage quoted

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate⁷.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
'To all the host of heaven I complain me,
'Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name,
'Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring⁸?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king⁹?
O, be remember'd¹, no outrageous thing

From

quoted from *Macbeth*, in the preceding note, does not, as I conceive, prove any thing. The word *but* has *there* its usual signification, and no double meaning *could* have been intended.

MALONE.

⁷ *Soft pity enters at an iron gate.*] Meaning, I suppose, the gates of a prison. STEEVENS.

⁸ *How will thy shame be seeded in thine age;*

When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?] This thought is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——the seeded pride,

"That hath to its maturity grown up

"In rank Achilles, must or now be crop'd,

"Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,

"To over-bulk us all." STEEVENS.

⁹ *If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,*

What dar'st thou not when thou art once a king?] This sentiment reminds us of King Henry IV.th's question to his son:

"When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

"What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?"

STEEVENS.

¹ *O, be remember'd,*] Bear it in your mind. So, in *King Richard II.*

"——joy being wanting,

"It doth remember me the more of sorrow."

MALONE.

From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay ².

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove ;
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;
For princes are the glafs, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look ³.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glafs, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill,
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault *, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?
Think

² *Then king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.*] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*; 1580 :

" Mine owne good father, thou art gone ; thine ears
are stopp'd with clay."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577 :

" The corps clapt fast in clotted clay,

" That here engrav'd doth lie." MALONE.

³ *For princes are the glafs, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

" He was the mark and glafs, copy and book,

" That fashion'd others."

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.*

MALONE.

* —pattern'd by thy fault,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :

" By this my pattern, all ye peers, beware."

MALONE.

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier⁴;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal⁵;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide⁶,
And with the wind in greater fury fret⁷:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste⁸.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,

Who

⁴ *Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;*] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1616 has—*thy rash reply*. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads:

Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire. MALONE.

⁵ —*for exil'd majesty's repeal;*] For the recall of exiled majesty. So, in one of our authour's plays:

“——if the time thrust forth

“A cause for thy repeal—.” MALONE.

⁶ *Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,*] So, in *K. Hen. VI.*:

“A little fire is quickly trodden out,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And with the wind in greater fury fret:]* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.*] The octavo 1616, reads:

Add to this flow, but alter not the taste. MALONE.

Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed,¹
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed :

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave² ;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
 The cedar floops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
 No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee ;
 Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
 Instead of love's coy touch², shall rudely tear thee ;
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,

When

¹ *Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed,*] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616, reads, unintelligibly :

Thy sea within a puddle womb is herfed.

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads :

Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

Our author has again used the verb to *herse* in *Hamlet* :

" Why thy canoniz'd bones, *herfed* in death,

" Have burst their excrements." MALONE.

² *So shall these slaves be kings, and thou their slave,*] In *King Lear* we meet with a similar allusion :

" —it seem'd she was a queen

" Over her *passion*, who, most rebel-like,

" Sought to be king o'er her." MALONE.

² —*love's coy touch,*—] i. e. the delicate, the respectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ³ ;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears ⁴ ,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed ⁵ !
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life ⁶ ,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife ;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain :
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look,

³ *The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;*]

" Illa nihil:—

" Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,

" Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo." *Ovid.*

I have never seen any translation of the *Faust* so old as the time of Shakspeare; but Mr. Coxeter in his manuscript notes mentions one printed about the year 1570. MALONE.

⁴ *For with the nightly linen that she wears,*] Thus the first quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

For with the *mighty* linen, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!*] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600 instead of *prone* has *proud*. That of 1616 and the modern copies *foul*. *Prone* is headstrong, forward, prompt. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense:

" —in her youth

" There is a *prone* and speechless dialect." MALONE.

Thus, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: " Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *But she hath lost, &c.*] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida:

" Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem

" Deveniant, puto ulterius nihil addere curet."

STEEVENS.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt⁷,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire⁸.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit-brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd⁹;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She

⁷ *Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

"To make *desire vomit* emptiness." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire:*] So, in *King Henry VIII* :

"—Anger is like

"A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

"Self-mettle tires him." STEEVENS.

⁹ —*his soul's fair temple is defac'd;*] So, in *Macbeth* :

"Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

"The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

"The life of the building." MALONE.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and make her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual :
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ¹ ;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
Leaving his spoil ² perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a theevish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night :
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ³,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away ⁴ :
He in his speed looks for the morning light,

She

¹ —that hath lost in gain ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :
“ —teach me how to lose a winning match—”

STEEVENS.

² Leaving his spoil—] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ —Set them down

“ For fluttish spoils of opportunity,

“ And daughters of the game.” MALONE.

³ Hence there departs a heavy convertite,] A convertite is a convert. Our authour has the same expression in *King John* :

“ But, since you are a gentle convertite,

“ My tongue shall hush again this storm of war.”

MALONE.

⁴ —a hopeless cast-away :] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That ever I should call thee cast-away ! STEEVENS.

She prays she never may behold the day :
 For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay ;
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be ⁵,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind ⁷.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest, to cloke so pure a mind ⁸.
 Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, com-

⁵ For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay ;] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

"The gaudy blabing, and remorseful day." STEEV.

A passage in *The Winter's Tale* may serve to ascertain the meaning of *night's scapes* here: "Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne!—Sure some *scape*: though I am not very bookish, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *scape*."

Escapium is a barbarous Latin word, signifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE.

⁶ —in darkness be,] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority :

—they still in darkness lie. MALONE.

⁷ Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.] This passage will serve to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnson's emendation in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iv.

"I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first." STEEVENS.

⁸ She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest, to cloke so pure a mind."] So, in *King Richard II.*

"A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

"Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast." MALONE.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
 With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time !
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair ² ;
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ³ ;
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick ⁴,

That

¹ O comfort-killing night ! image of hell !] So, in *King Henry V* :

"Never sees horrid night, the child of hell."

STEEVENS.

² Black stage for tragedies—] In our authour's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. MALONE.

³ Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair,] So, in *King Lear* :

"—infect her beauty,

"Ye fen-suck'd fogs,—." STEEVENS.

⁴ —noon-tide prick ;] So, in one of our authour's plays :

"And make an evening at the noon-tide prick."

i. e. the point of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571 :

"It pricketh fast upon noon." STEEVENS.

Again in *Acolastus his After-awitte*, 1600 :

"Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide prick."

MALONE.

⁵ And let thy misty vapours march so thick,] The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before :

"Muster

That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child ⁵),
The silver-shining queen he would disdain ⁶;
Her twinkling handmaids ⁷ too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again ⁸:
So should I have copartners in my pain:

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage ⁹,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage ¹.

Where

"Must'ry thy *mists* to meet the eastern light."

Again:

"—*misty* night

"Covers the shame that follows such delight."

MALONE.

⁵ —(as he is but night's child,) The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —he would disdain;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.

Dr. Sewell, unwilling to print nonsense, altered this to—

"—him would *disdain*." MALONE.

⁷ Her twinkling handmaids—] That is, *the stars*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,

"And by herself, I will not tell you whose."

MALONE.

⁸ Through night's black bosom should not peep again:] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Nor heaven *peep* through the blanket of the dark,

"To cry, *hold, hold*." MALONE.

⁹ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,] So, in *King Lear*:

"But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'er-skip,

"When *grief* hath mates, and bearing *fellowship*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—or if *sour* woe delight in fellowship—."

So Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, B. I.

"Men *saie*, to wretch is consolation,

"To have another fellow in his pain." MALONE.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I believe this is a line of Cato's distichs. It is found in a common school book; *Synopsis communium locorum*.

STEEVENS.

¹ As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The octavo, 1616, and all the modern editions; read, unintelligibly:

"As

Where now ² I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows *, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ³;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wafting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade ⁴!

Make

"As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] So, in *King Richard II*:

"—rough uneven ways

"Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

"And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

"Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

Again; *ibid*:

"—wanting your company,

"Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

"The tediousness and process of my travel."

STEEVENS.

² Where now—] *Where for whereas.* MALONE.

* *To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,*
To mask their brows,—] So, in *Macheth*:

"What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

"Give sorrow words." MALONE.

³ *Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;*] So, in *Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint*:

"Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine,

"Which season'd woe had pelleted in tears."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—"tears,—the best
brine a maiden can season her praise in." MALONE.

⁴ *May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!*] The word
sepulcher'd is thus accented by Milton, in his *Verses on our*
author:

"And so sepulcher'd in such pomp does lie,

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

MALONE.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
 The light will shew, character'd ⁵ in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow :
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote ⁶ my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ⁷ ;
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :
 Feast-finding minstrels ⁸, tuning my defame :
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unpotted :
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are ratted ;
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen

⁵ —character'd *in my brow*,] So, in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592 :

" And if a *brow* with care's *characters* painted—"

This word was, I suppose, thus accented when our authour wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the same manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retain'd.

MALONE.

⁶ *Will quote*—] *Will mark or observe*. So, in *Hamlet* :

" I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

" I had not *quoted* him." MALONE.

⁷ *And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name* ;] The power with which the poet here invests the name of Tarquin, has been attributed to the famous John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, and to our King Richard I.. MALONE.

Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian* :

" Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable name

" Be longer us'd to *still the crying babe*." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Feast-finding minstrels*.—] Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts. I question whether Homer's *Demodocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! creft-wounding, private-fear !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar ?
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas, how many bear fuch shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows !

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey loft, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ranfack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And fuck'd the honey which thy chafte bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue :—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is prophan'd in fuch a devil !

Why

“ —may read the mot afar,] The motto, or word, as it was
sometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*,
1609 :

“ *The word, lux tua vita mihi.*”

Again, in the title of Nash's *Have with you to Saffron
Walden*, 1596 : “ —The motto or pæsie, instead of *omne tulit
punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam.*”

The modern editions read unintelligibly :

“ —may read the mot : afar. MALONE.

“ Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ;] The old copy
reads, I think, corruptly :

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ;
Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make sense by a different punctu-
ation :

“ Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?

But this does not correspond with the next verse, where the
words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory,
but affirmative. *Guilty* was, I am persuaded, a misprint.
Though the first quarto seems to have been printed under our
author's inspection, we are not therefore to conclude that it
is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakspeare was
probably

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud² ?
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts³ ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
 But no perfection is so absolute⁴,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits ;
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits⁵ ;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So

probably not a very diligent corrector of his sheets ; and however attentive he might have been, I am sorry to be able to observe, that, notwithstanding an editor's best care, some errors will happen at the press,

If the present emendation be not just, and the authour wrote *guilty*, then undoubtedly there was some error in the subsequent line. Shakspeare might have written—

" Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?

" No ; for thy honour did I entertain him."

The compositor's eye might have glanced a second time on the first line, and thus the word *Yet* might have been inadvertently repeated. MALONE.

² *Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?*] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

" But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

" Feed on her damask cheek." MALONE.

³ *Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?*] Folly is, I believe, here used as in scripture, for wickedness. *Gentle* is *well-born*. MALONE.

⁴ *But no perfection is so absolute,*] So complete. So, in *Pericles* :

" ——— still she vies

" With *absolute* Marina."

Perhaps *But* has here the force of—*But that*. MALONE.

—*no perfection is so absolute,*

That some impurity doth not pollute.] So, in *Othello* :

" —Where's that *palace*, where into *soul* things

" Sometimes intrude not ?" STEEVENS.

⁵ *And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;*] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads :

And useless *bans* the harvest of his wits.

This has been followed in all the modern editions. MALONE.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young⁶;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed fours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou ser'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath⁷;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:

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H

Thou

⁶ So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young; &c.] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—Thou hast nor youth nor age,
"But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
"Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
"Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
"Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
"Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
"To make thy riches pleasant." MALONE.

⁷ Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—women are not
"In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
"The ne'er-touch'd vestal." STEEVENS.

Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a publick fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name⁸;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste⁹;
Thy violent vanities can never last¹.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend;
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour² great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physick to the sick, ease to the pain'd?

The

⁸ *Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;*] *Thy flattering titles.* So, in *King-Lear*:

"Such smiling rogues as these—

"—smooth ev'ry passion

"That in the nature of their lords rebels."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"—The sinful father

"Seem'd not to strike, but smooth."

The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority:

Thy smoth'ring titles.—

A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name.

MALONE.

⁹ *Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;*] So, in *Othello*: "—the food that to him now is *luscious* as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*." STEEVENS.

¹ *Thy violent vanities can never last.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,

"And in their triumph die."

Again, in *Othello*: "it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou shalt see an *answerable sequestration*." MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expression in *King Henry VIII*: Scene I.

STEEVENS.

² *When wilt thou sort an hour—*] When wilt thou choose out an hour. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Let us into the city presently

"To sort some gentlemen well-skill'd in musick."

MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"But I will sort a *pitchy day* for thee." STEEVENS.

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds³ ;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
They buy thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd⁴
As well to hear as grant what he hath said,
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;
Guilty of incest, that abomination :
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate⁵ of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,

H 2

Base

³ *Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;*] While infection is spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard against its further progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly used for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,

“ That thus without *advice* begin to love her ?”

MALONE.

This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*and thou art well appay'd,*] *Appay'd* is *pleased*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁵ —*cofesmate*—] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale* :
“ Till that the foe his *cofesmate* he had found.”

STEEVENS.

Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nurfest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes⁶;
To eat up errors by opinion bred⁷,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right⁸;

To

⁶ *Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes;*] It is the business of time to soften and *refine* the animosities of men; to sooth and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read, without authority or meaning:

—to find the hate of foes. MALONE.

"To fine the hate of foes," is to bring it to an end. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"—still the *fine's* the crown,

"What'e'r the course, the end is the renown."

The same thought has already occurred in the poem before us:

"When wilt thou sort an hour *great strifes to end*?"

STEEVENS.

⁷ *To eat up errors by opinion bred.*] This likewise is represented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale*:

"—that make and *unfold error*." STEEVENS.

⁸ *To wrong the wronger till he render right;*] To *punish* by the *compunctions* *visiting of conscience* the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time, must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it:—"Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*, &c."

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours⁹,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments¹,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents²,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs³;

To

⁹ *To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours.*] As we have here no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read:

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers*. STEEV.

Hours is surely the true reading. In the preceding address to *Opportunity* the same words are employed:

"Wrath, envy, treason; rape, and murder's rages,

"*Thy* heinous *hours* wait on them as their pages."

So, in our authour's 19th *Sonnet*:

"Devouring *Time*—

"O, carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow."

Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time's* young *howres* attend her still."

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours—is, to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—*with his hours*; but the poet having made *Lucretia* address *Time* personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage—
probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

¹ *To fill with worm-holes stately monuments.*] So, in the induction to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"Between the royal field of Shrewsbury,

"And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone."

MALONE.

² *To blot old books, and alter their contents.*] Our authour probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devastation than any that has appeared since the first use of types. MALONE.

³ *To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs.*] The last two words, if they make any sense, it is such as is strictly contrary to the sentiment here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, and not the *repairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote:

To dry the old oak's sap, and *tarish* springs;
i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tarissement*,
exarescere.

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To

exaresacere, exsiccatio: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote:

— and *perish* springs;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense.

If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its *destructive* qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its *progress* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

“To wake the morn, and sentinel the night—

“And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel.”

In others, its salutary effects are pointed out :

“To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,—

“To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—

“To wrong the wronger till he render right.”

Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptance? It is the office of time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant:

“To make the child a man, the man a child—”

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecillity of childhood.

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollet) the *shoots* of young trees; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap; on the other, to *cherish* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our authour's 15th Sonnet :

“When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increase,

“*Cheered* and check'd even by the self-same sky—.”

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* have this signification in many ancient English books; and the word is again used in the same sense in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“Even in the spring of love thy love *springs* rot.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“This canker, that eats up love's tender *spring*.”

MALONE.

In Holinshed's *Description of England*, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. “We have manie woods,

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wreck!

Thou

woods, forests, and parks, which *cherish* trees abundantly, beside infinite numbers of hedge-rows, groves, and *spring*s, that are maintained," &c. TOLLET.

+ *To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.*] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of cast iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

Mr. Henly observes to me, that "—the poet rather alluded to those portcullises of iron, from which even the strongest castles derived their strength. Thus in his 65th *Sonnet*:

"O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor GATES OF STEEL so strong, but TIME DE-
"CAYS?"

These lines fully support the opinion above stated.—A *gate of steel* is again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure, and his heat." MALONE.

5 *One poor retiring minute in an age*] *Retiring* here signifies returning, coming back again. MALONE.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance crosst Tarquin in his flight :
 Devise extremes beyond extremity ⁶,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil ⁷,

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances ⁸,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan ; but pity not his moans :
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ⁹ ;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair ¹,
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,

Let

⁶ — *extremes beyond extremity*,] So, in *King Lear* :

“ — to make much more,

“ And *top extremity*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil*.] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ How easy is a *bush* suppos'd a bear ?

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ The thief doth fear each *bush* an officer.” STEEV.

⁸ *Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright*,—

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances, &c.] Here we find in embryo that scene of *King Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghosts of those whom he had slain.

MALONE.

⁹ — *with harden'd hearts, harder than stones* ;] So, in *Othello* :

“ — my heart is turn'd to stone ;

“ I strike it, and it hurts my hand.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — throw my heart

“ Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“ Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“ And finish all foul thoughts.” MALONE.

¹ *Let him have time to tear his curled hair, &c.*] This now common fashion is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristic of a person of rank. So, in *Othello* :

“ The

Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime²
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:

H 5

For

"The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation—"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If she first met the *curled* Antony,—"

This and the next stanza, and many other passages both of the present performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inserted, with very slight variations, in a poem entitled *Acolastus his After-witte*, by S. Nicholson, 1600; a circumstance which I should hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the same poem is also found a line taken from *The third Part of Henry VI.* and a passage evidently copied from *Hamlet*; from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet discovered.

MALONE.

Surely a passage short as the first of these referred to, might have been carried away from the play-house by an auditor of the weakest memory. Of Hamlet's address to the ghost, the idea, not the language, is preserved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during representation:

STEEVENS.

² *And ever let his unrecalling crime—*] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecallable*. This licentious use of the participle is common in the writings of our authour and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all subsequent, reads:—his unrecalling *time*. MALONE.

For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave³?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is mis'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night⁴, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words⁵, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw⁶,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In

³ *As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?*] i.e. executioner. So, in one of our authour's plays:

"—he's dead; I am only sorry

"He had no other *death's-man*." STEEVENS.

⁴ —*sightless night*,—] So, in *King John*:

"—thou and *eyeless night*

"Have done me shame." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Out, idle words*,—] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1607, has *Our idle words*,—which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority: *O, idle words*—. *Out* is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet used in the north. MALONE.

⁶ *For me, I force not argument a straw*,] I do not *value* or *esteem* argument. So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,
Had served her, who forced not what paynes he
did endure—"

Again,

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words ^a doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame ;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death :
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath ;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;
So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O ! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give

A badge

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forswear."

MALONE.

[*At time, at Tarquin and uncheerful night ;*] The octavo, 1607, and all the subsequent copies, have ;—*unsearchful* night. *Uncheerful* is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

^a *This helpless smoke of words*—] So, in *King John* :

" They shoot but calm words folded up in *smoke*."

STEEVENS.

A badge of fame to slander's livery⁹ ;
 A dying life to living infamy :
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth ;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth¹ :
 He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate ;
 And with my trespass never will dispense,
 Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
 My fable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
 My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,
 As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By

⁹ *A badge of fame to slander's livery ;*] In our authour's time the servants of the nobility all wore silver *badges* on their *liveries*, on which the arms of their masters were engraved.

MALONE.

¹ *This bastard graff shall never come to growth :*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—*This bastard graft*.—The true reading was supplied by the earliest copy.

MALONE.

This sentiment is adopted from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, ch. 4, v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *bastard slips*, nor lay any fast foundation." The same allusion is employed in one of our author's historical plays. STEEVENS.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping*;
Mock with thy tinkling beams eyes that are sleeping
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child²,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:

Sometime

* *Revealing day through every cranny spies;—
To whom she sobbing speaks: O, eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;]*
So Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Creseide*, B. III.
"O cruel day, accuser of the joy
"That love and night have stole,—
"Envious day, what list thou so to spy?
"What hast thou lost? why seekest thou this place?
"There God thy light so quench for his grace."

MALONE.

² *True grief is fond and testy as a child,]* Fond, in old language, is foolish. MALONE.

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords³.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody⁴;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company⁵;
Grief best is pleas'd with Grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb⁶!

(My

³ *Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords,*] Thus,
Lothario speaking of Calista:

"At first *her rage was dumb, and wanted words*;
"But when the storm found way, *'twas wild and loud*;
"Mad as the priestesses of the Delphick god," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody*:] So the unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:

"This *musick mads* me, let it sound no more;
"For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
"In me it seems it will make wise men mad."

Shakspeare has here (as in all his writings) shewn an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the pressure of grief will readily acknowledge that "mirth doth search the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

⁵ *Sad souls are slain in merry company*:] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Oh, I am *stab'd with laughter*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And in my hearing be you mute and dumb*!] The same pleonasm of expression is found in *Hamlet*:

"Or give my heart a working *mute and dumb*."

The

(My restless discord loves no stops * nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests ? :)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ? ;
Distress likes dumps ? when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear :

For

The editor of the octavo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:

And in my hearing be you *ever* dumb. MALONE.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb

Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,

And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;

A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests ;) Thus, Calista:

"Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,

"Nor let thy fond officious love disturb

"My solemn sadness with the sound of joy." STEEV.

* —no stops,] This word is used here in a musical sense. So, in the Prologue to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"Rumour is a pipe—

"And of so easy and so plain a stop,—" MALONE.

? A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks."

STEEVENS.

8. Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *ralish*, which was either used in the same sense as *relish*, or was a different mode of spelling the same word. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the same manner as here:

"If any pleasing *relish* here I use,

"Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same.

"O happy ground that makes the *musick* such—"

If ears be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleased*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting*:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—" MALONE.

9. Distress likes dumps—] A *dump* is a melancholy song. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"—to their instruments

"Tune a deploring *dump*." MALONE.

For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill¹.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink², shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day³,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out⁴; and there we will unfold.

To

¹ *While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.*] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was ravish'd by Tereus, the husband of her sister Progne.—According to the fable, she was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a swallow.

There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense:—*with* better skill, but this will not suit the metre. In a preceding line, however, the preposition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the sense, is omitted as here:

“For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

All the copies have:

While thou on Tereus *descants* better skill.

This kind of error (*descants* for *descant'st*) occurs in almost every page of our authour's plays. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I say *perhaps*, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain:)

—I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,

While thou on Tereus' descant'st better *skill*. STEEV.

² *Who, if it wink,—*] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is—*Which* heart, *if* the eye wink, *shall* fall, &c. MALONE.

³ *—thou sing'st not in the day,*]—So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“The *nightingale*, if *she* should sing by day,

“When every goose is cackling, would be thought

“No better a musician than the wren.” MALONE.

⁴ *Some dark deep desert*, seated from the way, &c.

Will we find out—] Thus *Calista*:

“—my sad soul

“Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,

“Such a retreat *as I would wish to find*,

“An *unfrequent* vale.” STEEVENS.

To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds ;
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better ⁵ ,
When life is sham'd and death reproaches debtor ⁶ .

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion ⁷ ,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her

⁵ *To live or die which of the twain were better,*] So, *Hamlet* :
" To be, or not to be, that is the question."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.*] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive case :—When death is the debtor of *reproach*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" I do wander every where
" Swifter than the *moones* sphere."

She debates whether she should not rather destroy herself than live ; life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her death being a *debt* which she owes to the *reproach* of her conscience. MALONE.

⁷ *That mother tries a merciless conclusion,*] A merciless practice ; a cruel *experiment*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" —she hath assay'd
" *Conclusions* infinite to die." MALONE.

Her house is sack'd⁸, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole⁹,
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath¹.
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent²,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
 The one will live, the other being dead:
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,

By

⁸ *Her house is sack'd,*—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—tell me, that I may sack

“The hated mansion.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole, &c.]* So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“—with a little pin

“Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.]* So, in *Othello*:

“—There lies your niece,

“Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd.”

MALONE.

² *Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,]* The first copy has, by an apparent error of the press:

Which for him tainted—

The correction was made in the octavo, 1598. MALONE.

By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will³ ;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill :
My life's foul-deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies⁴.

Poor

³ Thou, *Collatine*, *shalt oversee this Will* ;] Thus the quarto.
The edition of 1616 has :

Then Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The *overseer* of a will was, I suppose, designed as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his *executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his *overseers*. STEEVENS.

Overseers were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors ; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors,) invested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added three *supervisors*.

MALONE.

⁴ — *with thought's feathers flies*.] So, in *King John* :

" — set *feathers* to thy heels,

" And fly like *thought*." STEEVENS.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-flow tongue, true mark of modesty⁵;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow⁶,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery :)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set⁷,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye⁸;
Even so the maid with swelling drops' gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night⁹.

A pretty

⁵ *With soft flow tongue, true mark of modesty;*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

"Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

"With soft-low tongue and lowly courtesy."

In *King Lear* the same praise is bestowed on Cordelia :

"—Her voice was ever soft,

"Gentle and low:—an excellent thing in woman."

MALONE.

⁶ *And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,*] To sort is to choose out. So before :

"When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end.

MALONE.

⁷ —as the earth doth weep, the sun being set, &c.] So in *Romeo and Juliet* ;

"When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,"

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Each flower moistened like a melting eye;*] So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye ;

"And when she weeps, weeps every little flower."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.* So, in Dryden's *Oedipus* :

"Thus weeping blind like dewy night upon thee."

STEEVENS.

A pretty while ¹ these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling ² :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
 Grieving themselves to guests at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ³ ;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then call them not the authours of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil ⁴ .

Their

¹ *A pretty while*—] *Pretty* seems formerly to have sometimes had the signification of *petty*,—as in the present instance. So also in Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, 4to, 1612, Vol. I. p. 407: "the admiration and tears joined, induced in them all for a *pretty* space." MALONE.

² *Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling* :] So, in *As you Like it* : "I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"How now ? a conduit, girl ? What ? still in tears ?

"Ever more weeping." MALONE.

So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

"As from a conduit with their issuing spouts."

STEEVENS.

³ *And therefore are they form'd as marble will* ;] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impression their marble hearted associates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint.

MALONE.

⁴ *Then call them not the authours of their ill,*

No more than wax shall be accounted evil,

Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

"How easy is it for the proper false

"In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

"Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

"For, such as we are made of, such we be."

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

"Women ! help Heaven ! men their creation mar

"In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,

"For we are as soft as our complexions are,

"And credulous to false prints." MALONE.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books⁵.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide⁶ rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
 Not that devour'd; but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild⁷
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd⁸
 With men's abuses⁹: those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Affail'd by night, with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong;
 Such danger to resistance did belong,

That

⁵ — *women's faces are their own faults' books.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

"May read strange matters." STEEVENS.

Our author has advanced a contrary sentiment in another poem:

"The wiles and guiles that women work,

"Dissembled with an outward shew,

"The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

"The cock that treads them shall not know."

MALONE.

⁶ *No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,*
But chide—] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have
inveighs and chides. MALONE.

⁷ — *O, let it not be hild*] Thus the quarto, for the sake of
 the rhyme. Spenser, in imitation of the Italian poets; often
 takes the same liberty. MALONE.

⁸ — *that they are so fulfill'd*

With men's abuses:] *Fulfilled* had formerly the sense of
filled. It is so used in our liturgy. MALONE.

Fulfilled means completely filled, till there be no room for
 more. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete. So, in the
 Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

"And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts." STEEVENS.

That dying fear through all her body spread ;
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining ;
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining ?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! quoth Lucrece ; if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;

Bid

“ —abuse a body dead ?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —to do some villainous shame

“ On the dead bodies—.” STEEVENS.

‘ To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :] To her maid,
whose countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief.
A counterfeit, in ancient language, signified a portrait. So, in
The Merchant of Venice :

“ What have we here ? fair Portia's counterfeit ?”

MALONE.

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.²

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief³;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides,

² *Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.*] So, in *K.*

John:

"—legions of strange fantasies,
"Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
"Confound themselves."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"which forc'd such way.
"That many maz'd considerations did throng,
"And press in with this caution." MALONE.

³ *So I commend me from our house in grief;*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetick letter to her savage murderer: "*From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.*"

So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address to the Youth of England, prefixed in his works: "*From my poor house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.*"

MALONE.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ⁴ ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold ; ,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords ⁶ ,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.
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⁴ To see sad sights moves more than hear them told :

"Sæpius irritant animos demissa per aurem

"Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus." Hor.

MALONE.

⁵ For then the eye interprets to the ear .

The heavy motion that it doth behold,] Our authour seems to have been thinking of those heavy motions called *Dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet-show* ; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

"—to the dumbness of the gesture

"One might interpret." MALONE.

⁶ Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,] Thus the quarto, 1594, and all the subsequent copies. The authour probably wrote :

Deep *floods* make lesser noise, &c.

So, before:

"Deep woes roll forward like a gentle *flood*."

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *sound*, in naval language, is such a part of the sea as may be *sounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *sound*, the *depth* of which is sufficient to carry vessels that draw the most water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We still talk of the *back front* of a house ; and every *ford*, or *sound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not disturbed it, though I suspect that Shakespeare wrote not *sounds* but *floods*, for these reasons:

1. Because there is scarce an English poet that has not compared real sorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste 7 :
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast 8 .
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein 9 court'sies to her low ;
 And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie,
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When

terfected grief to a bubbling shallow stream. The comparison is always between a *river* and a brook ; nor have I observed the *sea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expressed. Shakspeare, we see, has it in this very poem in a preceding passage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Because, supposing the poet to have had the sea in his contemplation, some reason ought to be assigned why he should have chosen those parts of it which are called *sounds*. To give force to the present sentiment, they must be supposed to be peculiarly still ; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boisterous ; at least those which are called *sounds* are not less so than others.

Lastly, because those parts of the sea which are denominated *sounds*, so far from deserving the epithet *deep*, are expressly defined to be "*shallow* seas ; such as may be sounded.

MALONE.

7 —and on it writ,

At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste :] Shakspeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letter that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste*. STEEVENS.

8 *As lagging fowls*] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*fowls*. The quarto reads—*blasts*, which the rhyme shews to have been a misprint, and which I should not mention but that it proves that even in Shakspeare's own edition there were some errors. See the preceding note, and p. 128, n. 9. MALONE.

9 *The homely villein court'sies to her low* ;] *Villein* has here its ancient legal signification ; that of a *slave*. The term *court'sy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women.

MALONE.

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds ¹, while others faucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age ²
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

I 2

At

¹ To talk in deeds—] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“ May give his *saying deed*.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ *Speaking in deeds*, and deedless in his tongue.”

MALONE.

Again, in *Julius Caesar* :

“ *Casca. Speak hands for me.*” STEEVENS.

² — *this pattern of the worn-out age*—] This example of
ancient simplicity and virtue. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ Behold this *pattern* of thy butcheries.

See also p. 132, n. *.

We meet with nearly the same expression in our authour's
68th *Sonnet* :

“ Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn*.”

MALONE.

So, in *As you Like it* :

“ —how well in thee appears

“ The constant service of the *antique world*.” STEEV.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
 Before the which is drawn³ the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape⁴ the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy⁵ ;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud⁶ ,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear⁷ ,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;
 And

³ *Before the which is drawn*—] That is, before Troy.

MALONE.

Drawn, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV*:

"He cannot *draw his power* these fourteen days."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *For Helen's rape*—] *Rape* is used by all our old poets in the sense of *raptus*, or carrying away by force. It sometimes also signifies the person forcibly carried away. MALONE.

⁵ *Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy* ;] So, in *Pericles*:

"Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd the clouds*."

Again, in *Titulus and Creffida*:

"Yon towers, whose wanton tops do *busf the clouds*."

Again in *Hamlet*:

"—like the herald Mercury,

"New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing hill*." MALONE.

⁶ *Which the conceited painter drew so proud*,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

⁷ *Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the title-page to be *newly revised and corrected*, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our authour. The editor knowing that all drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it,

Many a *dire* drop seem'd a weeping tear ;

Which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration, or have adopted it, if made before. MALONE.

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights *.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of man through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
'That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble ;
'That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold !
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
But the mild glance that shy Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government '.

Their pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,

That

* *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.*] Perhaps
Milton had these lines in his thoughts when he wrote :

" Where glowing *embers* through the room

" Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom*."

It is probable he also remembered these of Spenser :

" —his glittering armour made

" A little *glooming light* much like a *shade*."

' —*deep regard and smiling government*.] Profound wisdom,
and the complacency arising from the passions being under
the command of reason. The former word [*regard*] has al-
ready occurred more than once in the same sense. MALONE.

That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight :
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky ².

About him were a press of gaping faces ³,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ⁴ ;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid ⁵ did their ears entice ;
 Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,

The

² *In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.*] So, in
Troilus and Cressida :

“ —and such again

“ As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in *silver*,

“ Should with a bond of *air* (strong as the axle-tree

“ On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears

“ To his experienc'd tongue.” MALONE.

I suppose we should read—*curl'd*. Thus, Pope :

“ While *curling* smoaks from village tops are seen.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ And let our *crooked* smoaks climb to their nostrils.”

STEEVENS.

There is no need of change, for *purling* had formerly the same meaning, being sometimes used to denote the *curling* of water, without any reference to sound. So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to, no date :

“ Whose stream an easie breath doth seem to blow ;

“ Which on the sparkling gravel runs in *purles*,

“ As though the waves had been of silver *curls*.”

This sense of the word is unnoticed in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. MALONE.

³ *About him were a press of gaping faces, &c*] Had any engraving, or account, of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of Athens* reached England in the time of our authour, one might be tempted by this description to think that he had seen it. MALONE.

⁴ *Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice* ; So, in *King John* :

“ With open mouth, *swallowing* a taylor's news.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *As if some mermaid*—] See p. 36, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ —*all boll'n and red* ;] Thus the old copy. In the former edition, when I was less cautious than I am at present, I substituted *blown* for *boll'n*, which I conceived to be a misprint ;

The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For

print; but scarcely had the book issued from the press, when I discovered my mistake. The reader will, I trust, find no instances of similar temerity in the present edition of our author's works.

Boll'n means *swollen*, and is used by Golding in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1567:

"Her leanness made her joynts *bolne* big, and kneepannes, for to swell."

Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat
Orbis—.

Again, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in Phaer's translation of the tenth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"—with what bravery *bolne* in pride

"King Turnus prosperous rides."

—tumidusque secundo

Marte ruat.

Gawin Douglas translating the same passage uses the words "*orpit* and proudly." See p. 85 of this volume.

Skinner supposes the word to be derived from *bouillier*, Fr. to bubble. But Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate Glossary to Chaucer, (as has likewise been observed by the same anonymous writer,) says, it is the part. p. of *bolge*, v. Sax.

MALONE.

⁷ Another, *smother'd*, seems to pelt and swear;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a passion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "The young man, all in a *pelting* chafe,—"

MALONE.

⁸ —debate with angry swords.] i. e. *fall to contention*. *Bate* is an ancient word signifying *strife*. So, in the old play of *Acolastus*, 1540:

"We shall not *fall to bate*, or stryve for this matter."

STEEVENS.

Debate has here, I believe, its usual signification. They seemed ready to *argue* with their swords. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: "*Speak hands for me*."

Again,

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind ?
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagin'd.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That, through their light joy, seem'd to appear
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle fought
 With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than^a

Retire

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" I will *speake daggers* to her, but use none."

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" *Speaking in deeds*, and deedles in his tongue."

So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II* :

" Come, uncle, let us leave this brain-sick king,

" And henceforth *parly* with our angry *swords*."

MALONE.

^a *Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind*, [An artful delineation, so nicely and *naturally* executed. Kind and nature, in old language, were synonymous. MALONE.

¹ *Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind* :] We meet with the same expression in *Hamlet*, and in one of our authour's *Sonnets*. Again, in *King Richard II* :

" —with *the eyes of heavy mind*

" I see thy glory." MALONE.

² *To break upon the galled shore, and than*—] *Than for then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

" And now wilt yield thy *treames*

" A prey to other *reames* ;"

i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592 :

" When

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is fiell'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

I 5

Staring

"When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan upbray,
"Against myself, and shame did force me say,—"

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, 1599:

"As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne,
"That voyd of vapours seem'd all before,
"Soone as the sun," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

"His bonnet vali'd, or ever he could thinke,
"The unruly winde blowes off his *periwinkle*."

Again, in *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

"Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
"These silver locks were golden tresses *than*),
"That countrie life I hated as a crime,
"And from the forrest's sweet contentment ran."

Again, in Drayton's *Mortemeriados*, sign. Q. 1. 4to, no date:

"Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe,
"Duty keep time with their harmonious *forune*."

Again, in *Songes and Sonnetes* by the earle of Surrey and others, edit. 1567, f. 81:

"—half the paine had never man
"Which had this woful *Trojan than*."

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reames, in the first instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*. MALONE.

³ To find a face where all distress is fiell'd.] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our authour's twenty-fourth *Sonnet* we find these lines:

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *spell'd*
"Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before—*hill* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:

—where all distress is *spell'd*.

i. e. written. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"And careful hours with time's deformed hand
"Have written strange defeatures in my face."

MALONE.

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies ⁴.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes ⁵,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound;
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The fire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why

⁴ Which *bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies*.] Dr. Sewell unnecessarily reads—*Who* bleeding, &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often used for the personal. It still remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*, notwithstanding the false concord which such a construction produces. See p. 71, n. 9.

⁵ *On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes*.] Fixes them earnestly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are said to *spend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the publick plague of many mo⁶ ?
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo, hete weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds⁷ ;
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds⁸ ,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds^{*} :
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.
 She

⁶ —the plague of many mo ?] *Mó* for *more*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁷ Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds ;] In the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakespeare did.

Swoonds is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *sownd* in the old copies of our authour's plays ; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriads*, 4to, no date :

“ Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areysed,
 “ As water sometime wakeneth from a *sownd*,—
 “ As when the bloud is cold, we feele the wound.”

MALONE.

⁸ And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,] *Advice*, it has been already observed, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing each other. It should be remembered that Troy was sacked in the night. MALONE.

* —confounds :] i. e. destroys. MALONE.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round ⁹,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament :
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
 His face, though full of cares, yet shew'd content :
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes ¹.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless shew ²
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance ^{*} gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a shew so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil ³,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The

⁹ *She throws her eyes about the painting, round,*] i. e. she throws her eyes round about, &c. The octavo, 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read :—about the *painted* round.

MALONE.

¹ *So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.*] That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the same image in our authour's *Twelfth Night* :

“ She seem'd like *Patience* on a monument,
 “ *Smiling at grief.*”

Again, in *Pericles* :

“ — Yet thou dost look

“ Like *Patience*, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

“ Extremity out of act.” MALONE.

² — *the harmless shew*—] The harmless *painted figure*.

MALONE.

^{*} — *no guilty instance*—] No example or symptom of guilt.

MALONE.

³ *And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,*] And by that means so *concealed* his secret treachery. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;
 Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces⁴.

This picture she advisedly perus'd⁵,
 And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill ;
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill ;
 And still on him she gaz'd ; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
 That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
 (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look* ;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot* took ;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus : " It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
 To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd
 With outward honesty⁶, but yet defil'd

With

⁴ *And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When the glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces.] So,
 in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :*

" —the rude sea grew civil at her song,

" And certain *stars* shot madly from their *spheres*,

" To hear the sea-maid's musick."

Why Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent,
 should be called the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld
 themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-
 fetched. MALONE.

⁵ *This picture she advisedly perus'd.] Advisedly is attentive-
 ly ; with deliberation. MALONE.*

⁶ *So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)*

To

With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
For every tear he falls 7, a Trojan bleeds ;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire, to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here

*To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd
With outward honesty,—] To me came Tarquin with the
same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore.* The old copy reads :

To me came Tarquin armed to beguile
With outward honesty, &c.

To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our authour frequently confounds the active and passive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delight* for *delighting* :

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,—" MALONE.

I think the reading proposed is right ; and would point thus :

To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet, &c.

So beguil'd is so cover'd, so masked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon.
Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii :

" Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore

" To a most dangerous sea." STEEVENS.

7 *For every tear he falls—] He lets fall. So, in Othello :*

" Each *tear* she *falls* would prove a crocodile."

MALONE.

A similar thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" *For every false drop in her barbdy veins,*

" A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple

" In her contaminated carrion weight,

" *A Trojan hath been slain.*" STEEVENS.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element⁸
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw⁹,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;

But

⁸ *These water-galls in her dim element*—] The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury plain. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*look'd red and raw*,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“The Danish cicatrice *looks red and raw*.” STEEVENS.

But flood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?¹
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire;
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire²,
She modestly prepares to let them know.
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consoled lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head³;
And what wrong else may be imagined

By

¹ *Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

"I know not what to say." STEEVENS.

² *At length address'd to answer his desire,*] *Address'd* is ready, prepared. So, in *King Henry V*:

"To-morrow for the march are we *address'd*."

MALONE.

³ *Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed*

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;] "*Vestigia*."

By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword;
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach

gia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto sunt tuo." *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58. Since the former edition I find these words had been translated by Painter in his novel: "Alas, Collatine, the steppes of another man be now fixed in thy bed." *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. fol. 6. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here speaketh of, was what in a former stanza is denominated *the heart of all her land*. Tarquin *slept not*, it is to be presumed, though, like Jachimo, he *had that was well worth watching*. AMNER.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 'That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
 With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
 With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 'The grief away, that stops his answer so :
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste ⁴,
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forc'd on him so fast ;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
 Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes ⁶.

And

⁴ *As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste, &c.]* So, in
Coriolanus :

" *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,*

" *As the recomforted through the gates.*" MALONE.

⁵ *In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :*] Should we
 not read :

In rage sent out, recall'd, the rage being past.

FARMER.

⁶ *To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.]* The quarto
 has :

To drown on woe, —

On and *one* are perpetually confounded in old English books.
 The

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity⁷.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms⁸.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain⁹?

With

The former does not seem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has —one woe. We might read:

To drown in woe one pair of weeping eyes.

MALONE.

⁷ For sparing justice feeds iniquity.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill."

MALONE.

⁸ Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.] Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

⁹ The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?] There are perhaps

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away

The

haps few who would not have acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning. It did not however, as we learn from history, satisfy this admired heroine of antiquity. Her conduct on this occasion has been the subject of much speculation. It is not alledged by any of the historians that actual violence was offered to her. Διὰ μὲν δὲ ταῦτ' (says Dion) ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΥΣΑ δὲ ἐμυχεύθη. Why then, it is asked, did she not suffer death rather than submit to her ravisher? An ingenious French writer thinks she killed herself too late to be entitled to any praise. [*Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 182, edit. 1694.]—A venerable father of the church (St. Austin) censures her still more severely, concluding his strictures on her conduct with this dilemma: "Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctatur; ut, si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; si purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulat; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, si adulterata, cur laudata? si pudica, cur occisa?"—On these words a writer of the last century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin Epigram:

"Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
"Immerito ex meritâ præmia cæde petis:
"Sin potius casto vis est allata pudori,
"Quis furor est hostis crimine velle mori?
"Frustra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia; namque
"Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis."

"If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy soul,
"How could thy blood wash out a stain so foul?
"But if by downright force the joy he had,
"To die on his account, must prove you mad:
"Then be thy death no more the matron's pride;
"You liv'd a strumpet, or a fool you dy'd."

The ladies must determine the question.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the best defence that can be made for this celebrated suicide:

"Heu! misera, ante alias, Lucretia! rumor iniquus
"Me referet pactam me violâsse fidem?
"Criminis et socius fingetur servus? Imago
"Vincit, et horrendis cedo, tyranne, minis.
"Te, pudor, heu violo;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ!
"Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale!
"Ferrum at restituet læso sua jura pudori,
"Ad cælum et surget sanguine fama meo."

In

The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No

In these verses the authour seems to have had in view the following lines in Young's seventh Satire :

" Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
" With sister virtue is for ever join'd :
" As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
" From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled :
" Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
" And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
" But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
" Dead by her side, *her love of fame* obey'd.

M. Antonius Casanova, a writer of the sixteenth century, has also defended the conduct of Lucretia in the following lines :

" Dicite; cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,
" Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori ?
" Crimine se absolvit manus, habitura conctæ
" Ultorem, et patriæ depositura jugum.
" Quam bene contempto sacrat sua pectora ferro,
" Dum pariter famæ consulit et patriæ "

Thus translated by Thomas Heywood, the dramatick poet :

" Why Lucrece better might herselfe have slain,
" Before the act, than after her black stain,
" Can any tell ? No crime she did commit,
" For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.
" Her ravisher she slew by that brave stroke,
" And from her countries neck tooke off the yoke ;
" From thine own hand thy death most willing came,
" To save thy country, and preserve thy fame."

MALONE.

Peradventure a certain lady of Basil, whose name those who have leisure or inclination to disport themselves in such researches, may hereafter discover, hath a better title to admiration than the loquacious wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. I have heretofore met with a pretty epigram, of good antiquity, in praise of the aforesaid lady, which, me seemeth, may afford no improper supplement to the remarks that the conduct of the celebrated Roman matron hath produced :

Passa torum, non passa virum, Lucretia nostri
Ævi, postgenitis nobilis historia ;
Quæ virgo et matrona simul tria lustra peregi,
Nupta innupta simul semiviri atque viri.
Conjugium tacui ; cujus languentia membra
Non Venus aspexit, non ruber ille deus.
Sed tacui, atque tuli : non hanc vicina querelam
Audiit, aut frater, aut pater, aut genitrix,

Heu

No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving¹.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: *He, he*, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-

Heu male pro meritis tribuuntur præmia tantis;
Alcestem exoriens sol scit et occiduus,
Solum me Basilea; sed est, me iudice, majus
Semper ab igne uri, quam semel igne mori."

And this remindeth me of another unfortunate lady, whose
ill hap gave birth to some pretty conceited verses:

Impubes nupli valido, nunc firmior annis
Exsucco et molli sum satiata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate virentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere finit.
Dum licuit, nolui; nunc, dum volo, non licet uti.
O Hymenî, aut annos aut mihi redde virum."

AMNER.

¹ —no dame, hereafter living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.] "Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretia vivet." Liv. lib. i. cap. 58.—No translation of the first book of Livy having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence seemed to me extraordinary; but since the former edition I have observed that Painter's novel furnished our authour' with this sentiment. "As for my part, though I cleare my selfe of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to Lucrece." *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, Vol. I. f. 7

MALONE.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
 Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chafe ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly flood²,
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes³,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
 That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd⁴ ?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

² —vastly flood,] i. e. like a waste. *Vastum* is the law-term for waste ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale* : “—shook hands as over a vast.” Again, in *Pericles* :

“Thou God of this great vast, rebuke the surges.”

STEEVENS.

³ —a watery rigol goes,] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE.
 So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“——a sleep

“That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd

“So many English kings.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *If in the child the father's image lies,*

Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?] So, in *King Richard III.*

“And liv'd by looking on his images.” MALONE.

—unliv'd ?

If children pre-decease progenitors⁵,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old⁶,

Shows

—unliv'd ?] The quaintness of this word has only been equalled by another of the same kind in *Crononhotonthologos* :

"Himself he unfatigues with pleasing slumbers."

STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthness in this expression. What is *unliv'd* but *liveless* (for so the word *liveless* was frequently written in our authour's time) ? Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

"But to procrastinate his *liveless* end.

The privative *un* may be joined to almost any English participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itself of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,) the word so formed may justly be objected to. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable than *unhoused*, *unpaved*, and twenty more.

In *Macbeth* we meet with *unrough* :

"—many *unrough* youths, that even now

"Protest their first of manhood."

And in *King Richard II.* we have *undeaf* :

"My death's sad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear."

MALONE.

⁵ If children pre-decease progenitors,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"—oh, thou untaught !

"To press before thy father to a grave !" STEEV.

⁶ But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—dim and cold, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, because all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being descriptive of Lucretia's state was sufficient. On a more mature consideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is opposed to *fair*, so *old* is to *fresh*.

MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glass* may not prove subject to decay, the quicksilver behind it will perish, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithless reflection. A *steel-glass*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS.

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn⁷;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn⁸!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer⁹,
If they surcease to be, that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

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K

By

⁷ *Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born:
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;*] So, in
King Richard III:

"I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
"And liv'd by looking on his images;
"But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
"Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
"And I for comfort have but one false glass,
"That grieves me when I see my shame in him."

Again, in our authour's third *Sonnet*:

"Thou art thy mother's glass," &c. MALONE.

Compare this stanza with the speech of *King Richard II.* when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards dashes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

Shows me a bare-bon'd death—] So, in *King John*:

"—and on his forehead sits

"A bare-ribb'd death—." STEEVENS.

⁸ *O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!*] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all subsequent to it, have;

O, from my cheeks my image: thou hast torn!

But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which she had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

⁹ *O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,*] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads:

—haste no longer—

which has been followed by all the modern editions.

MALONE.

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place¹;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream²
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face*,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er³;

Then

¹ *And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;*] So, Queen Margaret, in *King Richard III*:

"*And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*"

STEEVENS.

² *And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream*] This epithet is frequently used by our authour and his contemporaries. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Poor key-cold figure of a holy king." MALONE.

* —*the pale fear in his face,*] So, in *King Richard II*:

"And with pale beggar-fear impeach my height."

MALONE.

³ *At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That tears shall drown the wind." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Where are my tears?—rain, rain, to lay this wind."

Again, in *King Henry VI. P. III*:

"Would'st have me weep? why now thou hast thy will:

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers,"

"And where the rage allays, the rain begins."

Again, in *King John*:

"But this effusion of such manly drops,

"This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,—

MALONE.

Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine : O, mine she is,
Replies her husband : Do not take away
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd *.
Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I lov'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise ;
Let my unfounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

K 2

Why

* O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] The same
conceit occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI* :

" O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

" And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !" SKEEV.

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] Too late here
means too recently. So, in *King Richard III* :

" Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

" Which by his death hath lost much majesty."

MALONE.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? *
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds:
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not sleep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations;
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations †,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
 By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
 Her wrongs to us ‡, and by this bloody knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who

* *Why, Collatine, is woe the cure of woe?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Peace, ho, for shame! *confusion's cure lives not*

In these confusions." MALONE.

† *That they will suffer these abominations, &c.*] The construction is—that they will suffer these abominations *to be* chafed, &c. MALONE

‡ *And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd*

Her wrongs to us—] *To complain* was anciently used in an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*:

"Pat's death our valiant leader hath oppress'd;

"Come, wreak his loss, *whom* bootless ye *complain*."

MALONE.

Who wondering at him, did his words allow ?
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly⁸ did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment⁹.

⁷ *Who wondering at him, did his words allow :*] Did approve of what he said. So, in *King Lear* :

“—if your sweet sway

“*Allow* obedience—.” MALONE.

⁸ *The Romans plausibly—*] That is, *with acclamations*, To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively* : but the other was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 1426, edit. 1605 : “This change was very *plausible* or well pleasing to the nobility and gentry.”

Bulloker in his *English Expofitor*, 8vo, 1616, interprets *plausible* thus, “That which greatly pleaseth, or rejoiceth.” MALONE.

Plausibly may mean, *with expressions of applause*. *Plausibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem : “—wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.*] In examining this and the preceding poem, we should do Shakespeare injustice, were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence.

It has been observed, that few authours rise much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the standard of perfection established in their own time, or surpass somewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they seldom aim further ; for if their readers are satisfied, it is not probable that they should be discontented. The poems of *Venus* and

and *Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their first appearance, six impressions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the same period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his popular plays) passed only twice through the press. They appear to me superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers in this species of narrative poetry that were then known. The applause bestowed on the *Rosamond* of the former authour, which was published in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the present poem. The stanza is the same in both.

No compositions were in that age oftener quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than these two of Shakspeare. In the preliminary and concluding notes on *Venus and Adonis*, various proofs of the truth of this assertion may be found. Among others, Drayton, in the first edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following elegium on the preceding poem:

“ Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
 “ Lately reviv'd to live another age,
 “ And here arriv'd, to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
 “ Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,
 “ Acting her passions on our stately stage,
 “ She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
 “ Yet I as fair and chaste as ere was she.”

Matilda, the fair and chaste daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater. By Michael Drayton, 4to, 1594.—If the reader should look for these lines in any edition of *Matilda* after the second in 1596, in octavo, he will be disappointed. It is observable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impression.

From Drayton's having omitted this elegium on Shakspeare in the subsequent editions, there is reason to believe, that however friendly they might have been in 1596, at a subsequent period some coolness subsisted between them. In Drayton's works he has, I think, mentioned Shakspeare but once, and then rather niggard in his praise.

In

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to, 1646, dedicated by S. Shepard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. Stanza 9, the authour thus speaks of our poet:

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
 “ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
 “ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
 “ Never like him his fancy could display:
 “ Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles;
 “ His sweet and his to-be-admired lay
 “ He wrote of lustful Tarquin’s rape, shews he
 “ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramattick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those playwrights who had gone before him, or somewhat surpassing them; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most groveling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, and approaching nearer to those of other mortals:

Of these two poems *Venus and Adonis* appears to me entitled to superior praise. Their great defect is, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told, particularly in that before us. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey’s end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn at a distance: nor are his wanderings always repaid, or his labour alleviated, by the fertility of the country through which he passes; by grotesqueness of scenery or variety of prospect.

Let us, however, never forget the state of poetry when these pieces appeared; and after perusing the productions

productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, Shakspeare will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges. In the foregoing notes we have seen almost every stanza of these poems fraught with images and expressions that occur also in his plays. To the liquid lapse of his numbers, in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his *Sonnets*, his *Lovers complaint*, and in all the *songs* which are introduced in his dramas, I wish particularly to call the attention of the reader. In this respect he leaves all his contemporaries many paces behind him.—Even the length of his two principal poems will be pardoned, when the practice of his age is adverted to. Like some advocates at the Bar, our elder poets seem to have thought it impossible to say too much on any subject. On the story of *Rosamond* Daniel has written above nine hundred lines. Drayton's *Legend of Rollo duke of Normandy* contains nine hundred and forty five lines; his *Matilda* six hundred and seventy-two; and his *Legend of Pierce Garveston* seven hundred and two. On the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, Arthur Brooke has left a poem of above four thousand lines; and that of *Troilus and Cressida* Chaucer has expanded into no less than eight thousand verses. MALONE.

OTHELLO.

O T H E L L O.

K 5

Persons Represented.

Duke of Venice.

Brabantio, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.

Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.

Othello, the Moor.

Cassio, his Lieutenant.

Iago, his Ancient.

Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman.

Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

Herald.

Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.

Emilia, wife to Iago.

Bianca, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.

O T H E L L O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO, and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me ², I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: if ever
I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ³;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:

But

¹ The story is taken from *Cynthia's Novels*. POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel
(the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age
of Shakspeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamph-
lets have perished between his time and ours.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall; Oct. 6,
1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthia*, by Gabriel
Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I
suspect, through this medium the work came into English.

FARMER.

This tragedy I have ascribed (but on no very sure ground)
to the year 1611. MALONE.

² Tush, *never tell me*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. In the
folio the word *tush* is omitted. MALONE.

³ Oft capp'd to him:—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,
Oft-capp'd to him. STEEVENS.

In

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
 And, in conclusion, nonsuits my mediators;
*For, certes*⁴, says he, *I have already*
Chosen my officer. And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician⁵,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife⁶;

That

In support of the folio, *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted:

"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."

This reading I once thought likely to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very strong reason to be departed from. MALONE.

⁴ —*certes*,] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obsolete. So Spenser, in the *Faery Queene*, b. 4. c. 9:

"*Certes* her lolle ought me to sorrow most." STEEV.

⁵ *Forsooth, a great arithmetician*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mercutio says: "one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*."

STEEVENS.

Iago, however, means to represent Cassio, not as a person whose arithmetick was "*one, two, and the third* in your bosom," but as a man merely conversant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a squadron than the *number* of men it contained. So afterwards he calls him this *counter-caster*. MALONE.

⁶ *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer supposed that the text must be corrupt, because it appears from a following part of the play that Cassio was an unmarried man. Mr. Steevens has clearly explained the words in the subsequent note: I have therefore no doubt that the text is right; and have not thought it necessary to insert Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in which he proposed to read—"a fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*." Shakspeare, he conceived, might allude to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those of whom *all men speak well*. MALONE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is ingenious, but cannot be right; for the malicious Iago would never have given Cassio the highest commendation that words can convey, at the very time that he wishes to depreciate him to Roderigo: though afterwards, in speaking to himself, [Act V. sc. i.] he gives him his just character. MASON.

That Cassio was *married*, is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they may mean,

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows

More

mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio.—Act IV. sc. i, Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says,—*Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her*. Cassio acknowledges that such a report has been raised, and adds, *That is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise*. Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakspeare, however, designed *Bianca* for a courtesan of *Cyprus*, (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her,) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakspeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman*, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

There is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Shakspeare designed *Bianca* for a courtesan of *Cyprus*. Cassio, who was a Florentine, and Othello's lieutenant, sailed from thence in a ship belonging to Verona, at the same time with the Moor; and what difficulty is there in supposing that *Bianca*, who, Cassio himself informs us, "haunted him every where," took her passage in the same vessel with him; or followed him afterwards? Othello, we may suppose, with some of the Venetian troops, sailed in another vessel; and Desdemona and Iago embarked in a third.

Iago, after he has been at *Cyprus* but one day, speaks of *Bianca*, (Act IV. sc. i.) as one whom he had long known: he must therefore (if the poet be there correct) have known her at *Venice*:

"Now will I question Cassio of *Bianca*,
"A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
"Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
"That dotes on Cassio;—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
"To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one."

MALONE,
Ingenious

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose⁸
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practise,

Is—

Ingenious as Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the disqualifications of Cassio for his new appointment; but surely his *being well spoken of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows that a report had prevailed at Venice of Cassio's being soon to be married "to the most fair Bianca." Now as she was in Shakspeare's language "a customer," it was with a view to such a connexion that Iago called the new lieutenant *a fellow almost damn'd*. It may be gathered from various circumstances that an intercourse between Cassio and Bianca had existed before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but she upbraids Cassio, (Act III. sc. iv.) with having been absent a week from her, when he had not been *two days* on the island. Hence, and from what Cassio himself relates, (Act IV. sc. i.) *I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble; by this hand she falls thus about my neck;*—it may be presumed she had secretly followed him to Cyprus: a conclusion not only necessary to explain the passage in question, but to preserve the consistency of the fable at large.—The *sea-bank* on which Cassio was conversing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never till the day before been at Cyprus: he specifies those with whom he conversed as *Venetians*, because he himself was a *Florentine*; and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their presence, as tending to corroborate the report she had spread that he was soon to marry her.

HENLEY.

I think, as I have already mentioned, that Bianca was a Venetian courtesan; but the *sea-bank* of which Cassio speaks, may have been the shore of Cyprus. In several other instances besides this, our poet appears not to have recollected that the persons of his play had only been one day at Cyprus. I am aware, however, that this circumstance may be urged with equal force against the concluding part of my own preceding note; and the term *sea-bank*, certainly adds support to what Mr. Henley has suggested, being the very term used by Lewkenor, in his account of the *Lido maggior* of Venice. See p. 216, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ —the bookish theorick,] *Theorick* for *theory*. STEEVENS.
This was the common language of Shakspeare's time.

MALONE.

⁸ —the *aged* consuls—] The rulers of the state, or civil governors. The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1590:

"Both we will raigne as consuls of the earth.

MALONE.

By

Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd?
By debtor * and creditor, this counter-caster¹;

He

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word in allusion to the Latin adage, —*Cedant arma toga*, STEEVENS.

* —*must be be-lee'd and calm'd*—] *Be-lee'd* and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one vessel is said to be in the *lee* of another, when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got to the wind of him, and *becalm'd* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewise to obstruct the current of the wind in its passage to a ship, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads—

—must be *led* and calm'd—.

I suspect therefore that Shakspeare wrote—must be *lee'd* and calm'd. The *lee*-side of a ship is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd* may mean, to fall to leeward, or to lose the advantage of the wind.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. I doubt whether there be any such sea-phrase as to *be-lee*; and suspect the word *be* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor of the folio.

Mr. Steevens has explain'd the word *becalm'd*, but where is it found in the text? MALONE.

* *By debtor*—] All the modern editors read—*By debtor*; but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word used in Shakspeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

“There stands the constable, there stands the whore,—

“There by the serjeant stands the *debitor*.”

See also the passage quoted from *Cymbeline* in n. 1.

MALONE.

¹ —*this counter-caster*;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V. “—it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and *counters*,” &c. Again, in *Acolassus*, a comedy, 1540: “I wyl cast my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my rekenynges.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:—“fifteen hundred shorn,—What come; the wool to?—I cannot do't without *counters*.”

MALONE.

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark ²!) his Moor-ship's ³ ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
man:

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter ⁴, and affection,
Not by the old gradation ⁵, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd ⁶
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then:

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves ⁷: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
coats,

Do

² —*bless the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots pro-
verbs, observes, that the Scots, when they compare person to
person, use this exclamation. STEEVENS.

³ *his Moorship's*—] The first quarto reads—*his worship's*—
STEEVENS.

⁴ —*by letter*,—] By recommendation from powerful friends.
JOHNSON.

⁵ *Not by the old gradation*,—] *Old gradation*, is gradation
established by ancient practice. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Whether I in any just term am affin'd*—] *Affin'd* is the
reading of the third quarto and the first folio. The second
quarto and all the modern editions have *affin'd*. The mean-
ing is, *Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity or re-
lation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?*

JOHNSON.

The original quarto, 1622 has *assign'd*; but it was mani-
festly an error of the press. MALONE.

⁷ —*honest knaves*:] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a
mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some foul;
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, fir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern^s, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For doves to peck at⁹: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe¹,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim

⁸ *In compliment extern,*] In that which I do only for an
outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albion*, 1629:

"—that in sight *extern*

"A patriarch seems." STEEVENS.

⁹ *But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve*

For doves to peck at:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*For daws*, &c. I have adhered to the original copy, because I suspect Shakspeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lily's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæsar, nor all gold, that is coyned with the kings stampe, so all is not truth that beareth the shew of godlinesse, nor all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend such love to Euphues, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may see what is in thy minde, and then with thy finger claspe thy mouth.—I can better take a blister of a nettle, than a pricke of a rose; more willing 'hat a raven should pick out mine eyes, than a turtle peck at them." MALONE.

¹ *What a full fortune do's the thick lips owe,*] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another scene of this play a *full soldier* is put for a complete soldier. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to possess.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—not the imperious shew

"Of the *full-fortun'd* Cæsar—."

Full is used by Chaucer in the same sense in his *Troilus*, B. L.

"Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,

"That I have said—." MALONE.

Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spy'd in populous cities².

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
 thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
 'Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
 What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd³?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on
 your gown;

Your heart is burst⁴, you have lost half your soul;
 Even now, very now, an old black ram

Is

² *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*

Is spy'd in populous cities.] The meaning, as Mr. Edwards has observed, is, "not that the fire was spied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night and negligence, was spied. —And this double meaning to the same word is common to Shakspeare with all other writers, especially where the word is so familiar a one, as this in question. Ovid seems even to have thought it a beauty instead of a defect." MALONE.

The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a woman of reason!

Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season.

JOHNSON.

³ *Are your doors lock'd?*] The first quarto reads, *Are all doors-lock'd?* STEEVENS.

⁴ —*is burst,*] i. e. broken. *Burst* for *broke* is used in our author's *King Henry IV*: P. II: "—and then he *burst* his head for crowding among the marshal's men." STEEVENS.

Is tugging your white ewe⁵. Arise, arise;
 Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
 Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you:
 Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
 My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
 Being full of supper, and distempering draughts⁶,
 Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
 To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, fir, fir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
 My spirit, and my place, have in them power
 To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good fir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
 My house is not a grange⁷.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
 In simple and pure foul I come to you.

Iago.

⁵ — tugging *your white ewe*.] In the north of England a ram is called a tup. MALONE.

⁶ — distempering draughts,—] To be distempered with liquor, was, in Shakspeare's age, the phrase for intoxication. In *Hamlet*, the king is said to be "marvellous distempered with wine." MALONE.

⁷ — *this is Venice*:

My house is not a grange.] That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious reposed their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. WARTON.

So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

"—soon was I train'd from court

"To a solitary grange," &c.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana."

STEEVENS.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse! you'll have your nephews neigh to you⁸: you'll have coursfers for cousins, and gennets for germans⁹.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou¹?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs².

Bra.

⁸ — *your nephews neigh to you*:] *Nephew*, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. So, in Spenser:

“ And all the sons of these five brethren reign'd

“ By due success, and all their *nephews* late,

“ Even thrice eleven descents the crown obtain'd.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the *Odyssey*, B. 24, *Laertes* says of *Telemachus*, his *grandson*:

“ — to behold my son

“ And *nephew* close in such contention.”

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this sense; and without it, it would not be very easy to shew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonson likewise uses it with the same meaning. The alliteration in this passage caused Shakspeare to have recourse to it. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *gennets for germans*.] A *jennet* is a Spanish horse. STEEVENS.

¹ *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakspeare often uses the word *profane*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other writers of the same age:

“ How far off dwells the house-surgeon?

“ — You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ By the fly justice, and his clerk *profane*.” STEEV.

² — *your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs*.] This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakspeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Françaises*, par G. D. B. Bruffelles, 1710, 12mo, I find the following article: “Faire la bête à deux dos,” pour dire, faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionnaire Comique*, par le Roux, 8vo. 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained, under the article *Bete*. “Faire la bete a deux dos. Maniere de parler, qui signifie être couché

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure ³, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night ⁴,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance ⁵,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,

That,

couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.—' Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bete à deux dos* joyeusement.'—Rabelais, liv. I." There was a translation of Rabelais published in the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

³ *If't be your pleasure, &c.*] This and the sixteen following lines are not in the original quarto. They are found in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

⁴ *At this odd-even and dull-watch o' the night,*] "The *even of night*," Dr. Johnson observes, "is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into two *even* parts." This is certainly true; but our business is to explain the *odd-even* of night. By this singular expression,—“this *odd-even* of night,” our poet appears to have meant, that it was just approaching to, or just past, midnight; so near, or so recently past, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it stood at the point of midnight, or at some other less equal division of the twenty four hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“——— What is the *night*?

“*Lady M.* Almost at *odds* with morning, which is which.”

Shakspeare was probably thinking of his boyish school-play, *odd or even*. MALONE.

⁵ — and your allowance,] i. e. done with your *approbation*.
MALONE.

⁶ *That from the sense of all civility,*] That is, in *opposition* to, or *departing from* the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“But this is *from* my commission.”

Again, in *The Mayor of Queenborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

“But this is *from* my business.” MALONE.

That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
 In an extravagant⁷ and wheeling stranger⁸,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you⁹.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper,—call up all my people:—
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already:—
 Light, I say! light!

[*Exit, from above.*]

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd¹ (as, if I stay, I shall,)
 Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
 However this may gall him with some check²,—
 Cannot with safety cast him³; for he's embark'd

With

⁷ *In an extravagant, &c.*] *Extravagant* is here used in its Latin signification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet*: “—The *extravagant* and erring spirit,—” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,*

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have substituted—*To an extravagant, &c.* In *K. Lear* we find—“And hold our lives *in* mercy; (not *at* mercy;) in *The Winter's Tale*, “he was torn to pieces *with* a bear,” not “*by* a bear;” and in *Hamlet*,

“To let this canker of our nature come

“*In* further evil.”

So, in the next scene, we have “—*in* your part,” not “*on* your part.” We might substitute modern for ancient phraseology in all these passages with as much propriety as in the present. We yet say, “she is *wrapp'd up* in him.”

MALONE.

⁹ *For thus deluding you.*] The first quarto reads, *For this delusion*. STEEVENS.

¹ *To be produc'd.*—] The folio reads, *pro husted*. STEEVENS.

² —*some check,*] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

³ —*cast him;* —] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
 (Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittar + the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time⁵,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
 Past thought⁶!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the
 blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By

⁴—*the Sagittar*—] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio :—the
Sagittary. MALONE.

⁵ *And what's to come of my despised time,*] *Despised time*, is
time of no value; time in which

“ There's nothing serious in morality ;

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs

“ Are left this vault to brag of.” *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ————expire the term

“ Of a *despised* life, clos'd in my breast.” STEEV.

⁶—*O, thou deceiv'st me*

Past thought!—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623,
 and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

O she deceives me

Past thought.

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter, as the
 most spirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

By what you see them act.—Is there not charms?⁷
By which the property⁸ of youth and maidhood⁹
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on'. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!

And

⁷ —*Is there not charms,*] Is there not such a thing as charms, &c. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the second folio, read—*Are there not charms,* &c. MALONE.

⁸ *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd?] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and false imagination:

“—wicked dreams abuse

“The curtain'd sleep.” *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

⁹ —*and maidhood*—] The quartos read—and *manhood*—.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Pray you, lead on*] The first quarto reads—*Pray lead me on.* STEEVENS.

² *And raise some special officers of night.*—] Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio substituted—*officers of might*; a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occasion to remark that the quarto readings were sometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraseology or meaning.

I have no doubt that Shakspeare, before he wrote this play, read *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, translated from the Italian by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in 4to, 1599: a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verses by Spenser. This treatise furnished our poet with the knowledge of those *officers of night*, whom Brabantio here desires to be called to his assistance.

“For the greater expedition thereof, of these kinds of judgments, the heades or chiefaines of the *officers of the night*, do obtaine the authority of which the advocates are deprived. These *officers of the night* are six, and six likewise are those meane officers, that have only power to correct base vagabonds and trifling offences.

“Those

And raise some special officers of night ².—

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience ³
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him ⁴ here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—

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That

"Those that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, because out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into six tribes, there is elected an officer of the night, and a head of the tribe.—The duty of either of these officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and serjeants, and to see that there be not any disorder done in the darkness of the night, which alwaies emboldeneth men to naughtinesse; and that there be not any houses broken up, nor theeves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence." *Commonwealth of Venice*, pp. 97, 99. MALONE.

³ —stuff o' the conscience—] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the conscience is, *substance*, or *essence* of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoofd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You're full of heavenly *stuff*," &c.

Frisch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *stoff*:—materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit. STEEVENS.

⁴ I had thought to have yerk'd him—] Iago is probably here speaking of Roderigo. MALONE.

That the magnifico⁵ is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's⁶: he will divorce you;

Or

⁵ — *the magnifico*—] “The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*.” Minshew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

⁶ — *a voice potential*

As double as the duke's:] It appears from Thomas's *History of Italy*, 4to. 1560, to have been a popular opinion, though a false one, that the duke of Venice had a *double voice*. “Whereas,” says he, “many have reported, the duke in balloting should have *two voices*; it is nothing so; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have.” Shakspeare, therefore, might have gone on this received opinion, which he might have found in some other book. Supposing, however, that he had learned from this very passage that the duke had *not* a double voice in the Council of Seven, yet as he has a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian state, (a privilege which no other person enjoys,) our poet might have thought himself justified in the epithet which he has here used; and this circumstance, which he might have found in a book already quoted, Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to, 1599, was, I believe, here in his thoughts.

“The duke himself also, if he will, may use the authority of an advocator or president, and make report to the councill of any offence, and of any amercement or punishment that is thereupon to be inflicted;—for *so great is the prince's authority, that he may, in whatsoever court, ADJOINE himselfe to the magistrate therein, being president, as his colleague and companion, and have EQUAL POWER WITH THE OTHER PRESIDENTS*, that he might so by this means be able to look into all things.” p. 41. Again, *ibidem*, p. 42: “Besides this, this prince [i. e. the duke,] hath in *every councill* equal authority wth any of them, for one suffrage or lotte.” Thus we see, though he had not a double voice in any one assembly, yet as he had a vote in all the various assemblies, his voice, thus *added* to the voice of each of the presidents of those assemblies, might with strict propriety be called *double*, and *potential*.—*Potential*, Dr. Johnson thinks, means, operative, having the *effect*, (by *weight* and *influence*,) without the external actual property. It is used, he conceives “in the sense of science; a caustick is called *potential fire*.” I question whether Shakspeare meant more by the word than *operative*, or *powerful*.

It should be recollected that *strong* beer was in our poet's time called *double beer*; and therefore, though the circumstances stated in this note had not been (as I believe they were) in his contemplation, he might with his usual licence have used *double* for *powerful* or *operative*. MALONE.

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on),
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate⁷;) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege⁸; and my demerits⁹,
May speak, unbonnetted¹, to as proud a fortune

L 2

As

7 — 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,)—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622,
reads:

— 'Tis yet to know
That boasting is an honour.
I shall promulgate, I fetch, &c.

Some words certainly were omitted at the press; and perhaps they have been supplied in the wrong place. Shakspeare might have written:

— 'Tis yet to know
That boasting is an honour; which when I know,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life, &c.

I am yet to learn that boasting is honourable, which when I have learned, I shall proclaim to the world that I fetch my life, &c. MALONE.

8 — *men of royal siege*;] Men who have sat upon royal thrones.

The quarto has—*men of royal height*. *Siege* is used for *seat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "—there was set up a throne or *siege royall* for the king."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 2. c. 7:

"A stately *siege* of soveraign majestye." STEEVENS.

So, in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443: "Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal siege*," &c. MALONE.

9 — *and my demerits*—] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*:

"Opinion that so sticks on Marius, may

"Of his *demerits* rob Cominius." *Coriolanus*.

Again, in *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 850, edit. 1730: "Henry Conway, esq. for his singular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

Mereo and *demerco* had the same meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

1 *May speak unbonnetted*,] Thus all the copies read this passage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the rub*
et.

As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused ² free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth ³. But, look ! what lights come yonder?

Enter

off, which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to say, that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat on; i. e. without shewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakspeare wrote :

May speak, and bonnetted, &c. THEOBALD.

Bonnetted (says Cotgrave) is to *put off one's cap*. So, in *Coriolanus* : "—those, who having been supple and courteous to the people, *bonnetted* without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation." *Unbonnetted* may therefore signify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakspeare to make or use words compounded in the same manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immask*. Of all the readings hitherto proposed, that of Theobald is, I think, the best. STEEVENS

The objection to Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonnetted*, i. e. *without taking the cap off*, is, that Shakspeare has himself used the word in *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. i. with the very contrary signification, namely, for *one whose cap is off*:

"—*Unbonnetted* he runs,

"And bids what will take all."

He might, however, have employed the word here in a different sense. MALONE.

Unbonnetted, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the second act and third scene of this play we meet with an expression similar to this: "—you *unlace* your reputation;" and another in *As you like it*, Act IV. sc. i. "Now *unmuzzle* your wisdom," A. C.

² —*unhoused*—] Free from *domestick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Othello talking as a soldier, *unhoused* may signify the having no settled house or habitation. WHALLEY.

³ *For the sea's worth*.] I would not marry her, though she were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Doge annually marries. JOHNSON.

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one. The same words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"—he would not loose that privilege,

"*For the sea's worth*."

Perhaps the phrase is proverbial.

Pliny

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain officers, with torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Caf. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Caf. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat : the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers +
This very night, at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls *, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly call'd for ;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The

Pliny the naturalist has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*.
Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

" ——— for all the sun sees, or

" The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides

" *In unknown fathoms,*" &c.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act I :

" ——— As rich with praise,

" As is the ouze, and bottom of the sea,

" With sunken wreck, and sumless treasures."

STEEVENS.

+ — sequent messengers—] The first quarto reads—*sequent*
messengers. STEEVENS.

* — consuls,] Hanmer reads, *councils*. Theobald would
have us read *counsellors*. Venice was originally governed by
consuls : and *consuls* seems to have been commonly used for
counsellors, as before in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a
masque, 1631, the emperor Albanast is said to be attended by
fourteen consuls.—Again : " *The habits of the consuls were af-*
ter the same manner." Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Matthew
Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*. STEEVENS.

See p. 206, n. 8. MALONE.

The senate hath sent about three several quests⁶,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Caf. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack⁷;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To who⁸?

Re-enter

⁶ *The senate hath sent about—*] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

The senate sent above three several quests.

The folio, *The senate hath sent about*, &c. that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

Quests are, on this occasion, searches. So, in Heywood's *Bazen Age*, 1613

"Now, if in all his *quests*, he be withheld,—." STEEV.

⁷ — *a land carack*;] A *carack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"—They'll be freighted;

"They're made like *caracks*, all for strength and stowage." STEEVENS.

Mr. Mason observes, that "the first ship that came richly laden from the West Indies to Europe were those from the *Caraccas*;" and seems to think that the vessel called a *carack* derived its name from thence. But a *carack*, or *carick*, (for so it was more frequently written in Shakspeare's time,) is of higher origin, and was denominated from the Spanish word, *caraca*, which signifies a vessel of great bulk, constructed to carry a heavy burthen. The Spanish *caraca*, Minstreu-thinks, may have been formed from the Italian *carice*, a lading, or freight.

MALONE.

⁸ *To who*?] It is somewhat singular that Cassio should ask this question. In the third scene of the third Act, *Iago* says:

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. *From first to last.*

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reason for doubting to whom he would be married. STEEVENS.

Cassio's

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night,
with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief ! [*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stol'd my
daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magick were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation¹,—

Would

Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage might only be affected ; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it became publickly known. BLACKSTONE.

Or he might fear that Othello had proved false to the gentle Desdemona, and married another. MALONE.

² — *be advis'd ;*] That is, be cool ; be cautious ; be discreet. JOHNSON.

¹ *The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,*] Curled is elegantly and ostentatiously dressed. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

On another occasion Shakspeare employs the same expression, and evidently alludes to the hair :

" If she first meet the curled Antony," &c.

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630 :

" The curl'd and filken nobles of the towne."

Again :

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
 Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight ².
 Judge me ³ the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
 That waken motion ⁴:—I'll have it disputed on:
'Tis

Again.

"Such is the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakspeare has the same meaning in the present instance. STEEVENS.

That Dr. Johnson was mistaken in his interpretation of this line, is ascertained by our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, where the hair is not merely alluded to, but expressly mentioned, and the epithet *curled* is added as characteristick of a person of the highest rank:

"Let him have time to tear his *curled* hair."

Tarquin, a king's son is the person spoken of. Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curl'd his hair*.

MALONE.

² — to fear, not to delight.] To one more likely to terrify than to delight her. So, in the next scene (Brabantio is again the speaker):

"To fall in love with what *she* fear'd to look on."

Mr. Steevens supposes *fear* to be a verb here, used in the sense of to terrify; a signification which it formerly had. But *fear*, I apprehend, is a substantive, and poetically used for the object of fear. MALONE.

³ Judge me, &c.] This and the five following lines are not in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

⁴ Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That waken motion:] The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads—That *weaken* motion. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer; and I have adopted it, because I have a good reason to believe that the words *weaken* and *waken* were in Shakspeare's time pronounced alike, and hence the mistake might easily have happened. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our poet precisely in the sense required here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— for there's no *motion*

"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

"It is the woman's part."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"—— sense sure you have,

"Else could you not have *motion*."

Again,

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

L 5

For

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

" — one who never feels

" The wanton flings and *motions* of the sense."

So also, in *A Mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

" And in myself sooth up adulterous *motion*,

" And such an appetite as I know damns me."

We have in the play before us—*waken'd wrath*, and I think in some other play of Shakspeare—*waken'd love*. So, in our poet's 117th Sonnet :

" But shoot not at me in your *waken'd hate*."

Ben Jonson in the preface to his *Volpone* has a similar phraseology. "—it being the office of the comick poet to *stirre up gentle affections*."

Mr. Theobald reads—That weaken *notion*, i. e. says he, her right conception and idea of things; understanding, judgment.

This reading, it must be acknowledged, derives some support from a passage in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv.—"either his *notion weakens*, or his discernings are lethargy'd." But the objection to it is, that no opiates or intoxicating potions or powders of any sort can distort or pervert the *intellects*, but by destroying them for a time; nor was it ever at any time believed by the most credulous, that *love-powders*, as they were called, could *weaken the understanding*, though it was formerly believed that they could *fascinate the affections*: or in other words, *waken motion*.

Brabantio afterwards asserts,

" That with some mixtures powerful o'er the *blood*,

" He wrought upon her."

(Our poet, it should be remembered, in almost all his plays uses *blood* for *passion*.) And one of the senators asks Othello, not, whether he had *weaken'd* Desdemona's *understanding*, but whether he did

" — by indirect and forced courses

" Subdue and *poison* this young maid's *affections*."

The notion of the efficacy of love-powders was formerly so prevalent, that in the parliament summoned by King Richard the Third, on his usurping the throne, it was publicly urged as a charge against Lady Grey, that she had bewitched King Edward the fourth "by strange potions and amorous *charms*." See Fabian, p. 495; Speed, p. 913, edit. 1632; and Habington's *History of King Edward the Fourth*, p. 35. MALONE.

Motion in a subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Hammer would employ it. "But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal flings, our unbitted lusts." STEEVENS.

For an abuser⁵ of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison ; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him⁶ ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away :
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be⁷.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

⁵ For an abuser, &c.] The first quarto reads, *Such an abuser*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ To bring—] The quartos read—*To bear*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Bond-slaves, and pagans, &c.] Brabantio alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans* ; and uses the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-slaves* of Africa. STEEVENS.

In our author's time *pagan* was a very common expression of contempt. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"What *pagan* may that be?" MALONE.

SCENE III.

The same. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition⁸ in these news*,
That gives them credit.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2. *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error;
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [without.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So

⁸ *There is no composition—] Composition, for consistency, concordancy.* WARBURTON.

* — *these news,*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and such was frequently the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1610:

"The news are more delightfull to his soul,—"

The folio reads—*this news.* MALONE.

⁹ — *where the aim reports,*] In these cases where conjecture or suspicion tells the tale. *Aim* is again used as a substantive, in this sense, in *Julius Caesar*:

"What you would work me to, I have some aim."

Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*they aim'd reports.*
MALONE.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"But fearing lest my jealous aim might err."

STEEVENS.

So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo¹.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason²; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question³ bear it,
For that it stands not⁴ in such warlike brace⁵,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:— if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless⁶.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1. *Sen.* Ay, so I thought⁷:—How many, as you guess?

Mes.

¹ *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

² *By no assay of reason;—*] Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the *assay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. JOHNSON.

³ *— with more facile question—*] With less *dispute*; with less opposition. MASON.

⁴ *For that it stands not, &c.*] The seven following lines are added since the first edition. POPE.

⁵ *— warlike brace,*] State of defence. To arm was called to brace on the armour. JOHNSON.

⁶ *To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.*] To wage here, as in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat. Thus, in *King Lear*:

“To wage against the enmity of the air.”

It took its rise from the more common expression, to wage war. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Ay, so, &c.—*] This line is not in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

Mef. Of thirty sail : and now do they re-ſtem⁸
 Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
 Their purpoſes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
 Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
 With his free duty, recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him⁹.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
 Marcus Luccheſé¹, is not he in town?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wiſh him, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch².

1. *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
 Againſt the general enemy Ottoman³.

I did

⁸ —*they do re-ſtem*—] The quartos mean to read *re-ſterne*, though in the firſt of them the word is miſpelt. STEEVENS.

⁹ *And prays you to believe him.*] *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

¹ *Marcus Luccheſé,*] The old copies have *Luccicoſ*. Mr. Steevens made the correction. MALONE.

² —*wiſh him, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch.*] i. e. tell him we wiſh him to make all *poſſible haſte*. *Poſt-haſte* is before in this play uſed adjectively:

“And he requires your haſte, *poſt-haſte appearance*.”

All meſſengers in the time of Shakspeare were enjoined,
 “*Haſte, haſte; for thy life, poſt haſte*.”

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1612. The folio reads:

“Write from us *to him*, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch.”

MALONE.

³ *Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you*

Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.] It is part of the policy of the Venetian ſtate never to entruſt the command of an army to a native. “To exclude, therefore,” (ſays Contareno, as tranſlated by Lewkenor, 4to, 1599,) “out of our eſtate the danger or occaſion of any ſuch ambitious enterpriſes, our anceſtors held it a better courſe to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary ſoldiers, than with their homebred citizens.” Again: “Their charges and yearly occaſions of diſburſement are likewiſe very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable fort with great proviſion a *capitaine generall*, who alwaies is a *ſtranger borne*.” MALONE.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ; [to Bra.
We lack'd your counfel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of bufinefs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general
care

Take hold ⁴ on me ; for my particular grief
Is of fo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and fwallows other forrows,
And it is ftill itfelf.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O ; my daughter !

Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By fpells and medicines bought of mountebanks ⁵ :
For nature fo prepofteroufly to err,

Being

⁴ *Take hold*—[The firft quarto reads, *Take any hold.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ *By fpells and medicines bought of mountebanks*:] Rymer has ridiculed this circumftance as unbecoming (both for its weaknefs and fuperftition) the gravity of the accufer, and the dignity of the tribunal ; but his criticifm only expofes his own ignorance. The circumftance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateft addrefs, as the thing chiefly to be infifted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love-potions was very criminal, as Shakspeare without queftion well underftood. Thus the law, *De i maleficii et herbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intituled, Della promiffion del maleficio. “ Statui-
“ mo etiamdio, che fe alcun homo, o femina, harra fatto ma-
“ leficii, iquali fe dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o vera-
“ mente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina fe
“ haveffon in odio, fia fruffa et bollado, et che hara confeqli-
“ ado patifca fimile pena.” And therefore in the preceding
fcene Brabantio calls them,

— arts inhibited, and out of warrant.

WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakspeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that fapient prince king James the firft, againft

— practifers

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. STEEVENS.

See p. 224, n. 4. MALONE.

Being not deficient ⁶, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not ⁷.

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguild your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action ⁸.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke, and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[to Othello.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending

Hath

⁶ *Being not, &c.*] This line is wanting in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *For nature so preposterously to err—*

Sans witchcraft could not.] Omit *to*, says Mr. Mason,
"and then the sentence will be complete."

Omission is at all times the most dangerous mode of emendation, and here assuredly is unnecessary. We have again and again had occasion to observe, that Shakspeare frequently begins to construct a sentence in one mode, and ends it in another. Here he uses *could not*, as if he had written, *has not the power or capacity to, &c.* It is not in nature so to err; she knows not how to do it. MALONE.

⁸ *Stood in your action.*] Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The very head and front of my offending—*] The main, the whole, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

A similar expression is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1596.

"The man that in the forehead of his fortunes

"Beares figures of renowne and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,

"As smiles upon the forehead of this action."

MALONE.

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace¹;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action² in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter³.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd.

¹ *And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—with the *soft* phrase of peace. *Soft* may have been used for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——— Say to them,
 "Thou art their *soldier*, and, being bred in *broils*,
 "Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
 "Were fit for thee to use."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— 'Tis a worthy deed,
 "And shall become you well, to entreat your captain"
 "To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

² *Their dearest action*—] i. e. their most important action. MALONE.

I should give these words a more natural signification, and suppose that they mean—their *favourite* action, the action most dear to them. Othello says afterwards:

"——— I do agnize
 "A natural and prompt alacrity
 "I find in hardness." MASON.

³ *I won his daughter.*] i. e. I won his daughter *with*: and so all the modern editors read, adopting an interpolation made by the editor of the second folio, who was wholly unacquainted with our poet's metre and phraseology. In *Timon of Athens* we have the same elliptical expression:

"Who had the world as my confectiary,
 "The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
 "At duty, more than I could frame *employment* [for].

MALONE.

Blush'd at herself ⁴; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd with this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this ⁵, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test ⁶,
Than these thin habits ⁷, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1. Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary ⁸,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,

⁴ *Blush'd at herself*;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itself*, but without necessity. Shakspeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal*, instead of the *neutral* pronoun. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To vouch*, &c.] The first folio unites this speech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and instead of *certain* reads *wider*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *overt test*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *thin habits*, —

Of modern seeming, —] Weak shew of slight appearance.

JOHNSON.

So *modern* is generally used by Shakspeare. MALONE.

The first quarto reads:

These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods
Of modern *seemings* you prefer against him.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *to the Sagittary*,] So the folio here and in a former passage. The quarto in both places reads—the *Sagittar*,

MALONE.

The *Sagittary* means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

The

The trust, the office, I do hold of you⁹,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

[*Exeunt IAGO, and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly ¹ as to heaven
I do confess ² the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father

Lov'd me ; oft invited me ; still question'd me
The story of my life from year to year ;
'The battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have pass'd.
I ran it through even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :

Wherein

⁹ *The trust, &c.*] This line is wanting in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *as truly*—] The first quarto reads, *as faithful*.

STEEVENS.

² *I do confess, &c.*] This line is omitted in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

³ *And portance, &c.*] I have restored,

And with it all my travel's history :

from the old edition. It is in the rest,

And portance in my travel's history.

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has restored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in some revised copy. I read thus,

Of being —

— sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,

And portance in't my travel's history.

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

I doubt

Wherein of antres vast ⁴ and desarts idle ⁵,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It

I doubt much whether this line, as it appears in the folio, came from the pen of Shakspeare. The reading of the quarto may be *weak*, but it is sense; but what are we to understand by my demeanour, or my sufferings, (which ever is the meaning,) in my travel's history? MALONE

Portance is a word already used in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— took from you

" The apprehension of his present *portance*,

" Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion," &c.

Spenser, in the third Canto of the second Book of the *Faery Queen*, likewise uses it:

" But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Wherein of antres vast*, &c.] Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who professedly ridicules this whole circumstance, and the noble author of the *Characteristicks*, who more obliquely sneers at it, only expose their own ignorance.

WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

⁵ —and *desarts* idle,] Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else Pope [who reads—*desarts wild*,] could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotick state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" Usurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moss."

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three last folios. STEEVENS.

The epithet, *idle*, which the ignorant editor of the second folio did not understand, and therefore changed to *wild*, is confirmed by another passage in this act " —either to have it sterile with *idleness*, or manured with industry." MALONE.

— *antres* —] *Caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

It was my hint to speak ⁶, such was the process;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders ⁷. These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour

⁶ *It was my hint to speak,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622 reads, *It was my hent to speak.* MALONE.

Hent occurs at the conclusion of the fourth Act of *Measure for Measure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Henton*, to take hold of, to seize.

— the gravest citizen -

"Have *hent* the gates."

But in the very next page *Othello* says:

— Upon this *hint* I spake.

It is certain therefore that change is unnecessary.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspeare introduced them. In the *History of Orlando Furioso*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, they are mentioned in the very first scene; and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads appear *not above* their shoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*

"With greedy jaws devour the wand'ring wights."

The poet might likewise have read of them in Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* translated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*.

STEEVENS.

Our poet has in *The Tempest* mentioned "men whose heads stood in their breasts." He had in both places probably Hackluyt's *Voyage*, 1598, in view:—"On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people whose *heades appeare not above their shoulders*:—they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts."

Raleigh also has given an account of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, in his *Description of Guiana*, published in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakspeare had read. MALONE.

Devour up my discourse⁸: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently⁶: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I would speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs¹:

She

⁸ — and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse:] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;

"Let them *devour my speech*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix.

"Whylest thus he talkt, the knight *with greedy eare*

"Hong still upon his melting mouth attent."

MALONE.

"Iliacofque iterum demens audire labores

"Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." *Virg.*

MASON.

⁹ *But not intently*:—] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads *intinctively*. Perhaps it should be, *distinctively*.

The old word, however, may stand. *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. So, in a play called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633: "Grace! at sitting down they cannot *intend* it for hunger," i. e. *attend* to it. Desdemona, who was often called out of the room on the score of house-affairs, could not have heard *Othello's* tale *intently*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again, in Chapman's Version of the *Odyssey*, B. VIII.

"For our ships know th' expressed minds of men;

"And will so most *intently* retaine

"Their scopes appointed, that they never erre."

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has already used the word in the same sense in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "— she did course over my exteriors with such a greedy *intention*."

Distinctively was the conjectural emendation of the editor of the second folio, who never examined a single quarto copy.

MALONE.

¹ — a world of sighs:] It was *kisses* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kisses* upon the bare recital of his story; nor does it agree with the following lines.

POPE.

Sighs

She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mingled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head², if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress,
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life, and education;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty³,
 I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother shew'd
 To you preferring you before her father⁴,

So

Sighs is the reading of the quarto, 1622; *kisses* of the folio.
 MALONE.

² *Destruction, &c.*] The quartos read, destruction *light on me.* STEEVENS.

³ *You are the lord of duty,*] The first quarto reads,
 You are lord of *all my duty.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *And so much duty as my mother shew'd*

To you, preferring you before her father, &c.] Perhaps Shakspeare had here in his thoughts the answer of the youngest daughter of *Ina*, king of the West Saxons, to her father, which he seems to have copied in *King Lear.* MALONE.

So much I challenge that I might profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you, I have done :—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which s, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ⁶; and lay a sentence,
Which as a grise ⁷, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour ⁸.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended ⁹,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on ¹.

What

⁵ Which, &c.] This line is omitted in the first quarto.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Let me speak like yourself;] The duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously. JOHNSON.

Let me speak like yourself;] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

⁷ — as a grise,] Grize from degrees. A grize is a step. So in *Timon*:

“ ——— for every grize of fortune

“ Is smooth'd by that below.”—

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word :

“ Whom when he saw lie spread on the degrees.”

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are set down, the word occurs, as spelt in some of the old editions of Shakspeare. “ — From the provost's stall, unto the greece called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ Into your favour.] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

⁹ When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,—] This our poet has elsewhere expressed by a common proverbial sentence, *Past cure is still past cure*. MALONE.

¹ — new mischief on.] The quartos read—more mischief.—

STEEVENS.

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus; I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter? So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury*—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

VOL. XV.

S

Iago.

* *Lend me a garter, &c.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

* *To be a party in this injury.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—to bear a part in this. MALONE.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair—

[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon—For you, mistress,

[*to Bianca.*]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*to Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him
out o' the air.—[*Cassio and Rod. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlewoman⁸:—look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the paleness⁹ of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare¹, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he sup'd to-night².—

What

⁸ — *good gentlewoman*:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*gentlemen*. That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the situation and feelings of the parties on the scene. No reason can be assigned why *Lodovico* and *Gratiano* should immediately quit the spot where they now are, before they had heard from *Iago* further particulars of the attack on Cassio, merely because Cassio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his mistress, Bianca, who has been officially offering him assistance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings. MALONE.

⁹ — *the paleness*.] So the folio. The quartos read, *jestures*. STEEVENS.

¹ *Nay, if you stare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *stirre*. STEEVENS.

² — *Pr'ythee, Emilia,*

Go

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia; run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes³ me quite. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber: DESDEMONA in bed, asleep. A light, burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it⁴ to you, you chaste stars!—

S 2

It

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to night:] In the last scene of the preceding act Iago informs Roderigo, that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would accompany Cassio to her house, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Cassio too had himself informed Iago, in Act IV. sc. i. that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had promised to meet him at her house. Perhaps, however, here Iago chose to appear ignorant of this fact, conscious that he had way-laid Cassio, and therefore desirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening.

MALONE.

³ — or fordoes me quite.] To *fordo* is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. STEEVENS.

⁴ It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

L⁴

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[takes off his sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men⁵.
Put out the light, and then put out the light⁶ :

If

Let me not name it—] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause*, *it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause.*" JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to have had the following verse in the fifth chapter of Jeremiah in view: "They overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not *the cause*, *the cause* of the fatherless:—shall not *my soul* be avenged on such as this?" In imitation of this the poet meant, if his interrupted expressions were completed, to say, "It is the cause, the cause of *virtue and chastity*, which I am going to maintain: my soul, *this is the offence thou hast to avenge*: but let me not name the offence to you, ye chaste stars; it is the cause of *chastity*, and she must die, else she'll betray more men. *Justice demands it from me.*" ANONYMUS.

⁵ *Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men*] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own *cause*; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of succeeding mischief to others. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Put out the light, and then put out the light:*] This is one of the passages to which I alluded in a note on *As you like it*, in which by a modern regulation our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the first person who introduced the conceit in this line, which has been adopted since his book appeared, by pointing it thus:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light! &c.

His explanation is as follows. "*I'll put out the light, and then—strangle her*, he was going to say; but this recalls a thousand tender thoughts to his troubled soul: he stops short; *If I quench*

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

S 3.

Should

Quench the taper, how easy is it to restore its former light ; but O Desdemona, If I once put out thy light," &c.

On this Dr. Warburton grounded the following note:—

"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites."

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a spirit to this passage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to say,—“I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light *of life* ;” and this introduces his subsequent reflection and comparison, just as aptly, as supposing the latter words of the line to be used in the same sense as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without destroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakspeare was so fond.

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. the dying Clifford says,

“Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“Out, out, brief candle!”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“This candle burns not clear; ’tis I must snuff it;”

“Then out it goes.”

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not

“To darken her, whose light excelleth thine!”

Let the words—*put out her light*, stand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the sentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whose light is more excellent than thine*. In the very same strain, says Othello, “let me first *extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light of life*. But how different in effect and importance are these two acts! The extinguished taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguished, can never, alas, be relumined.”

The

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light⁶,
 Thou cunning⁷st pattern of excelling nature⁷,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relume⁸. When I have pluck'd
 thy rofe⁹,

I cannot

The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakspeare wrote—and then put out *thy light*; and the reading of the original copy in a subsequent line, “but once put out thine,” seems to me to countenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is used with equal ambiguity:

“Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*.”

MALONE.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielking* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill*. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, Melantius says,

“—’Tis a justice, and a noble one,

“*To put the light out* of such base offenders.”

FARMER.

Put out the light. This phrase is twice used in *Sidney's Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460, and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpublished play, called *The Second Maidens Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licensed by Sir George Buc, October 31st, 1611, (now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdown, who honoured me with the use of it):

“—— O soul of cunning,

“Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,

“Or thine own sudden craft? confels to me

“How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,

“Or *all thy light goes out*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *put out thy light*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*put out thine*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature*,] So, in *Palmerin D'Oliua*, 1588, P. I. “—those that beheld her, esteem'd her for the chiefest piece of workmanship that ever Nature framed.” REND.

⁸ *That can thy light relume*.] Thus the folio. The quarto 1622, for *relume* has—*return*. The modern editors, following the quarto printed in 1630, read—*relumine*.

Out

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after :—Once more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : This sorrow's heavenly ;

It

It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime.

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;

No,

Our poet has *illumine*, for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet* :

"Had made his course, to *illumine* that part of heaven,

"Where now it burns." MALONE.

"—thy *rose*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the rose*.

Again, the quarto reads,

"I'll smell *it* on the tree."

The folio,

"I'll smell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

1 —*This sorrow's heavenly* ;] This tenderness, with which
I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict,
is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the
fate of Shakspeare to counteract his own pathos.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images,
had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of
composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems
adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second
from a passage in the scripture. STEEVENS.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." MASON.

No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul²;

Def. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Def. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Def. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Def. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving³.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Def. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Def. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For

² *I would not kill thy soul.*] Sir W. D'Avenant has borrowed this thought in his *Albervine, King of Lombardy*, 1629:

"I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would

"Not hurt thy soul." STEEVENS.

³ *That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought is likewise found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

"Unnatural

For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand:
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee so.

S 5

Des.

"Unnatural, which kill where you should kiss."
Again, in our poet's *K. Richard III.*

"It is a quarrel most unnatural,

"To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee."

MALONE.

⁴ *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:]* This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee* with the rage of a murderer, when *I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice* with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone thy heart*; which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the murdered without preparation for death, when I intended that thy punishment should have been a sacrifice atoning for thy crime.*

I am glad that I have ended my revival of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Thy heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622.

MALONE.

⁵ *That he hath—us'd thee.]* The quarto, 1612, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—us'd death. MALONE.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't⁶.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives⁷, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause⁸.

Des.

⁶ —*hath ta'en order for't.*] i. e. has taken measures. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John* "—he took such order for him, that he was despoiled of all his goods and benefices." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

"I will take order for that presently." MALONE.

⁷ *Had all his hairs been lives,*—] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakspeare's *Othello*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæsar, had I now as many lives

"As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,

"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"——— but if all

"My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged

"In such a cause" STEEVENS.

King and no King, as appears from Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. See Vol. I. P. II. *Historical Account of the English Stage*. MALONE.

⁸ *Being done,*

There is no pause.] The first quarto omits this speech.

STEEVENS:

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late⁹.

[*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [*within*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best:

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My

⁹ *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, enterludes, May-games, &c. TOLLET.

The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage. STEEVENS.

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Master of the Revels. MALONE.

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife! :
 O insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
 O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
 Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord?

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
 Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
 And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!²

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth.

¹ *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:]* “*Fi-
 lum unicum adolescentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere
 me? imò habui, Chreme.*” *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

² *O falsely, falsely murder'd.]* It cannot be supposed that a
 person who had been effectually strangled or smothered, could
 speak

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help!

Speak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place, by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of Desdemona, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says,

Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

he then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil:

—*sic, sic* juvat ire sub umbras.

After a repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire; as says Cassio of Roderigo:

— even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead.

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her, but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,

— I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow;

And smooth as monumental alabaster:

And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-house direction had occasioned any absurdity in the original representation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*, Act V.: "Did'st hear a cry, said'st thou? Yes, sir, like unto a man that had been *strangled* an hour, and could not speak."

STEEVENS.

The Alchemist was first represented in the year 1610, and this passage is found in the original copy printed in that year.

MALONE.

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done.

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth.

³ *She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.*] *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, *depravity of mind*. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*."

MALONE.

⁴ — *false as water.*] As water, that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first :
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration⁶, woman ?
I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love⁸ !

My husband say, that she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;

I say, thy husband ; Dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst :

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt⁹. O gull ! O dolt !

As

⁵ —that told me first ;] The folio reads,— that told me on her first. STEEVENS.

⁶ —iteration,] The folio reads—*iterance*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Emil.*] The first quarto omits this and the following speech. STEEVENS.

⁸ —villainy hath made mocks with love !] Villainy has taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that these words might mean, that "villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindness." So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— the surfeited grooms

"Do mock their charge with snores."

But in this I have very little confidence. MALONE.

⁹ "Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt.] She means to say, I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict.

JOHNSON.

This sentiment is more expanded in *K. Henry VIII.*

"— I am able now, methinks,

"(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
 I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
 The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
 He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
 I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more—
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
 Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
 She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
 tongue.

Emil.

“To endure more miseries and greater far,
 “Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“More can I bear than you dare execute.”

Of this last line there is no trace in the old play on which
 Shakspeare formed the Second Part of *K. Henry VI.*

MALONE.

“—charm your tongue.] By this expression, *Charm your
 tongue*, the poet means no more than to make Iago say,
 Apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your
 tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So, in *King
 Henry VI.* P. II.

“Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*.”

So, Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

“—*charm* your skipping tongue.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 9.:

“That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his
 speech.”

Again,

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed?

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O!

[*hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—

[*rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn;

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And

Again, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619;

“The surest way to *charm* a woman's tongue,

“Is to break her neck:—a politician did it.”

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated. STEEVENS.

² *My mistress, &c.*] This line, and the following six speeches, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

And fall to reprobation³.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed⁴; Cassio confess'd it:

And

³ *Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.*] So, in our authour's 144th Sonnet:

"—— my female evil
"Tempteth my better angel from my side."

MALONE.

⁴ *A thousand times committed;*] 'This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. JOHNSON.

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed;]

And again:

'Tis not a year or two shews us a man.] I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

"— spare your arithmetic;

"Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and seems to mean only, "that it is too soon to judge of a husband's disposition; or that Desdemona must not be surprized at the discovery of Othello's jealousy, for it is not even a year or two that will display all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the public.

"A2:

And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
 It was a handkerchief^s, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emil.

“A^ct. III, sc. iii. Othello says:

“What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

“I saw it not, thought it not, it harm’d not me:

“*I slept the next night well*, was free and merry:

“I found not Cassio’s kisses on her lips.”

“On *Othello’s* wedding-night he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where *Desdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus: and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infused any jealousy into *Othello’s* mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, but only thought it “apt, and of great credit, that she loved him.” What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio’s* kisses and *Othello’s* sleeping the next night well? *Iago* has said, “I lay with *Cassio* lately,” which he could not have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in the play; nor could *Cassio* have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from *Bianca*.”

STEEVENS.

^s *It was a handkerchief*, &c.] Othello tells his wife, A^ct. III. sc. iv:

— *that handkerchief*

Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

And here he says:

It was a handkerchief,—

My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*: “You shall see me do the Moor; master, lend me your scarf. STEEVENS.

I question whether Othello was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaster*. There were many other Moors on the stage. It is certain at least, that the passage,

“—our

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, first
no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air⁶;

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of;

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.

"—our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."
could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.

FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written: But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, "you shall see me do the Moor," proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the Moor in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

⁶ *No, I will speak as liberal as the air.*] The quarto, 1622, reads:

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.

The folio:

No, I will speak as liberal as the north.

The text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' irregular North wind sweep her up."

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea."

STEEVENS.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has killed his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon.

Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder? Othello does not want a thunderbolt for Iago. He only asks, if there are no lesser degrees of chastisement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his?

The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up

"In stock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakspeare might however mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

"— quum fulmina torques,

"Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes

"Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?"

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, Has not Heaven one supernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Must all the stores of its arsenal be reserved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though sometimes destructive, is in the usual course of nature not specifically pointed at a particular object?

"—— Magne regnator deum,

"Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

"Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes manû,

"Si nunc serenum est?—

"Cur dextra, divum rector atque hominum, vacat

"Tua, nec trifidâ mundus ardescent face?

"In hunc tones, hunc figas." MALONE.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather ; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exeunt *MON.* and *GRA.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in musick ;—*Willow, willow, willow*³.—
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor :
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper⁴ ;—
O, here

³ *And die in musick, &c.*] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the ice-brook's temper ;*] The quarto, 1622, has *Ise brookes*, which is only the old spelling of *Ice-brooke's* the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackstone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not ; and I am confident Shakspeare did not inquire. MALONE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the brook or rivulet called *Salo* (now *Xalon*), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge ; and to the icy qualities of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper :

Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
Quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto
Armorum Salo temperator ambit.

Again :

Qui bus remissum corpus astringes brevi,
Salone qui ferrum gelat.

Again

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh¹: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd²

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—

Now,

Again:

Pugio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,

Stridentem gelidis hunc Salo tinxit aquis.

Again, in *Justin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia, sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur." These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms.

STEEVENS.

¹ *A better never did itself sustain*

Upon a soldier's thigh:] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,
1634:

" ————— On his thigh a sword

" Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns,

" To seal his will by; better, on my conscience,

" Never was soldier's friend." MALONE.

² — though you do see me weapon'd:] This uncommon participle is used by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. MALONE.

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench³!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
 Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair,*
and Officers, with IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet⁴;—but that's a
 fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live

For,

³ — *O ill-starr'd wench!*] This, and the six preceding lines, are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a young woman. *Cassandra*, in Whettstone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, says of herself,

“O wretched *wench*, where may I first complayne?”

Again:

“Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe.”

The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible. “And a *wench* told him, &c.

And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his version of the *Æneid*;

“—audetque viris concurrere *virgo*”

“This *wenche* stoutlye rencounter durst with men.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *towards his feet*;—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die ⁵.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice ⁶ of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confes'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause ⁷.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you
know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath been fall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo,

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

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T

Found

⁵ *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.*] The same thought
has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—

"If it be well to live." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *in the practice*—] In the snare, by the stratagem.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Dear general, I never gave you cause.*] Our poet, proba-
bly without knowing it, has used the words of *The Spanish*
tragedy, 1605:

"Hieronimo, I never gave thee cause?" MALONE.

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim⁸
 Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
 And he himself confess'd, but even now*,
 That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
 Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
 How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
 That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
 If there be any cunning cruelty,
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known.
 To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go,
 I have done the state some service, and they know it;
 No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters.
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak

⁸ — *in the interim*—] The first copy has—in the *nick*. It was, I suppose, thought upon revision, that *nick* was too familiar. JOHNSON.

* — *confess'd, but even now*.] The quarto, 1622, reads—*confess'd it even now*. The folio—*confess'd it, but even now*. The word *it* was manifestly caught by the compositor's eye glancing on the subsequent line. MALONE.

Speak of me as I am⁹; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe¹; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood^{*},
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees.

T 2.

Their

⁹ *Speak of me as I am*;] The first quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are*. The present reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

¹ — *of one, whose hand,*

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe;] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the following note, in his account of the old copies. MALONE.

I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dung-hill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any further reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular

* — — *whose subdu'd eyes*

Albeit unused to the melting mood,] So, in our poet's 30th Sonnet:

"Then can I drown an eye unus'd to flow."

MALONE.

Their med'cinable gum²: fet you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,

Where

particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakspeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *MARIAM, the fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation; which was a liberty likewise taken by Spenser, of whom our author was a studious imitator. THEOBALD.

The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described,

“—to out-herod Herod.”

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

“There she lies a PEARL.

And again,

“Why she is a *pearl*, whose price,” &c.

WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne.

² *Their med'cinable gum*:] Thus the folio. The original quarto, 1622, reads—*medcinal*. I have preferred the reading of the folio, because the word occurs again in *Much ado about nothing*:] “—any impediment will be *medicinal* to me.” i. e. salutary.” MALONE.

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk³
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

T 5

I took

Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephtha and his daughter.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, tho' it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furious agitated amor*: such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was spirit at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife; circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons,

"At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon

"Unum exerta latus pugne pharetrata Camilla.

"At circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves; to Hypolita or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions:

"Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodoontis

"Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:

"Seu circum Hypolitæ, seu cum se martia curru

"Penthesilea refert."

What

³ Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk—] I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity.

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[*stabs himself.*
Lo!]

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; tho' at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly in the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew "Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth.

characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them*. Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The Metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant, So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl*.”

“Why SHE is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd,—”
&c.

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the publick.

Oth. I kifs'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this,

[*falling upon Desdem.*

Killing myself, to die upon a kifs *. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O spartan dog !

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragick loading of this bed ; [to *Iago.*

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain * ;

The

publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it ; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added ? STEEVENS.

I abide by the old text, "the base *Judian.*" Shakspeare seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamme* :

"I had but one inestimable jewel—

"Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,

"And dasht it all to pieces."—FARMER.

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The *Herod* there alluded to was a character in one of the ancient *Mysteries*.

The last paragraph but one in Mr. Steevens's note was added by him in his edition printed in 1778, and relates to that edition.

I once

The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!
 Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate⁷.

[*Exeunt.*]

I once thought that the accent here given to *Judean* was a strong objection to this reading; and that the word must have been *Judean* or *Judaean*, (as a derivative from *Judea*) which would not suit the metre. But the objection was founded on a mistake; for derivative words of this kind were thus accented in Shakspeare's time. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we have in the old copies "an *Epicurian* rascal," which ascertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus spelt by North also in his translation of Plutarch. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Keep his brains fuming, Epicurean cooks."

So in *Hamlet*, we have the *Nemean* lion (which is written in the old copy *Nemian*.)

Those who would adopt the original reading, *Indian*, may urge in its support that the pearl naturally brings the people of the East to Shakspeare's mind; the connexion in his time being considered so strong, that a contemporary author has distinguished the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumstance of their abounding in pearls:

"—where the bright sun with his neighbour beams

"Doth early light the *pearl'd Indians*."

Cornelia, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is strongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webster in his *Appius and Virginia* appears to have had this passage in his thoughts:

"—Had your lordship yesterday

"Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,

"The apparel and the *jewels* that she wore,

"*More worth than all her tribe*, had then been due

"Unto our client." MALONE.

⁴ *Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlain*, 1590:

"Yet let me kisse my lord before I dye,

"And let me dye with kissing of my lord.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *O Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

HANMER.

The

The Spartan dogs in our poet's contemplation, were *blood-hounds*. MALONE.

° — *To you, lord governor,*

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength of judgment to make a critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, had yet just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticism on the *Poets of the last age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the French commentators on *Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on Shakspeare, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus censures. *To entertain the audience* (says he) *with something new and surprizing, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.

says Horace. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been transgressed, and Rymer's censure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery; which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery; and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it, unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakspeare stands clear of this impertinent criticism.

WARBURTON.

— *the censure* —] i. e. the sentence. STEEVENS.

7 *This heavy act with heavy heart relate.*] The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and

and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity. JOHNSON.

To Dr. Johnson's admirable and nicely discriminative character of *Othello*, it may seem unnecessary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this transcendent poet with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced on him, with

with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps the most perfect of all his works.

"In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ scilicet scriptoribus] accessio quædam Philosophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque sane quisquam adhuc Poesin ad fastigium suum ac cûlmen evertit, nisi qui prius in intima Philosophia artis suæ fundamenta jecerit.

"Quod si quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc ipso pœseos genere excelluisse, qui nunquam habiti sunt Philosophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; sciat is, me rem ipsam quærere, non de vulgari opinione aut de verbo laborare: *qui autem tantum ingenio consecutus est, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, causasque eas, quibus aut incitatur mentis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perspectas habeat, ejusque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, sed effingat, planeque oculis subjiciat; sed excitet; regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, et si disciplinarum instrumento minus adjutum, eximie tamen esse Philosophum arbitrari.* Quo in genere affectum Zelotypiæ, ejusque causas, adjuncta, progressiones, affectus, in una SHAKSPEARI nostri fabula, copiosius, subtilius, accuratius etiam veriusque pertractari existimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philosophorum scholis in simili argumento est unquam disputatum. MALONE.



THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.





